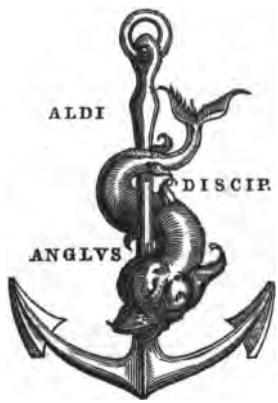
THE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER:

NOW FIRST COLLECTED, WITH SOME

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, B.A.



VOL. III.

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LONDON:
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WESTWARD HO.

Westward Hoe. As it hath beene diuers times Acted by the Children of Paules. Written by Tho: Decker, and John Webster. Printed at London, and to be sold by John Hodgets dwelling in Paules Churchyard. 1607. 4to.*

The title of *Westward Ho*, that of the play which comes next in this volume, *Northward Ho*, as well as that of the comedy by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, *Eastward Ho*, appear to have been derived from the exclamations of the watermen who plied on the Thames:

"[*Make a noise, Westward Ho!*

Queen Elinor. Woman, what noise is this I hear?

Potter's Wife. An like your grace, *it is the watermen that call for passengers to go westward now.*"

Peele's *Edward 1st.—Works*, vol. i. p. 182. sec. ed.

Compare;

"There lies your way, due west.

- - - - Then *westward-hoe.*"

Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. i.

"A stranger? the better welcome: comes hee *Eastward, Westward, or Northward hoe?*" Day's *Isle of Gulls*, 1606, Sig. A 2.

"Yea? and will you to the southward y faith? will you to the confines of Italy, my gallants? Take heed how yee goe Northwards; 'tis a dangerous coast, jest not with 't in winter; therefore goe Southwards, my gallants, *Southwards hoe!*"

Sharpham's *Fleire*, 1615, Sig. D 4.

Eastward Ho was printed in 1605: the Prologue to it shews that *Westward Ho* was then on the stage;

"Not out of envy, for there 's no effect
Where there 's no cause, nor out of imitation,
For we have evermore been imitated;
Nor out of our contention to do better,
Than that which is oppos'd to ours in title;
For that was good, and better cannot be.
And for the title, if it seem affected,
We might as well have called it, God you good even
Only that eastward, westwards still exceeds;
Honour the sun's fair rising, not his setting.
Nor" &c.

* A copy of this play has just fallen into my hands, differing slightly in some passages from all the other copies I have seen: I shall mark the various readings in the notes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

EARL.
JUSTINIANO.
HONEYSUCKLE.
TENTERHOOK.
WAFER.
MONOPOLY.
SIR GOSLING GLOWWORM.
LINSTOCK.
WHIRLPOOL.
AMBUSH.
CLUTCH.
SCRIVENER.
CASHIER.
TAILOR.
BONIFACE.
PRENTICE.
CHAMBERLAIN.
BOY, SERVANTS, FIDDLERS.

MISTRESS JUSTINIANO.

MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE *.
MISTRESS TENTERHOOK *.
MISTRESS WAFER *.
MISTRESS BIRDLIME.
LUCY.
CHRISTIAN.

* *Mistress Honeysuckle.* *Mistress Tenterhook.* *Mistress Wafer.* } In the old copy (which has no list of dramatis personæ) the christian names of these ladies are generally prefixed to their respective speeches,—*Judith* to Mistress Honeysuckle's; *Moll*, or *Clare*, to Mistress Tenterhook's; and *Mabel* to Mistress Wafer's. When our poets make Mistress Tenterhook be addressed "sweet *Clare*," in the latter part of the play, they must have forgotten that she had been termed "little *Moll*" in an earlier scene. The name of Mistress Justiniano is *Moll*.

WESTWARD HO.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter MISTRESS BIRDLIME, *and* TAILOR.

BIRD. Stay, Tailor, this is the house: pray thee, look the gown be not ruffled; as for the jewels and precious stones, I know where to find them ready presently. She that must wear this gown, if she will receive it, is Master Justiniano's wife, the Italian merchant: my good old lord and master, that hath been a tilter this twenty year, hath sent it. Mum, Tailor; you are a kind of bawd. Tailor, if this gentlewoman's husband should chance to be in the way now, you shall tell him that I keep a hot-house in Gunpowder-alley, near Crutched Friars, and that I have brought home his wife's foul linen; and to colour my knavery the better, I have here three or four kinds of complexion, which I will make show of to sell unto her; the young gentlewoman hath a good city wit, I can tell you; she hath read in the Italian Courtier * that it is a special ornament to gentlewomen to have skill in painting.

TAILOR. Is my lord acquainted with her?

BIRD. O, ay.

* *the Italian Courtier.*] Thomas Hoby's translation of Castiglione's famous *Courtier* appeared in 4to. in 1561.

TAILOR. Faith, Mistress Birdlime, I do not commend my lord's choice so well: now me thinks he were better to set up a dairy, and to keep half a score of lusty, wholesome, honest, country wenches.

BIRD. Honest country wenches! in what hundred shall a man find two of that simple virtue?

TAILOR. Or to love some lady; there were equality and coherence.

BIRD. Tailor, you talk like an ass; I tell thee there is equality enough between a lady and a city dame, if their hair be but of a colour. Name you any one thing that your citizen's wife comes short of to your lady: they have as pure linen, as choice painting, love green geese in spring, mallard and teal in the fall, and woodcock in winter. Your citizen's wife learns nothing but fopperies of your lady, but your lady or justice-a-peace madam carries high wit from the city, namely, to receive all and pay all; to awe their husbands, to check their husbands, to controul their husbands; nay, they have the trick on't to be sick for a new gown, or a carcanet, or a diamond, or so; and I wis* this is better wit than to learn how to wear a Scotch farthingale; nay, more ——

Enter PRENTICE.

Here comes one of the servants: you remember, Tailor, that I am deaf; observe that.

TAILOR. Ay, thou art in that like one of our

* *wis.*] Some copies, "*wist.*"

young gulls, that will not understand any wrong is done him, because he dares not answer it.

BIRD. By your leave, bachelor, is the gentlewoman, your mistress, stirring?

PRENT. Yes, she is moving.

BIRD. What says he?

TAILOR. She is up.

BIRD. Where 's the gentleman, your master, pray you?

PREN. Where many women desire to have their husbands, abroad.

BIRD. I am very thick of hearing.

PREN. Why, abroad: you smell of the bawd.

BIRD. I pray you tell her here 's an old gentlewoman would speak with her.

PREN. So. [*Exit.*

TAILOR. What, will you be deaf to the gentlewoman when she comes, too?

BIRD. O, no, she 's acquainted well enough with my knavery.

Enter MISTRESS JUSTINIANO.

She comes. How do you, sweet lady?

MIST. JUST. Lady!

BIRD. By God 's me, I hope to call you lady ere you die: what, mistress, do you sleep well on nights?

MIST. JUST. Sleep! ay, as quietly as a client having great business with lawyers.

BIRD. Come, I am come to you about the old suit: my good lord and master hath sent you a

velvet gown here; do you like the colour? three pile, a pretty fantastical trimming! I would God you would say it, by my troth. I dreamed last night you looked so prettily, so sweetly, methought so like the wisest lady of them all, in a velvet gown.

MIST. JUST. What 's the forepart?

BIRD. A very pretty stuff; I know not the name of your forepart, but 'tis of a hair colour.

MIST. JUST. That it was my hard fortune, being so well brought up, having so great a portion to my marriage, to match so unluckily! Why, my husband and his whole credit is not worth my apparel: well, I shall undergo a strange report in leaving my husband.

BIRD. Tush, if you respect your credit, never think of that, for beauty covets rich apparel, choice diet, excellent physic. No German clock * nor mathematical engine whatsoever, requires so much reparation as a woman's face; and what means hath your husband to allow sweet Doctor Glister-pipe his pension? I have heard that you have threescore smocks, that cost three pounds a smock; will these smocks ever hold out with your husband? no, your linen and your apparel must turn over a new leaf, I can tell you.

* *no German clock*, &c.] Some copies, "*nor*." See the notes of the commentators on—

> "A woman that is *like a German clock,*
> *Still a repairing.*"
> Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iii. sc. 1.

TAILOR. O admirable bawd! O excellent Bird-lime!

BIRD. I have heard he loved you, before you were married, entirely; what of that? I have ever found it most true in mine own experience, that they which are most violent dotards before their marriage are most voluntary cuckolds after. Many are honest, either because they have not means*, or because they have not opportunity to be dishonest; and this Italian, your husband's countryman, holds it impossible any of their ladies should be excellent witty, and not make the uttermost use of their beauty: will you be a fool then?

MIST. JUST. Thou doest persuade me to ill, very well.

BIRD. You are nice and peevish; how long will you hold out, think you? not so long as Ostend †.

Enter JUSTINIANO, *the Merchant.*

Passion of me, your husband! Remember that I am deaf, and that I come to sell you complexion: truly, mistress, I will deal very reasonably with you.

JUST. What are you, say ye?

* *means.*] Some copies, "*wist.*"—I suppose, from what follows, a misprint for "*wit.*"

† *not so long as Ostend.*] After a siege of three years and ten weeks, this place surrendered to the Marquis of Spinola, on the twelfth of September, 1604. In the same year appeared at London *A True Historie of the Memorable Siege of Ostend, and what passed on either side from the beginning of the Siege unto the yeelding up of the Towne,* &c. *Translated out of French into English. By Edward Grimeston.*

BIRD. Ay, forsooth.

JUST. What, my most happy wife?

MIST. JUST. Why your jealousy?

JUST. Jealousy! in faith I do not fear to lose
That I have lost already. What are you?

BIRD. Please your good worship, I am a poor gentlewoman, that cast away myself upon an unthrifty captain, that lives now in Ireland; I am fain to pick out a poor living with selling complexion, to keep the frailty, as they say, honest.

JUST. What 's he? complexion too! you are a bawd.

BIRD. I thank your good worship for it.

JUST. Do not I know these tricks?
That which thou mak'st a colour for thy sin,
Hath been thy first undoing,—painting, painting.

BIRD. I have of all sorts, forsooth: here is the burned powder of a hog's jaw bone, to be laid with the oil of white poppy, an excellent fucus to kill morphew, weed out freckles, and a most excellent groundwork for painting; here is ginimony likewise burned and pulverized, to be mingled with the juice of lemons, sublimate mercury, and two spoonfuls of the flowers of brimstone, a most excellent receipt to cure the flushing in the face.

JUST. Do you hear, if you have any business to despatch with that deaf goodness there, pray you take leave, opportunity, that which most of you long for (though you never be with child), opportunity. I 'll find some idle business in the mean time; I will, I will in truth, you shall not need fear me; or

you may speak French, most of your kinds can understand French: God b' wi' you.

Being certain thou art false, sleep, sleep, my brain,
For doubt was only that which fed my pain.

[*Exit.*

MIST. JUST. You see what a hell I live in: I am resolved to leave him.

BIRD. O the most fortunate gentlewoman! that will be so wise, and so, so provident: the caroch shall come.

MIST. JUST. At what hour?

BIRD. Just when women and vintners are a conjuring, at midnight. O, the entertainment my lord will make you, sweet wines, lusty diet, perfumed linen, soft beds! O most fortunate gentlewoman!

[*Exeunt Birdlime and Tailor.*

Enter JUSTINIANO.

JUST. Have you done? have you despatched? 'tis well; and in troth what was the motion?

MIST. JUST. Motion! what motion?

JUST. Motion! why like the motion in law, that stays for a day of hearing, your's for a night of hearing. Come, let's not have April in your eyes, I pray you; it shows a wanton month follows your weeping. Love a woman for her tears! Let a man love oysters for their water; for women, though they should weep liquor enough to serve a dyer or a brewer, yet they may be as stale as wenches that

travel every second tide between Gravesend and Billingsgate.

MIST. JUST. This madness shows very well.

JUST. Why, look you, I am wondrous merry; can any man discern by my face, that I am a cuckold? I have known many suspected for men of this misfortune, when they have walked thorough the streets, wear their hats o'er their eyebrows, like politic penthouses, which commonly make the shop of a mercer or a linen-draper as dark as a room in Bedlam; his cloak shrouding his face, as if he were a Neopolitan that had lost his beard in April; and if he walk through the street, or any other narrow road (as 'tis rare to meet a cuckold) he ducks at the penthouses, like an ancient that dares not flourish at the oath-taking of the pretor, for fear of the sign-posts. Wife, wife, do I any of these? come, what news from his lordship? has not his lordship's virtue once gone against the hair, and coveted corners?

MIST. JUST. Sir, by my soul I will be plain with you.

JUST. Except the forehead, dear wife, except the forehead.

MIST. JUST. The gentleman you spake of hath often solicited my love, and hath received from me most chaste denials.

JUST. Ay, ay, provoking resistance; 'tis as if you came to buy wares in the city, bid money for 't, your mercer, or goldsmith says, truly I cannot take

it, lets his customer pass his stall, next, nay, perhaps, two or three, but if he find he is not prone to return of himself, he calls him back, and back, and takes his money: so you, my dear wife,—O the policy of women and tradesmen! they 'll bite at anything.

MIST. JUST. What would you have me do? all your plate, and most part of your jewels, are at pawn; besides, I hear you have made over all your estate to men in the town here. What would you have me do? would you have me turn common sinner, or sell my apparel to my waistcoat, and become a laundress?

JUST. No laundress, dear wife, though your credit would go far with gentlemen for taking up of linen; no laundress.

MIST. JUST. Come, come, I will speak as my misfortune prompts me. Jealousy hath undone many a citizen; it hath undone you and me. You married me from the service of an honourable lady, and you knew what matches I mought have had. What would you have me to do? I would I had never seen your eyes, your eyes!

JUST. Very good, very good.

MIST. JUST. Your prodigality, your diceing, your riding abroad, your consorting yourself with noblemen, your building a summer-house, hath undone us, hath undone us! What would you have me do?

JUST. Any thing. I have sold my house, and the

wares in 't; I am going for Stoad next tide: what will you do now, wife?

MIST. JUST. Have you indeed?

JUST. Ay, by this light all's one; I have done as some citizens at thirty, and most heirs at three-and-twenty, made all away: why do you not ask me now what you shall do?

MIST. JUST. I have no counsel in your voyage, neither shall you have any in mine.

JUST. To his lordship; will you not, wife?

MIST. JUST. Even whither my misfortune leads me.

JUST. Go; no longer will I make my care thy prison.

MIST. JUST. O my fate! Well, sir, you shall answer for this sin, which you force me to. Fare you well; let not the world condemn me, if I seek for mine own maintenance.

JUST. So, so.

MIST. JUST. Do not send me any letters; do not seek any reconcilement; by this light I 'll receive none: if you will send me my apparel, so, if not, choose. I hope we shall ne'er meet more. [*Exit.*

JUST. So, farewell the acquaintance of all the mad devils that haunt jealousy! Why should a man be such an ass to play the antic for his wife's appetite? Imagine that I, or any other great man, have on a velvet night-cap, and put case that this night-cap be too little for my ears or forehead, can any man tell me where my night-cap wrings me, except

I be such an ass to proclaim it? Well, I do play the fool with my misfortune very handsomely. I am glad that I am certain of my wife's dishonesty; for a secret strumpet is like mines prepared to ruin goodly buildings. Farewell my care. I have told my wife I am going for Stoad; that 's not my course, for I resolve to take some shape upon me, and to live disguised here in the city. They say for one cuckold to know that his friend is in the like head-ache, and to give him counsel, is as if there were two partners, the one to be arrested, the other to bail him. My estate is made over to my friends, that do verily believe, I mean to leave England. Have amongst you, city dames, you that are indeed the fittest, and most proper persons for a comedy! nor let the world lay any imputation upon my disguise, for court, city, and country, are merely as masks one to the other, envied of some, laughed at of others: and so to my comical business.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter TENTERHOOK, MISTRESS TENTERHOOK, MONOPOLY, *a* SCRIVENER, *and a* CASHIER.

TEN. Moll.

MIST. TEN. What would, heart?

TEN. Where 's my cashier? are the sums right? are the bonds sealed?

CASH. Yea, sir.

TEN. Will you have the bags sealed?

MON. O no, sir, I must disburse instantly; we that be courtiers have more places to send money to, than the devil hath to send his spirits: there 's a great deal of light gold.

TEN. O, sir, 'twill away in play: and you will stay till to-morrow you shall have it all in new sovereigns.

MON. No, in troth, 'tis no matter, 'twill away in play. Let me see the bond, let me see when this money is to be paid; the tenth of August; the first day that I must tender this money, is the first of dog-days.

SCRIV. I fear 'twill be hot staying for you in London then.

TEN. Scrivener, take home the bond with you.

[*Exit Scrivener.*

Will you stay to dinner, sir? Have you any partridge, Moll?

MIST. TEN. No, in troth, heart; but an excellent pickled goose, a new service. Pray you, stay.

MON. Sooth, I cannot. By this light I am so infinitely, so unboundably beholding to you!

TEN. Well, signior, I 'll leave you. My cloak, there.

MIST. TEN. When will you come home, heart?

TEN. In troth, self, I know not; a friend of your's and mine hath broke.

MIST. TEN. Who, sir?

TEN. Master Justiniano, the Italian.

MIST. TEN. Broke, sir!

TEN. Yea, sooth; I was offered forty yesterday upon the Exchange, to assure a hundred.

MIST. TEN. By my troth, I am sorry.

TEN. And his wife is gone to the party.

MIST. TEN. Gone to the party! O wicked creature!

TEN. Farewell, good Master Monopoly; I prithee visit me often. [*Exit.*

MON. Little Moll, send away the fellow?

MIST. TEN. Philip, Philip.

CASH. Here, forsooth.

MIST. TEN. Go into Bucklersbury*, and fetch me two ounces of preserved melons; look there be no tobacco taken in the shop when he weighs it.

CASH. Ay, forsooth. [*Exit.*

MON. What do you eat preserved melons for, Moll?

MIST. TEN. In troth, for the shaking of the heart; I have here sometimes such a shaking, and downwards such a kind of earthquake, as it were.

MON. Do you hear, let your man carry home my money to the ordinary, and lay it in my chamber, but let him not tell my host that it is money; I owe him but forty pound, and the rogue is hasty; he will follow me when he thinks I have money, and pry

* *Bucklersbury*] in our author's time, was chiefly occupied by druggists.

into me as crows perch upon carrion, and when he hath found it out, prey upon me as heralds do upon funerals.

MIST. TEN. Come, come, you owe much money in town: when you have forfeited your bond, I shall ne'er see you more.

MON. You are a monkey; I'll pay him 'fore 's day; I 'll see you to morrow, too.

MIST. TEN. By my troth, I love you very honestly; you were never the gentleman offered any uncivility to me, which is strange, methinks, in one that comes from beyond seas: would I had given a thousand pound, I could not love thee so!

MON. Do you hear? You shall feign some scurvy disease or other, and go to the bath next spring; I 'll meet you there.

Enter MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE *and* MISTRESS WAFER.

MIST. HONEY. By your leave, sweet Mistress Tenterhook.

MIST. TEN. Oh, how dost, partner?

MON. Gentlewomen, I stayed for a most happy wind, and now the breath from your sweet, sweet lips should set me going. Good Mistress Honeysuckle, good Mistress Wafer, good Mistress Tenterhook, I will pray for you, that neither rivalship in loves, pureness of painting, or riding out of town, nor acquainting each other with it, be a cause your sweet beauties do fall out, and rail one upon another.

MIST. WAFER. Rail, sir! we do not use to rail.

MON. Why, Mistress, railing is your mother tongue, as well as lying.

MIST. HONEY. But, do you think we can fall out?

MON. In troth, beauties, as one spake seriously, that there was no inheritance in the amity of princes, so think I of women; too often interviews amongst women, as amongst princes, breed* envy oft to other's fortune: there is only in the amity of women an estate for will, and every puny knows that is no certain inheritance.

MIST. WAFER. You are merry, sir.

MON. So may I leave you, most fortunate gentlewoman. [*Exit.*

MIST. TEN. Love shoots here.

MIST. WAFER. Tenterhook, what gentleman is that gone out; is he a man?

MIST. HONEY. O God, and an excellent trumpeter. He came lately from the university, and loves city dames only for their victuals. He hath an excellent trick to keep lobsters and crabs sweet in summer, and calls it a device to prolong the days of shell-fish, for which I do suspect he hath been clerk to some nobleman's kitchen. I have heard he never loves any wench till she be as stale as Frenchmen eat their wild-fowl. I shall anger her.

MIST. TEN. How stale, good Mistress Nimble-wit?

MIST. HONEY. Why, as stale as a country hostess, an Exchange sempster, or a court laundress.

* *breed.*] The old copy, "*breeds.*"

MIST. TEN. He is your cousin; how your tongue runs!

MIST. HONEY. Talk and make a noise, no matter to what purpose; I have learned that with going to puritan lectures. I was yesterday at a banquet: will you discharge my ruffs of some wafers? and how doth thy husband, Wafer?

MIST. WAFER. Faith, very well.

MIST. HONEY. He is just like a torchbearer to maskers; he wears good clothes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing: thou art fain to take all and pay all.

MIST. TEN. The more happy she: would I could make such an ass of my husband too! I hear say he breeds thy child in his teeth, every year.

MIST. WAFER. In faith, he doth.

MIST. HONEY. By my troth, 'tis pity but the fool should have the other two pains incident to the head.

MIST. WAFER. What are they?

MIST. HONEY. Why the head-ache and horn-ache. I heard say that he would have had thee nurst thy child thyself, too.

MIST. WAFER. That he would, truly.

MIST. HONEY. Why, there's the policy of husbands to keep their wives in. I do assure you, if a woman of any markable face in the world give her child suck, look how many wrinkles be in the nipple of her breast, so many will be in her forehead, by

that time twelvemonth. But, sirrah*, we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent secret; we two learn to write.

MIST. TEN. To write!

MIST. HONEY. Yes, believe it, and we have the finest schoolmaster, a kind of Precisian, and yet an honest knave too. By my troth, if thou beest a good wench, let him teach thee: thou mayest send him of any errand, and trust him with any secret; nay, to see how demurely he will bear himself before our husbands, and how jocund when their backs are turned!

MIST. TEN. For God's love, let me see him.

MIST. WAFER. To-morrow we 'll send him to thee; till then, sweet Tenterhook, we leave thee, wishing thou mayest have the fortune to change thy name often.

MIST. TEN. How! change my name?

* *sirrah.*]

> "*Julia.* Why, Ile tell thee, *sirrah.*
> *Dorigene.* No, *sirrah*, you shannot tell me."
> *The Two Merry Milke-Maids*, 1620, sig. B 4.

And in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, Erinta says to Gianetta, "but harke, *sirra*, tell me one thing, if it fall out," &c. sig. B.

A female was sometimes addressed "*sirrah*," long after *Westward Ho* and the plays just quoted were produced: in Etherege's *Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1676, old Bellair says to Harriet, "Adod, *Sirrah*, I like thy wit well." Act ii. sc. 1.

In the north of Scotland I have frequently heard persons in the lower ranks of life use the word "*Sirs*," when speaking to two or three women.

MIST. WAFER. Ay, for thieves and widows love to shift many names, and make sweet use of it too.

MIST. TEN. O, you are a wag, indeed! Good Wafer, remember my schoolmaster. Farewell, good Honeysuckle.

MIST. HONEY. Farewell, Tenterhook. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter BONIFACE, *an apprentice, brushing his master's cloak and cap (singing); enter* HONEYSUCKLE *in his night-cap, trussing himself* †.

HONEY. Boniface, make an end of my cloak and cap.

BON. I have despatched 'em, sir; both of them lie flat at your mercy.

HONEY. 'Fore God, methinks my joints are nimbler every morning since I came over than they were before. In France, when I rise, I was so stiff, and so stark, I would ha' sworn my legs had been wooden pegs; a constable new-chosen kept not such a peripatetical gait; but now I 'm as limber as an ancient that has flourished in the rain, and as active as a Norfolk tumbler.

* *trussing himself.*] i.e. tying the tagged laces which fastened the breeches to the doublet.

BON. You may see what change of pasture is able to do.

HONEY. It makes fat calves in Rumney Marsh, and lean knaves in London: therefore, Boniface, keep your ground. God 's my pity, my forehead has more crumples than the back part of a counsellor's gown, when another rides upon his neck at the bar. Boniface, take my helmet: give your mistress my night-cap. Are my antlers swoln so big, that my biggen pinches my brows? So, request her to make my head-piece a little wider.

BON. How much wider, sir?

HONEY. I can allow her almost an inch: go, tell her so, very near an inch.

BON. If she be a right citizen's wife, now her husband has given her an inch, she 'll take an ell, or a yard at least. [*Exit.*

Enter JUSTINIANO, *the merchant, like a writing mechanical pedant.*

HONEY. Master Parenthesis! *salve, salve, domine.*

JUST. *Salve tu quoque; jubeo te salvere plurimum.*

HONEY. No more *plurimums*, if you love me: Latin whole-meats are now minced, and served in for English gallimawfries; let us, therefore, cut out our uplandish neats' tongues, and talk like regenerate Britons.

JUST. Your worship is welcome to England: I poured out orisons for your arrival.

HONEY. Thanks, good Master Parenthesis: and

que nouvelles? what news flutters abroad? do jackdaws dung the top of Paul's steeple still?

JUST. The more is the pity, if any daws do come into the temple, as I fear they do.

HONEY. They say Charing-cross is fallen down since I went to Rochelle: but that 's no such wonder; 'twas old, and stood awry, as most part of the world can tell. And though it lack under-propping, yet, like great fellows at a wrestling, when their heels are once flying up, no man will save 'em; down they fall, and there let them lie, though they were bigger than the guard: Charing-cross was old, and old things must shrink, as well as new northern cloth.

JUST. Your worship is in the right way, verily; they must so; but a number of better things between Westminster-bridge and Temple-bar, both of a worshipful and honourable erection, are fallen to decay, and have suffered putrefaction, since Charing fell, that were not of half so long standing as the poor wry-necked monument.

HONEY. Who 's within there? One of you call up your mistress! tell her here 's her writing schoolmaster. I had not thought, Master Parenthesis, you had been such an early stirrer.

JUST. Sir, your vulgar and fourpenny-penmen, that, like your London sempsters, keep open shop, and sell learning by retail, may keep their beds and lie at their pleasure; but we that edify in private and traffic by wholesale must be up with the lark,

because, like country attornies, we are to shuffle up many matters in a forenoon. Certes, Master Honeysuckle, I would sing *Laus Deo*, so I may but please all those that come under my fingers; for it is my duty and function, perdy, to be fervent in my vocation.

HONEY. Your hand: I am glad our city has so good, so necessary, and so laborious a member in it; we lack painful and expert penmen amongst us. Master Parenthesis, you teach many of our merchants, sir, do you not?

JUST. Both wives, maids, and daughters; and I thank God the very worst of them lie by very good men's sides: I pick out a poor living amongst 'em, and I am thankful for it.

HONEY. Trust me I am not sorry: how long have you exercised this quality?

JUST. Come Michael-tide next, this thirteen year.

HONEY. And how does my wife profit under you, sir? hope you to do any good upon her?

JUST. Master Honeysuckle, I am in great hope she shall fructify: I will do my best, for my part; I can do no more than another man can.

HONEY. Pray, sir, ply her, for she is capable of any thing.

JUST. So far as my poor talent can stretch, it shall not be hidden from her.

HONEY. Does she hold her pen well yet?

JUST. She leans somewhat too hard upon her pen

yet, sir, but practice and animadversion will break her from that.

HONEY. Then she grubs her pen?

JUST. It 's but my pains to mend the neb again.

HONEY. And whereabouts is she now, Master Parenthesis? She was talking of you this morning, and commending you in her bed, and told me she was past her letters.

JUST. Truly, sir, she took her letters very suddenly, and is now in her minims.

HONEY. I would she were in her crotchets too, Master Parenthesis: ha, ha! I must talk merrily, sir.

JUST. Sir, so long as your mirth be void of all squirrility *, 't is not unfit for your calling. I trust, ere few days be at an end, to have her fall to her joining, for she has her letters *ad unguem;* her A, her great B, and her great C, very right; D, and E, delicate; her double F of a good length, but that it straddles a little too wide; at the G very cunning.

HONEY. Her H is full, like mine; a goodly big H.

JUST. But her double L is well; her O of a reasonable size; at her P and Q, neither merchant's daughter, alderman's wife, young country gentlewoman, nor courtier's mistress, can match her.

HONEY. And how her U?

JUST. U, sir! she fetches up U best of all; her

* *squirrility.*] A form of *scurrility*, sometimes found in old writers.

single U she can fashion two or three ways, but her double U is as I would wish it.

HONEY. And, faith, who takes it faster; my wife or Mistress Tenterhook?

JUST. O, your wife, by odds; she 'll take more in one hour than I can fasten either upon Mistress Tenterhook, or Mistress Wafer, or Mistress Flap-dragon, the brewer's wife, in three.

Enter MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE.

HONEY. Do not thy cheeks burn, sweet chuckaby, for we are talking of thee?

MIST. HONEY. No goodness, I warrant; you have few citizens speak well of their wives behind their backs: but to their faces they 'll cog worse and be more suppliant than clients that sue in *forma paper**. How does my master? troth, I am a very truant: have you your ruler about you, master? for look you, I go clean awry.

JUST. A small fault; most of my scholars do so. Look you, sir, do not you think your wife will mend? mark her dashes, and her strokes, and her breakings, and her bendings.

HONEY. She knows what I have promised her if she do mend. Nay, by my fay, Jude, this is well, if you would not fly out thus, but keep your line.

* *forma paper.*] Our early dramatists have a pleasure in making their characters miscall terms of law: so Rowley; "I by my troth, he is now but a Knight under *Forma Papris.*" *When you see mee you know mee*, 1632. Sig. G 3.

MIST. HONEY. I shall in time, when my hand is in. Have you a new pen for me, master? for, by my truly, my old one is stark naught, and will cast no ink. Whither are you going, lamb?

HONEY. To the Custom-house, to the 'Change, to my warehouse, to divers places.

MIST. HONEY. Good Cole, tarry not past eleven, for you turn my stomach then from my dinner.

HONEY. I will make more haste home than a stipendiary Switzer does after he 's paid. Fare you well, Master Parenthesis.

MIST. HONEY. I am so troubled with the rheum too! Mouse, what 's good for 't?

HONEY. How often have I told you you must get a patch *! I must hence. [*Exit.*

MIST. HONEY. I think, when all 's † done, I must follow his counsel, and take a patch; I'd ‡ have had one long ere this, but for disfiguring my face: yet I had noted that a mastic patch upon some women's temples hath been the very rheum of beauty.

* *you must get a patch.*] "Even as *blacke patches are worne,* some for pride, *some to stay the Rhewme,* and some to hide the scab," &c. *Jacke Drums Entertainment.* 1616. Sig. I 2.

"For when they did but happen for to see
Those that with Rhume a little troubled be,
Weare on their faces a round mastick patch,
Their fondness I perceiv'd sometime to catch
That for a Fashion."

Wither's *Abuses Stript and Whipt.* B. ii. Sat. I. p. 171. Ed. 1615.

† *all 's.*] Some copies, "*all.*" ‡ *I'd.*] The old copy "I."

JUST. Is he departed? is old Nestor marched into Troy?

MIST. HONEY. Yes, you mad Greek, the gentleman's gone.

JUST. Why then clap up copy-books, down with pens, hang up ink-horns; and now, my sweet Honeysuckle, see what golden-winged bee from Hybla flies humming with *crura thymo plena* *, which he will empty in the hive of your bosom.

MIST. HONEY. From whom?

JUST. At the skirt of that sheet, in black work, is wrought his name; break not up the wildfowl † till anon, and then feed upon him in private: there 's other irons i' th' fire, more sacks are coming to the mill. O, you sweet temptations of the sons of Adam, I commend you, extol you, magnify you! Were I a poet, by Hippocrene I swear (which was a certain well where all the Muses watered), and by Parnassus eke I swear, I would rhyme you to death with praises, for that you can be content to lie with old men all night for their money, and walk to your gardens with young men i' th' daytime for your pleasure. O you delicate damnations, you do but as I would do! Were I the properest, sweetest,

* *crura thymo plena.*]

"At fessæ multa referunt se nocte minores,
Crura thymo plenæ."

Virgil. *Georg.* iv. 181.

† *break not up the wildfowl.*] To *break up* was an old term for carving.

plumpest, cherry-cheeked, coral-lipped woman in a kingdom, I would not dance after one man's pipe.

MIST. HONEY. And why?

JUST. Especially after an old man's.

MIST. HONEY. And why, pray?

JUST. Especially after an old citizen's.

MIST. HONEY. Still, and why?

JUST. Marry, because the suburbs, and those without the bars, have more privilege than they within the freedom. What need one woman dote upon one man, or one man be mad, like Orlando, for one woman?

MIST. HONEY. Troth, 't is true, considering how much flesh is in every shambles.

JUST. Why should I long to eat of baker's bread only, when there 's so much sifting, and bolting, and grinding in every corner of the city? Men and women are born, and come running into the world faster than coaches do into Cheapside upon Simon and Jude's day; and are eaten up by death faster than mutton and porridge in a term time. Who would pin their hearts to any sleeve? This world is like a mint: we are no sooner cast into the fire, taken out again, hammered, stamped, and made current, but presently we are changed; the new money, like a new drab, is catched at by Dutch, Spanish, Welch, French, Scotch, and English; but the old cracked King Harry groats are shoveled up, feel bruizing and battering, clipping and melting, they smoke for 't.

MIST. HONEY. The world 's an arrant naughty pack I see, and is a very scurvy world.

JUST. Scurvy! worse than the conscience of a broom-man, that carries out new ware and brings home old shoes. A naughty pack! why, there's no minute, no thought of time passes, but some villany or other is a brewing. Why, even now,—now, at holding up of this finger, and before the turning down of this, some are murdering, some lying with their maids, some picking of pockets, some cutting purses, some cheating, some weighing out bribes; in this city some wives are cuckolding some husbands; in yonder village, some farmers are now, now grinding the jawbones of the poor. Therefore, sweet scholar, sugared Mistress Honeysuckle, take summer before you, and lay hold of it; why, even now, must you and I hatch an egg of iniquity.

MIST. HONEY. Troth, master, I think thou wilt prove a very knave.

JUST. It 's the fault of many that fight under this band.

MIST. HONEY. I shall love a puritan's face the worse whilst I live for that copy of thy countenance.

JUST. We are all weathercocks, and must follow the wind of the present, from the bias.

MIST. HONEY. Change a bowl, then.

JUST. I will so; and now for a good cast: there 's the knight, sir Gosling Glowworm.

MIST. HONEY. He 's a knight made out of wax.

JUST. He took up silks upon his bond, I confess; nay more, he 's a knight in print; but let his knighthood be of what stamp it will, from him come I, to entreat you, and Mistress Wafer, and Mistress Tenterhook, being both my scholars, and your honest pew-fellows, to meet him this afternoon at the Rhenish wine-house i' th' Stillyard*. Captain Whirlpool will be there, young Linstock, the alderman's son and heir, there too. Will you steal forth, and taste of a Dutch bun, and a keg of sturgeon?

* *the Rhenish wine-house i' th' Stillyard.*] "Next to this lane on the East [Cosin Lane, Downgate Ward] is the Stele house, or *Stele yarde* (as they terme it) a place for Marchantes of Almaine," &c. Stow's *Survey of London*, 1598, p. 184.

"Stilliard is a place in London, where the fraternitie of the Easterling Merchants, otherwise the Merchants of the Haunse and Almaine, are wont to have their abode. It is so called Stilliard, of a broad place or court wherein steele was much sould, q. *Steele-yard*, upon which that house is now founded."

Minshew's *Guide into Tongues*, 1617.

The derivation of the name just given is questionable.

"They [The Hans Towne Merchants] were permitted to sell Rhenish wine by retail." Malcolm's London, vol. i. p. 48.

Compare with the passage in the text;

"Men when they are idle, and know not what to do, saith one let us go *to the stillyard and drinke Rhenish wine*, &c."

Nash's *Pierce Penniless*, Sig. E, 2 ed. 1595.

"Who would let a Cit, (whose teeth are rotten out with sweet meates his mother brings him from goshippings) breathe upon her vernish for the promise of a dry neat's tongue and *a pottle of Rhenish at the stillyard*, when she may command a Blade to toss and tumble her?" Nabbes's *Bride*, 1640 Sig. E.

MIST. HONEY. What excuse shall I coin now?

JUST. Phew! excuses! You must to the Pawn to buy lawn*; to Saint Martin's for lace; to the Garden; to the Glass-house; to your gossip's; to the poulter's†; else take out an old ruff and go to your sempster's—excuses! why they are more ripe than medlars at Christmas.

MIST. HONEY. I 'll come: the hour?

JUST. Two: the way through Paul's; every wench take a pillar, there clap on your masks; your men will be behind you, and before your prayers be half done, be before you, and man you out at several doors. You 'll be there?

MIST. HONEY. If I breathe. [*Exit.*

JUST. Farewell. So: now must I go set the tother wenches the self-same copy: a rare schoolmaster, for all kind of hands, I. O, what strange curses are poured down with one blessing!

Do all tread on the heel? Have all the art
To hoodwink wise men thus? and, like those builders

* *to the Pawn to buy lawn.*] So in the curious poetical dialogue '*Tis merry when gossips meet*, 1609; the Wife says;

"In truth (kind cousse) my commings from the *Pawn*,
But I protest I lost my labour there:
A Gentleman promist to give me *lawne*,
And did not meet me, which he well shall heare."

Stanza 2nd.

I believe it is not known what or where the Pawn was.

† *poulter's.*] *i. e.* poulterer's.

Of Babel's tower, to speak unknown tongues,
Of all, save by their husbands, understood?
Well, if, as ivy 'bout the elm does twine,
All wives love clipping, there 's no fault in mine.
But if the world lay speechless, even the dead
Would rise, and thus cry out from yawning graves,
Women make men, or fools, or beasts, or slaves.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter EARL *and* MISTRESS BIRDLIME.

EARL. Her answer! talk in music! will she come?

BIRD. O, my sides ache in my loins, in my bones! I ha' more need of a posset of sack, and lie in my bed and sweat, than to talk in music. No honest woman would run hurrying up and down thus, and undo herself for a man of honour, without reason. I am so lame, every foot that I set to the ground went to my heart; I thought I had been at mum-chance*, my bones rattled so with jaunting: had it not been for a friend in a corner, [*Takes aqua-vitæ*] I had kicked up my heels.

EARL. Minister comfort to me—will she come?

BIRD. All the castles of comfort that I can put you into is this, that the jealous wittol her husband,

* *mum-chance.*] A game played either with dice or cards: Mistress Birdlime alludes to the former method.

came, like a mad ox, bellowing in whilst I was there. O, I ha' lost my sweet breath with trotting!

EARL. Death to my heart! her husband! What saith he?

BIRD. The frieze-jerkin rascal out with his purse, and called me plain bawd to my face.

EARL. Affliction to me! then thou spak'st not to her?

BIRD. I spake to her, as clients do to lawyers without money, to no purpose; but I 'll speak with him, and hamper him too, if ever he fall into my clutches. I 'll make the yellow-hammer her husband know, (for all he 's an Italian) that there 's a difference between a cogging bawd and an honest motherly gentlewoman. Now, what cold whetstones lie over your stomacher? will you have some of my *aqua*? Why, my lord!

EARL. Thou hast killed me with thy words.

BIRD. I see bashful lovers, and young bullocks, are knocked down at a blow. Come, come, drink this draught of cinnamon-water, and pluck up your spirits; up with 'em, up with 'em. Do you hear? the whiting mop* has nibbled.

EARL. Ha!

BIRD. O, I thought I should fetch you: you can ha at that: I 'll make you hem anon. As I 'm a

* *whiting mop.*] *i. e.* young whiting,—a cant term for a nice young woman; a tender creature.

sinner, I think you 'll find the sweetest, sweetest bedfellow of her. O, she lookes so sugaredly, so simperingly, so gingerly, so amorously, so amiably! Such a red lip, such a white forehead, such a black eye, such a full cheek, and such a goodly little nose, now she 's in that French gown, Scotch falls, Scotch bum, and Italian head-tire you sent her, and is such an enticing she-witch, carrying the charms of your jewels about her! O!

EARL. Did she receive them? speak—here 's golden keys
T' unlock thy lips—did she vouchsafe to take them?

BIRD. Did she vouchsafe to take them? there 's a question! you shall find she did vouchsafe. The troth is, my lord, I got her to my house, there she put off her own clothes, my lord, and put on your's, my lord; provided her a coach; searched the middle aisle in Paul's*, and with three Elizabeth twelve-pences pressed three knaves, my lord; hired three

* *searched the middle aisle in Paul's, and with three Elizabeth twelve-pences pressed three knaves.*] Persons of every description, with a strange want of reverence for the sanctity of the spot, used daily to frequent the body of old St. Paul's. There the young gallant gratified his vanity by strutting about in the most fashionable attire; there the politician discussed the latest news; there he who could not afford to dine, loitered during the dinner-hour; *there the servant out of place came to be engaged;* there the pickpocket found the best opportunities for the exercise of his talents, &c.

liveries in Long-lane*, to man her: for all which, so God mend me, I 'm to pay this night before sun-set.

EARL. This shower shall fill them all: rain in their laps,
What golden drops thou wilt.

BIRD. Alas, my lord, I do but receive it with one hand, to pay it away with another! I 'm but your baily.

EARL. Where is she?

BIRD. In the green velvet chamber: the poor sinful creature pants like a pigeon under the hands of a hawk, therefore use her like a woman, my lord; use her honestly, my lord, for, alas, she 's but a novice, and a very green thing!

EARL. Farewell: I 'll in unto her.

BIRD. Fie upon 't, that were not for your honour; you know gentlewomen use to come to lords' chambers, and not lords to the gentlewomen's: I 'd not have her think you are such a rank rider. Walk you here; I 'll beckon; you shall see I'll fetch her with a wet finger?

EARL. Do so.

BIRD. Hist! why, sweetheart, Mistress Justiniano! why, pretty soul, tread softly, and come into this room; here be rushes, you need not fear the creaking of your cork shoes.

* *hired three liveries in Long-lane.*] "The lane, truelie called Long," (Stow's *Survey*, p. 311, ed. 1598,) running out of Aldersgate-street, and falling into West Smithfield, abounded in shops where second-hand apparel might be procured.

Enter MISTRESS JUSTINIANO.

So, well said; there 's his honour. I have business, my lord: very now the marks are set up, I'll get me twelve score off, and give aim*. [*Exit.*

EARL. Y' are welcome, sweet, y' are welcome: bless my hand
With the soft touch of your's. Can you be cruel
To one so prostrate to you? even my heart,
My happiness, and state lie at your feet.
My hopes me flatter'd that the field was won,
That you had yielded, (though you conquer me,)
And that all marble scales that barr'd your eyes
From throwing light on mine, were quite ta'en off
By the cunning woman's hand, that works for me:
Why, therefore, do you wound me now with frowns?
Why do you fly me? Do not exercise
The art of woman on me; I 'm already
Your captive, sweet: are these your hate, or fears?

MIST. JUST. I wonder lust can hang at such white hairs.

EARL. You give my love ill names, it is not lust;
Lawless desires well temper'd may seem just.
A thousand mornings with the early sun,
Mine eyes have from your windows watch'd to steal

* *give aim.*] See note * vol. i. p. 59.

Brightness from those: as oft upon the days
That consecrated to devotion are,
Within the holy temple have I stood
Disguis'd, waiting your presence; and when your hands
Went up towards heaven to draw some blessing down,
Mine, as if all my nerves by your's did move,
Begg'd in dumb signs some pity for my love:
And thus being feasted only with your sight,
I went more pleas'd than sick men with fresh health,
Rich men with honour, beggars do with wealth.

MIST. JUST. Part now so pleas'd, for now you more enjoy me.

EARL. O you do wish me physic to destroy me!

MIST. JUST. I have already leap'd beyond the bounds
Of modesty, in piecing out my wings
With borrow'd feathers: but you sent a sorceress
So perfect in her trade, that did so lively
Breathe forth your passionate accents, and could draw
A lover languishing so piercingly,
That her charms wrought upon me, and in pity
Of your sick heart which she did counterfeit,
(O, she 's a subtle beldame!) see I cloth'd
My limbs, thus player-like, in rich attires,
Not fitting mine estate, and am come forth,
But why I know not.

EARL. Will you love me?
MIST. JUST. Yes;
If you can clear me of a debt that 's due
But to one man, I'll pay my heart to thee.
EARL. Who 's that?
MIST. JUST. My husband.
EARL. Umph.
MIST. JUST. The sum 's so great,
I know a kingdom cannot answer it;
And therefore I beseech you, good my lord,
To take this gilding off, which is your own,
And henceforth cease to throw out golden hooks,
To choke mine honour: though my husband 's poor,
I'll rather beg for him than be your whore.
EARL. 'Gainst beauty you plot treason, if you suffer
Tears to do violence to so fair a cheek.
That face was ne'er made to look pale with want.
Dwell here, and be the sovereign of my fortunes:
Thus shall you go attir'd.
MIST. JUST. 'Till lust be tir'd.
I must take leave, my lord.
EARL. Sweet creature, stay.
My coffers shall be your's, my servants your's,
Myself will be your servant; and I swear
By that which I hold dear in you, your beauty,
(And which I'll not profane) you shall live here
As free from base wrong as you are from blackness,
So you will deign but let me enjoy your sight;
Answer me, will you?

MIST. JUST. I will think upon 't.

EARL. Unless you shall perceive that all my thoughts
And all my actions be to you devoted,
And that I very justly earn your love,
Let me not taste it.

MIST. JUST. I will think upon it.

EARL. But when you find my merits of full weight,
Will you accept their worth?

MIST. JUST. I'll think upon 't.
I 'd speak with the old woman.

EARL. She shall come.
Joys that are born unlook'd for, are born dumb.

[*Exit.*

MIST. JUST. Poverty, thou bane of chastity,
Poison of beauty, broker of maidenheads!
I see when force nor wit can scale the hold,
Wealth must; she 'll ne'er be won that defies gold:
But lives there such a creature? O, 'tis rare
To find a woman chaste that 's poor and fair!

Enter BIRDLIME.

BIRD. Now, lamb, has not his honour dealt like an honest nobleman with you? I can tell you, you shall not find him a templar, nor one of these cogging Catherine-pear-coloured*-beards, that by their good wills would have no pretty woman 'scape them.

* *Catherine-pear coloured.*] i. e. red.

MIST. JUST. Thou art a very bawd, thou art a devil
Cast in a reverend shape: thou stale damnation*,
Why hast thou me entic'd from mine own paradise,
To steal fruit in a barren wilderness?

BIRD. Bawd, and devil, and stale damnation! will women's tongues, like bakers' legs, never go straight!

MIST. JUST. Had thy Circæan magic me transform'd
Into that sensual shape for which thou conjur'st,
And that I were turn'd common venturer,
I could not love this old man.

BIRD. This old man, umph! this old man! do his hoary hairs stick in your stomach? yet, methinks, his silver hairs should move you: they may serve to make you bodkins. Does his age grieve you? Fool! is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burn brightest, old linen wash whitest? old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest: I ha' tried both.

MIST. JUST. So will not I.

BIRD. You 'd have some young perfumed beardless gallant† board you, that spits all his brains out at 's tongue's end, would you not?

* *stale damnation.*] So Juliet, in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 5; and Malevole, in the *Malcontent*, act v. sc. 2 (see vol. iv.); use "ancient *damnation*" as a term of reproach.

† *gallant.*] The old copy, "*gallants.*"

MIST. JUST. No, none at all; not any.

BIRD. None at all! what do you make there then? why are you a burthen to the world's conscience, and an eye-sore to well-given men? I dare pawn my gown, and all the beds in my house, and all the gettings in Michaelmas term next, to a tavern token*, that thou shalt never be an innocent.

MIST. JUST. Who are so?

BIRD. Fools: why, then, are you so precise? Your husband 's down the wind; and will you, like a haggler's arrow, be down the weather? strike whilst the iron is hot. A woman, when there be roses in her cheeks, cherries on her lips, civet in her breath, ivory in her teeth, lilies in her hand, and liquorice in her heart, why, she 's like a play; if new, very good company, very good company; but if stale, like old Jeronimo, go by, go by†: therefore,

* *a tavern token.*] There being a scarcity of small change, tradesmen were allowed to coin *tokens*—promissory pieces of brass or copper, of the value of a farthing. Reed (note on the First Part of the *Honest Whore*, act i. sc. 4,) thinks they were called *tavern tokens*, because they were "probably at first coined chiefly by tavern keepers;" but Gifford (note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. i. p. 29,) observes, "that most of them would travel to the tavern may be easily supposed, and hence, perhaps, the name."

† *like old Jeronimo, go by, go by.*] An allusion to a passage in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, which has been ridiculed by a host of poets;

"*Hieronimo.* Justice, O justice to Hieronimo!
Lorenzo. Back, see'st thou not the king is busie?
Hieronimo. O, is he so?

as I said before, strike. Besides, you must think that the commodity of beauty was not made to lie dead upon any young woman's hands; if your husband have given up his cloak, let another take measure of you in his jerkin: for as the cobbler in the night time walks with his lanthorn, the merchant and the lawyer with his link, and the courtier with his torch, so every lip has his lettuce to himself; the lob has his lass, the collier his dowdy, the western-man his pug, the serving man his punk, the student his nun in White-Friars, the puritan his sister, and the lord his lady; which worshipful vocation may fall upon you, if you 'll but strike whilst the iron is hot.

MIST. JUST. Witch, thus I break thy spells: were
I kept brave
On a king's cost, I am but a king's slave. [*Exit.*

BIRD. I see, that as Frenchmen love to be bold, Flemings to be drunk, Welshmen to be called Britons, and Irishmen to be costermongers; so cockneys, especially she cockneys, love not aqua-vitæ when 'tis good for them.

Enter MONOPOLY.

MON. Saw you my uncle?

BIRD. I saw him even now going the way of all

King. Who is he that interrupts our business?
Hieronimo. Not I, Hieronimo beware, *goe by, goe by.*"
Sig. G 4. Allde's ed. n. d.

It may be just necessary to add, that the *Spanish Tragedy* is a continuation of *The first part of Jeronimo*, which was most probably also the work of Kyd.

flesh, that 's to say, towards the kitchen. Here 's a letter to your worship from the party.

MON. What party?

BIRD. The Tenterhook, your wanton.

MON. From her! feugh! pray thee, stretch me no more upon your tenterhook: pox on her, are there no 'pothecaries i' th' town to send her physic bills to, but me? She 's not troubled with the green sickness still, is she?

BIRD. The yellow jaundice, as the doctor tells me. Troth, she 's as good a peat! she is fallen away so that she 's nothing but bare skin and bone; for the turtle so mourns for you.

MON. In black?

BIRD. In black! you shall find both black and blue, if you look under her eyes.

MON. Well, sing over her ditty when I 'm in tune.

BIRD. Nay, but will you send her a box of Mithridatum and dragon water; I mean some restorative words? Good Master Monopoly, you know how welcome y' are to the city, and will you, Master Monopoly, keep out of the city? I know you cannot; would you saw how the poor gentlewoman lies!

MON. Why, how lies she?

BIRD. Troth, as the way lies over Gads-hill, very dangerous: you would pity a woman's case, if you saw her. Write to her some treatise of pacification.

MON. I'll write to her to-morrow.

BIRD. To-morrow! she 'll not sleep then, but tumble: and if she might have it to night, it would better please her.

MON. Perhaps I 'll do 't to-night; farewell.

BIRD. If you do 't to-night, it would better please her than to-morrow.

MON. God so, do'st hear? I 'm to sup this night at the Lion, in Shoreditch, with certain gallants: canst thou not draw forth some delicate face, that I ha' not seen, and bring it thither? wut thou?

BIRD. All the painters in London shall not fit for colour as I can: but we shall have some swaggering?

MON. All as civil, by this light, as lawyers.

BIRD. But I tell you she 's not so common as lawyers, that I mean to betray to your table; for, as I 'm a sinner, she 's a knight's cousin; a Yorkshire gentlewoman, and only speaks a little broad, but of very good carriage.

MON. Nay, that 's no matter, we can speak as broad as she; but wut bring her?

BIRD. You shall call her cousin, do you see? two men shall wait upon her, and I 'll come in by chance: but shall not the party be there?

MON. Which party?

BIRD. The writer of that simple hand.

MON. Not for as many angels as there be letters in her paper: speak not of me to her, nor our meeting, if you love me. Wut come?

BIRD. Mum, I'll come.

MON. Farewell.

BIRD. Good Master Monopoly, I hope to see you one day a man of great credit.

MON. If I be, I'll build chimneys with tobacco, but I'll smoke some: and be sure, Birdlime, I'll stick wool upon thy back.

BIRD. Thanks, sir, I know you will; for all the kindred of the Monopolies are held to be great fleecers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter SIR GOSLING GLOWWORM, LINSTOCK, WHIRLPOOL, *and the three Citizens' Wives, masked; viz.,* MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE, MISTRESS WAFER, *and* MISTRESS TENTERHOOK.

SIR GOS. So, draw those curtains, and let 's see the pictures under 'em.

LIN. Welcome to the Stilliard, fair ladies.

THREE LADIES. Thanks, good Master Linstock.

WHIRL. Hans, some wine, Hans.

Enter HANS, *with cloth and buns.*

HANS. Yaw, Yaw, you sall hebben it, mester; old vine, or new vine?

SIR GOS. Speak, women.

MIST. HONEY. New wine, good Sir Gosling: wine in the must, good Dutchman, for must is best for us women.

HANS. New vine! vell; two pots of new vine!

[*Exit Hans.*

MIST. HONEY. An honest butterbox; for if it be old, there 's none of it comes into my belly.

MIST. WAFER. Why, Tenterhook, pray thee, let 's dance friskin, and be merry.

LIN. Thou art so troubled with Monopolies; they so hang at thy heart-strings.

MIST. TEN. Pox a' my heart, then.

Enter HANS, *with wine.*

MIST. HONEY. Ay, and mine, too: if any courtier of them all set up his gallows there, wench, use him as thou dost thy pantables*, scorn to let him kiss thy heel, for he feeds thee with nothing but court holy bread, good words, and cares not for thee. Sir Gosling, will you taste a Dutch what's you call 'em?

MIST. WAFER. Here, Master Linstock, half mine is your's. Bun, bun, bun, bun.

Enter JUSTINIANO.

JUST. Which room? where are they? wo ho, ho, ho, so, ho, boys!

SIR GOS. 'Sfoot, who 's that? lock our room.

JUST. Not till I am in; and then lock out the devil, though he come in the shape of a puritan.

THREE LADIES. Schoolmaster, welcome! welcome in troth.

* *pantables.*] i.e. slippers.

JUST. Who would not be scratched with the briars and brambles to have such burs sticking on his breeches? Save, you, gentlemen: O noble knight!

SIR GOS. More wine, Hans.

JUST. Am not I, gentlemen, a ferret of the right hair, that can make three conies bolt at a clap into your pursenets? Ha, little do their three husbands dream what copies I am setting their wives now: were 't not a rare jest, if they should come sneaking upon us, like a horrible noise of fiddlers*?

MIST. HONEY. Troth, I'd not care; let 'em come; I'd tell 'em we'd ha' none of their dull music.

MIST. WAFER. Here, Mistress Tenterhook.

MIST. TEN. Thanks, good Mistress Wafer.

JUST. Who 's there? peepers, intelligencers, eavesdroppers!

OMNES. Uds foot, throw a pot at 's head!

JUST. O Lord! O gentlemen, knight, ladies that may be, citizens' wives that are, shift for yourselves, for a pair of your husbands' heads are knocking together with Hans his, and enquiring for you.

OMNES. Keep the door locked.

MIST. HONEY. O, ay, do, do; and let Sir Gosling (because he has been in the Low Countries) swear *Gotz Sacrament*, and drive 'em away with broken Dutch.

* *noise of fiddlers.*] i. e. company of fiddlers—the expression continued in use till, I believe, about the commencement of the eighteenth century.

JUST. Here 's a wench has simple sparks in her; she 's my pupil, gallants. Good God! I see a man is not sure that his wife is in the chamber, though his own fingers hung on the padlock: trap-doors, false drabs, and spring locks, may cozen a covey of constables. How the silly husbands might here ha' been gulled with Flemish money! Come, drink up Rhine, Thames, and Meander dry; there 's nobody.

MIST. HONEY. Ah, thou ungodly master!

JUST. I did but make a false fire, to try your valour, because you cried let 'em come. By this glass of woman's wine, I would not ha' seen their spirits walk here, to be dubbed deputy of a ward, I; they would ha' chronicled me for a fox in a lamb's skin. But come, is this merry midsummer night agreed upon? when shall it be? where shall it be?

LIN. Why, faith, to-morrow at night.

WHIRL. We 'll take a coach and ride to Ham, or so.

MIST. TEN. O, fie upon 't, a coach! I cannot abide to be jolted.

MIST. WAFER. Yet most of your citizens' wives love jolting.

SIR GOS. What say you to Blackwall, or Limehouse?

MIST. HONEY. Every room there smells too much of tar.

LIN. Let 's to mine host Dogbolt's, at Brainford, then; there you are out of eyes, out of ears; pri-

vate rooms, sweet linen, winking attendance, and what cheer you will.

OMNES. Content, to Brainford.

MIST. WAFER. Ay, ay, let 's go by water, for, Sir Gosling, I have heard you say you love to go by water.

MIST. HONEY. But, wenches, with what pullies shall we slide with some cleanly excuse, out of our husbands' suspicion; being gone westward for smelts* all night?

JUST. That's the block now we all stumble at; wind up that string well, and all the consort's† in tune.

MIST. HONEY. Why then, good man scraper, 'tis wound up, I have it. Sirrah Wafer, thy child 's at nurse: if you that are the men could provide some wise ass that could keep his countenance——

JUST. Nay, if he be an ass, he will keep his countenance.

MIST. HONEY. Ay, but I mean, one that could set out his tale with audacity and say that the child were sick, and ne'er stagger at it: that last should serve all our feet.

WHIRL. But where will that wise ass be found now?

* *westward for smelts.*] A proverbial expression. In 1603 appeared a story book (which suggested to Shakespeare some of the circumstances in *Cymbeline*,) entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of Mad Merry Western Wenches*, &c.

† *consort's.*] See note on *Northward Ho*, act ii. sc. i.

JUST. I see I 'm born still to draw dun out a' th' mire* for you; that wise beast will I be. I 'll be that ass that shall groan under the burden of that abominable lie: heaven pardon me, and pray God the infant be not punished for 't. Let me see: I 'll break out in some filthy shape like a thrasher, or a thatcher, or a sowgelder, or something: and speak dreamingly, and swear how the child pukes, and eats nothing (as perhaps it does not) and lies at the mercy of God, (as all children and old folks do) and then, scholar Wafer, play you your part.

MIST. WAFER. Fear not me, for a veney† or two.

* *to draw dun out a' th' mire.*] Mr. Gifford thus satisfactorily describes a game, the allusion to which in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. iv., had completely puzzled all Shakespeare's commentators; "*Dun is in the mire* is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room: this is *Dun*, (the cart-horse,) and a cry is raised, that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes."

Note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. vii. p. 283.

† *veney.*] Or *venue*, a technical term for a *hit* or *thrust* in playing with different weapons, was a subject of dispute between Messrs. Steevens and Malone: Mr. Douce has made himself their umpire in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 233, to which I refer the reader. In fencing, *venue*, the French term, answered to the Italian *stoccata:* see Gifford's note on Ben Jonson, vol. i.

JUST. Where will you meet i' th' morning ?

SIR GOS. At some tavern near the water-side, that 's private.

JUST. The Greyhound, the Greyhound in Blackfriars, an excellent rendezvous,

LIN. Content, the Greyhound by eight.

JUST. And then you may whip forth, two first, and two next on a sudden, and take boat at Bridewell-dock most privately.

OMNES. Be 't so: a good place.

JUST. I 'll go make ready my rustical properties*. Let me see, scholar, hie you home, for your child shall be sick within this half hour. [*Exit.*

Enter BIRDLIME.

MIST. HONEY. 'Tis the uprightest dealing man—God 's my pity, who 's yonder?

BIRD. I 'm bold to press myself under the colours of your company, hearing that gentlewoman was in the room. A word, mistress.

MIST. TEN. How now, what says he ?

p. 39. I wonder that Malone, in his contest with Steevens, failed to quote the following passage of a play, which he must surely have read :—

"1 *Law.* Women, look to 't, the Fencer gives you *a veney.*
2 *Law.* Believe it, he *hits* home."
Swetnam, the Woman-hater, 1620, Sig. F 2.

* *properties.*] Used here in a theatrical sense—articles necessary for the scene.

SIR GOS. Zounds, what 's she? a bawd, bi' th' Lord, is 't not?

MIST. WAFER. No, indeed, Sir Gosling, she 's a very honest woman, and a midwife.

MIST. TEN. At the Lion in Shoreditch? and would he not read it? nor write to me? I 'll poison his supper.

BIRD. But no words that I bewrayed him.

MIST. TENT. Gentlemen, I must be gone; I cannot stay, in faith: pardon me; I 'll meet to-morrow: come, nurse; cannot tarry by this element.

SIR GOS. Mother, you, grannam, drink ere you go.

BIRD. I am going to a woman's labour; indeed, sir, cannot stay.

[*Exeunt Mistress Tenterhook and Birdlime.*

MIST. WAFER. I hold my life* the black-bird her husband whistles for her.

MIST. HONEY. A reckoning. Break one, break all.

SIR GOS. Here, Hans. Draw not; I 'll draw for all, as I 'm true knight.

MIST. HONEY. Let him: amongst women this
does stand for law,
The worthiest man, though he be fool, must draw.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Mist. Wafer. I hold my life, &c.*] The old copy prefixes to this speech *Amb.*, a misprint, I suppose, for "*Mab.*" See note on the *Dramatis Personæ* of this play.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter TENTERHOOK *and* MISTRESS TENTERHOOK.

TEN. What book is that, sweetheart?

MIST. TEN. Why, the book of bonds that are due to you.

TEN. Come, what do you with it? why do you trouble yourself to take care about my business?

MIST. TEN. Why, sir, doth not that which concerns you, concern me? You told me Monopoly had discharged his bond; I find by the book of accounts here, that it is not cancelled. Ere I would suffer such a cheating companion to laugh at me, I 'd see him hanged, I. Good sweetheart, as ever you loved me, as ever my bed was pleasing to you, arrest the knave; we were never beholding to him for a pin, but for eating up our victuals; good mouse, enter an action against him.

TEN. In troth, love, I may do the gentleman much discredit, and besides it may be other actions may fall very heavy upon him.

MIST. TEN. Hang him! to see the dishonesty of the knave!

TEN. O wife, good words: a courtier, a gentleman.

MIST. TEN. Why may not a gentleman be a knave? that were strange, in faith; but, as I was

a saying, to see the dishonesty of him, that would never come since he received the money, to visit us, you know! Master Tenterhook, he hath hung long upon you: Master Tenterhook, as I am virtuous, you shall arrest him.

TEN. Why, I know not when he will come to town.

MIST. TEN. He 's in town; this night he sups at the Lion in Shoreditch: good husband, enter your action, and make haste to the Lion presently. There 's an honest fellow, Sergeant Ambush, will do it in a trice; he never salutes a man in courtesy, but he catches him as if he would arrest him. Good heart, let Sergeant Ambush lie in wait for him.

TEN. Well, at thy entreaty I will do it. Give me my cloak there. Buy a link and meet me at the Counter in Wood-street; buss me, Moll.

MIST. TEN. Why now you love me: I 'll go to bed, sweetheart.

TEN. Do not sleep till I come, Moll.

MIST. TEN. No, lamb. [*Exit Tenterhook.* Baa, sheep! If a woman will be free in this intricate labyrinth of a husband, let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion; she shall not be much troubled with him. By my sooth, my husband hath a hand as dry as his brains, and a breath as strong as six common gardens. Well, my husband is gone to arrest Monopoly: I have dealt with a sergeant privately, to entreat him, pretending that he is my aunt's son; by this means shall I see my young

gallant that in this has played his part. When they owe money in the city once, they deal with their lawyers by attorney, follow the court though the court do them not the grace to allow them their diet. O, the wit of a woman when she is put to the pinch! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter TENTERHOOK, SERGEANT AMBUSH, *and* YEOMAN CLUTCH.

TEN. Come, Sergeant Ambush, come, Yeoman Clutch, yon 's the tavern; the gentleman will come out presently: thou art resolute?

AMB. Who, I? I carry fire and sword that fight for me, here and here. I know most of the knaves about London, and most of the thieves too, I thank God and good intelligence.

TEN. I wonder thou dost not turn broker, then.

AMB. Phew! I have been a broker already; for I was first a puritan, then a banquerout, then a broker, then a fencer, and then sergeant: were not these trades would make a man honest? Peace, the door opes; wheel about, Yeoman Clutch.

Enter WHIRLPOOL, LINSTOCK, *and* MONOPOLY, *unbraced.*

MON. And e'er I come to sup in this tavern again! there 's no more attendance than in a jail:

and there had been a punk or two in the company, then we should not have been rid of the drawers. Now were I in an excellent humour to go to a vaulting house: I would break down all their glass windows, hew in pieces all their join-stools, tear [their] silk petticoats, ruffle their periwigs, and spoil their painting,—O the gods, what I could do! I could undergo fifteen bawds, by this darkness: or if I could meet one of these varlets that wear Pannier-alley on their backs, sergeants, I would make them scud so fast from me, that they should think it a shorter way between this and Ludgate, than a condemned cutpurse thinks it between Newgate and Tyburn.

LIN. You are for no action to-night.

WHIRL. No, I 'll to bed.

MON. Am not I drunk now? *Implentur veteris bacchi, pinguisque tobacco**.

WHIRL. Faith, we are all heated.

MON. Captain Whirlpool, when wilt come to court and dine with me?

WHIRL. One of these days, Frank; but I 'll get me two gauntlets for fear I lose my fingers in the dishes: there be excellent shavers, I hear, in the most of your under offices. I protest I have often come thither, sat down, drawn my knife, and ere I could say grace, all the meat hath been gone: I

* *Implentur, &c.*] "Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinæ." Virgil, *Æneid.* i. 215.

have risen and departed thence as hungry as ever came country attorney from Westminster. Good night, honest Frank; do not swagger with the watch, Frank. [*Exeunt Whirlpool and Linstock.*

TEN. So, now they are gone, you may take him.

AMB. Sir, I arrest you.

MON. Arrest me! at whose suit, you varlets?

CLUTCH. At Master Tenterhook's.

MON. Why, you varlets, dare you arrest one of the court?

AMB. Come, will you be quiet, sir?

MON. Pray thee, good yeoman, call the gentlemen back again. There's a gentleman hath carried a hundred pound of mine home with him to his lodging, because I dare not carry it over the fields: I 'll discharge it presently.

AMB. That's a trick, sir; you would procure a rescue.

MON. Catchpole, do you see? I will have the hair of your head and beard shaved off for this, and e'er I catch you at Gray's Inn, by this light, la.

AMB. Come, will you march?

MON. Are you sergeants Christians? Sirrah, thou lookest like a good pitiful rascal, and thou art a tall man too it seems; thou hast backed many a man in thy time, I warrant.

AMB. I have had many a man by the back, sir.

MON. Well said, in troth, I love your quality: 'las 'tis needful every man should come by his own.

But, as God mend me, gentlemen, I have not one cross about me, only you two*. Might not you let a gentleman pass out of your hands, and say you saw him not? is there not such a kind of mercy in you now and then, my masters? As I live, if you come to my lodging to-morrow morning, I 'll give you five brace of angels. Good yeoman, persuade your graduate here. I know some of you to be honest faithful drunkards; respect a poor gentleman in my case.

TEN. Come, it will not serve your turn. Officers, look to him upon your peril.

MON. Do you hear, sir? you see I am in the hands of a couple of ravens, here: as you are a gentleman, lend me forty shillings; let me not live if I do not pay you the forfeiture of the whole bond, and never plead conscience.

TEN. Not a penny, not a penny; good night, sir. [*Exit.*

MON. Well, a man ought not to swear by anything in the hands of sergeants, but by silver; and because my pocket is no lawful justice, to minister any such oath unto me, I will patiently encounter the counter. Which is the dearest ward in prison, sergeant? the knights' ward?

* *I have not one cross about me, only you two.*] Monopoly quibbles on the double meaning of *cross*, which signified a piece of money—(many pieces of money having a cross on one side)—and also a misfortune.

AMB. No, sir, the master's side.

MON. Well the knight is above the master, though his table be worse furnished: I'll go thither.

AMB. Come, sir, I must use you kindly; the gentleman's wife that hath arrested you——

MON. Ay, what of her?

AMB. She says you are her aunt's son.

MON. I am?

AMB. She takes on so pitifully for your arresting; 'twas much against her will, good gentlewoman, that this affliction lighted upon you.

MON. She hath reason, if she respect her poor kindred.

AMB. You shall not go to prison.

MON. Honest sergeant, conscionable officer, did I forget myself even now, a vice that sticks to me always when I am drunk, to abuse my best friends? Where didst buy this buff? Let me not live, but I'll give thee a good suit of durance*. Wilt thou take my bond, sergeant? Where 's a scrivener, a scrivener, good yeoman? you shall have my sword and hangers†, to pay him.

* "*Where didst buy this buff? let me not live, but I'll give thee a good suit of durance,*"] "And is not a *buff* jerkin a most sweet robe of *durance?*" says Prince Hall, in Shakespeare's First Part of *Henry IV.*, act i. sc. ii.; on which passage Steevens observes, that durance, perhaps, signified some lasting kind of stuff, such as we call at present *everlasting*.

† *hangers.*] i. e. fringed and ornamented loops, attached to the girdle, in which the small sword or dagger was suspended:—

AMB. Not so, sir; but you shall be prisoner in my house: I do not think but that your cousin will visit you there i' th' morning, and take order for you.

MON. Well said: was 't not a most treacherous part to arrest a man in the night, and when he is almost drunk? when he hath not his wits about him, to remember which of his friends is in the subsidy? Come, did I abuse you, I recant: you are as necessary in a city as tumblers in Norfolk, Sumners in Lancashire, or rake-hells in an army.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter JUSTINIANO, *like a collier, and a* BOY.

JUST. Buy any small coal, buy any small coal*.

"Mens swords in *Hangers* hang, fast by their side."
Taylor's (the water poet's) *Vertue of a Jayle and necessitie of Hanging, Works*, 1630, p. 133.

* *Buy any small coal, buy any small coal.*] This was the common cry of colliers: so in one of the rarest of plays, *A knacke to know an honest man*, 1596;

"*Enter Lelio, like a colliar.*

Le. Will you buy any coles, fine small coles?" Sig. G.

Let me here make a remark on a note of Gifford. "With our ancestors," says he, "*colliers*, I know not for what reason, lay, like Mrs. Quickly, *under an ill name.*" *Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. ii. p. 169. I believe they were in bad repute, because they used to cheat most grossly the purchasers of coals, by giving false measure: R. Greene, in his *Pleasant Discovery of the coosnage of Colliars*, appended to his *Notable Discovery of Coosnage*, 1591, lays open all their knavery.

Boy. Collier, collier.

Just. What sayest, boy?

Boy. 'Ware the pillory.

Just. O boy, the pillory assures many a man that he is no cuckold; for how impossible were it a man should thrust his head through so small a loop-hole, if his forehead were branched, boy!

Boy. Collier, how came the goose to be put upon you, ha?

Just. I'll tell thee. The term lying at Winchester, in Henry the Third's days, and many Frenchwomen coming out of the Isle of Wight thither, as it hath always been seen, (though the Isle of Wight could not of long time neither endure foxes nor lawyers, yet it could brook the more dreadful cockatrice*), there were many punks in the town, as you know our term is their term. Your farmer that would spend but threepence on his ordinary, would lavish half a crown on his lechery; and many men, calves as they were, would ride in a farmer's foul boots before breakfast; the commonest sinner had more fluttering about her than a fresh punk hath when she comes to a town of garrison, or to a university. Captains, scholars, servingmen, jurors, clerks, townsmen, and the black-guard†, used all to one ordinary, and most of them were called to a pityful reckoning; for before two returns of Michaelmas, surgeons were full of business; the care

* *cockatrice.*] A cant name for a prostitute.

† *the blackguard.*] See note * vol. i. p. 20.

of most, secrecy, grew as common as lice in Ireland, or as scabs in France. One of my tribe, a collier, carried in his cart forty maimed soldiers to Salisbury, looking as pityfully as Dutchmen first made drunk then carried to beheading; every one that met him cried 'ware the goose*, collier; and from that day to this there 's a record to be seen at Croydon, how that pityful waftage, which indeed was virtue in the collier, that all that time would carry no coals, laid this imputation on all the posterity.

Boy. You are full of tricks, collier.

Just. Boy, where dwells Master Wafer?

Boy. Why, here; what wouldest? I am one of his juvenals.

Just. Hath he not a child at nurse at More-clacke?†

Boy. Yes; dost thou dwell there?

Just. That I do: the child is wondrous sick; I was wild to acquaint thy master and mistress with it.

Boy. I'll up and tell them presently. [*Exit.*

Just. So, if all should fail me, I could turn collier. O the villany of this age! how full of secrecy and silence (contrary to the opinion of the world) have I ever found most women! I have sat a whole afternoon many times by my wife, and looked upon her eyes, and felt if her pulses have beat when I have named a suspected love; yet all this while have

* *the goose.*] See note on *A Cure for a Cuckold,* act iv. sc. i.

† *More-clacke.*] A common corruption of *Mortlake,* in Surrey.

not drawn from her the least scruple of confession. I have lain awake a thousand nights, thinking she would have revealed somewhat in her dreams, and when she has begun to speak anything in her sleep, I have jogged her, and cried, ay, sweet-heart, but when will your love come, or what did he say to thee over the stall, or what did he do to thee in the garden-chamber, or when will he send to thee any letters, or when wilt thou send to him any money? What an idle coxcomb jealousy will make a man!

Enter WAFER, MISTRESS WAFER, *and* BOY.

Well, this is my comfort, that here comes a creature of the same head-piece.

MIST. WAFER. O, my sweet child! Where's the collier?

JUST. Here, forsooth.

MIST. WAFER. Run into Bucklersbury* for two ounces of dragon-water, some spermaceti and treacle. What is it sick of, collier? a burning fever?

JUST. Faith, mistress, I do not know the infirmity of it. Will you buy any small coal, say you?

WAFER. Prithee go in and empty them. Come, be not so impatient.

MIST. WAFER. Ay, ay, ay, if you had groaned for 't as I have done, you would have been more natural. Take my riding hat, and my kirtle there: I'll away presently.

* *Bucklersbury.*] See note *, p. 19.

WAFER. You will not go to night, I am sure.

MIST. WAFER. As I live, but I will.

WAFER. Faith, sweetheart, I have great business to-night; stay till to-morrow, and I'll go with you.

MIST. WAFER. No, sir, I will not hinder your business. I see how little you respect the fruits of your own body. I shall find somebody to bear me company.

WAFER. Well, I will defer my business for once, and go with thee.

MIST. WAFER. By this light but you shall not; you shall not hit me i' th' teeth that I was your hindrance. Will you to Bucklersbury, sir?

[*Exit Boy.*

WAFER. Come, you are a fool; leave your weeping.

MIST. WAFER. You shall not go with me, as I live. [*Exit Wafer.*

JUST. Pupil!

MIST. WAFER. Excellent master!

JUST. Admirable mistress! How happy be our Englishwomen that are not troubled with jealous husbands! Why, your Italians, in general, are so sun-burnt with these dog-days, that your great lady there thinks her husband loves her not if he be not jealous: what confirms the liberty of our women more in England, than the Italian proverb, which says if there were a bridge over the narrow seas, all the women in Italy would show their husbands a

million of light pair of heels, and fly over into England?

MIST. WAFER. The time of our meeting? Come.

JUST. Seven.

MIST. WAFER. The place?

JUST. In Blackfriars; there take water, keep aloof from the shore, on with your masks, up with your sails, and, *Westward Ho!*

MIST. WAFER. So. [*Exit.*

JUST. O the quick apprehension of women! they'll grope out a man's meaning presently. Well, it rests now that I discover myself in my true shape to these gentlewomen's husbands; for though I have played the fool a little, to beguile the memory of mine own misfortune, I would not play the knave, though I be taken for a banquerout: but indeed, as in other things, so in that, the world is much deceived in me, for I have yet three thousand pounds in the hands of a sufficient friend, and all my debts discharged. I have received here a letter from my wife, directed to Stoad, wherein she most repentently entreateth my return, with protestation to give me assured trial of her honesty; I cannot tell what to think of it, but I will put it to the test. There is a great strife between beauty and chastity, and that which pleaseth many is never free from temptation. As for jealousy, it makes many cuckolds, many fools, and many banquerouts; it may have abused me, and not my wife's honesty: I 'll try it—but first to my secure and doting companion. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MONOPOLY *and* MISTRESS TENTERHOOK.

MON. I beseech you, Mistress Tenterhook—before God, I'll be sick, if you will not be merry.

MIST. TEN. You are a sweet beagle.

MON. Come, because I kept from town a little,—let me not live if I did not hear, the sickness was in town very hot. In troth, thy hair is of an excellent colour since I saw it. O those bright tresses, like to threads of gold* !

MIST. TEN. Lie and ashes suffer much in the city for that comparison.

MON. Here 's an honest gentleman will be here by and by, was born at Fulham ; his name is Gosling Glowworm.

MIST. TEN. I know him : what is he ?

MON. He is a knight. What ailed your husband to be so hasty to arrest me ?

MIST. TEN. Shall I speak truly ? shall I speak not like a woman ?

MON. Why not like a woman ?

MIST. TEN. Because women's tongues are like to clocks ; if they go too fast, they never go true : 'twas I that got my husband to arrest thee, I have.

* *O those bright tresses like to threads of gold !*] Reads very like a line from some poem, but I have searched many volumes for it in vain.

MON. I am beholding to you.

MIST. TEN. Forsooth, I could not come to the speech of you: I think you may be spoken withal now.

MON. I thank you: I hope you 'll bail me, cousin?

MIST. TEN. And yet why should I speak with you? I protest I love my husband.

MON. Tush, let not any young woman love a man in years too well.

MIST. TEN. Why?

MON. Because he 'll die before he can requite it.

MIST. TEN. I have acquainted Wafer and Honeysuckle with it, and they allow my wit for 't extremely.

Enter AMBUSH.

O honest Sergeant!

AMB. Welcome, good Mistress Tenterhook.

MIST. TEN. Sergeant, I must needs have my cousin go a little way out of town with me, and to secure thee, here are two diamonds; they are worth two hundred pound; keep them till I return him.

AMB. Well, 'tis good security.

MIST. TEN. Do not come in my husband's sight, in the mean time.

Enter WHIRLPOOL, SIR GOSLING GLOWWORM, LINSTOCK, MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE, *and* MISTRESS WAFER.

AMB. Welcome, gallants.

WHIRL. How now! Monopoly arrested!

MON. O my little Honeysuckle, art come to visit a prisoner?

MIST. HONEY. Yes, faith, as gentlemen visit merchants, to fare well, or as poets young quaint revellers, to laugh at them. Sirrah, if I were some foolish justice, if I would not beg thy wit, never trust me.

MIST. TEN. Why, I pray you?

MIST. HONEY. Because it hath been concealed all this while; but come, shall we to boat? we are furnished for attendants, as ladies are; we have our fools and our ushers.

SIR GOS. I thank you, madam; I shall meet your wit in the close one day.

MIST. WAFER. Sirrah, thou knowest my husband keeps a kennel of hounds?

MIST. HONEY. Yes.

WHIRL. Doth thy husband love venery?

MIST. WAFER. Venery!

WHIRL. Ay, hunting, and venery, are words of one signification.

MIST. WAFER. Your two husbands*, and he,

* *husbands.*] The old copy, "*husband.*"

have made a match to go find a hare about Busty Causy*.

MIST. TEN. They 'll keep an excellent house till we come home again.

MIST. HONEY. O excellent! a Spanish dinner, a pilcher, and a Dutch supper, butter and onions.

LIN. O, thou art a mad wench!

MIST. TEN. Sergeant, carry this ell of cambric to Mistress Birdlime: tell her, but that it is a rough tide and that she fears the water, she should have gone with us.

SIR GOS. O thou hast an excellent wit!

WHIRL. To boat, hay!

MIST. HONEY. Sir Gosling, I do take it your legs are married.

SIR GOS. Why, mistress?

MIST. HONEY. They look so thin upon it.

SIR GOS. Ever since I measured with your husband, I have shrunk in the calf.

MIST. HONEY. And yet you have a sweet tooth in your head.

SIR GOS. O, well dealt for the calf's head! You may talk what you will of legs, and rising in the small, and swelling beneath the garter; but 'tis certain when lank thighs brought long stockings out of fashion, the courtier's leg, and his slender tilting staff, grew both of a bigness. Come, for Brainford! [*Exeunt.*

* *Busty Causy.*] Qy. "*Bushy* Causy."

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter MISTRESS BIRDLIME *and* LUCY.

BIRD. Good morrow, Mistress Lucy: how did you take your rest to night? how doth your good worship like your lodging? what will you have to breakfast?

LUCY. A pox of the knight that was here last night; he promised to have sent me some wild fowl; he was drunk, I 'll be stewed else.

BIRD. Why, do not you think he will send them?

LUCY. Hang them, 'tis no more in fashion for them to keep their promises, than 'tis for men to pay their debts: he will lie faster than a dog trots. What a filthy knocking was at door last night! some puny inn-a-court-men, I 'll hold my contribution.

BIRD. Yes, in troth, were they, civil gentlemen without beards: but to say the truth, I did take exceptions at their knocking, took them aside, and said to them, gentlemen, this is not well, that you should come in this habit, cloaks and rapiers, boots and spurs; I protest to you, those that be your ancients in the house would have come to my house in their caps and gowns, civilly, and modestly. I promise you they might have been taken for citizens, but that

they talk more liker fools. Who knocks there? Up into your chamber. [*Exit Lucy.*

Enter HONEYSUCKLE.

Who are you? some man of credit, that you come in muffled thus?

HONEY. Who 's above?

BIRD. Let me see your face first. O master Honeysuckle! why, the old party, the old party.

HONEY. Phew, I will not go up to her: nobody else?

BIRD. As I live: will you give me some sack? where 's Opportunity?

Enter CHRISTIAN.

HONEY. What dost call her?

BIRD. Her name is Christian; but Mistress Lucy cannot abide that name, and so she calls her Opportunity.

HONEY. Very good, good.

BIRD. Is 't a shilling, bring the rest in *aqua vitæ.* [*Exit Christian.*

Come, shall 's go to noddy* ?

HONEY. Ay, and thou wilt, for half an hour.

BIRD. Here are the cards; deal. God send me deuces and aces with a court card, and I shall get by it.

* *noddy.*] A game on the cards, which appears, from passages in our old writers, to have been played in more ways than one.

HONEY. That can make thee nothing.

BIRD. Yes, if I have a coat card turn up.

HONEY. I show four games.

BIRD. By my troth, I must show all and little enough too, six games: play your single game, I shall double with you anon. Pray you lend me some silver to count my games.

Enter CHRISTIAN, *with sack.*

How now, is it good sack?

CHRIS. There 's a gentleman at door would speak with you.

HONEY. God 's so, I will not be seen by any means.

BIRD. Into that closet, then.

[*Exit Honeysuckle.*

What, another muffler?

Enter TENTERHOOK.

TEN. How dost thou, Mistress Birdlime?

BIRD. Master Tenterhook! the party is above in the dining chamber.

TEN. Above?

BIRD. All alone. [*Exit Tenterhook.*

Re-enter HONEYSUCKLE.

HONEY. Is he gone up? who was 't, I pray thee?

BIRD. By this sack I will not tell you: say that you were a country gentleman, or a citizen that

hath a young wife, or an inn-of-chancery-man, should I tell you? pardon me. This sack tastes of horse-flesh*: I warrant you the leg of a dead horse hangs in the butt of sack to keep it quick.

HONEY. I beseech thee, good Mistress Birdlime, tell me who it was.

BIRD. O God, sir! we are sworn to secrecy as well as surgeons. Come, drink to me, and let 's to our game.

Enter TENTERHOOK *and* LUCY, *above*†.

TEN. Who am I?

LUCY. You? pray you, unblind me; Captain Whirlpool? no, Master Linstock?—pray unblind me; you are not Sir Gosling Glowworm, for he wears no rings of his fingers; Master Freezeleather?—O, you are George the drawer at the Mitre,—pray you, unblind me,—Captain Puckfoist? Master Counterpane, the lawyer? what the devil mean you? beshrew your heart, you have a very dry hand: are you not mine host Dog-bolt of

* *This sack tastes of horse-flesh*, &c.] So Glapthorne; "This Coller spoyles my drinking, or else *this sack has horse-flesh in 't*, it rides upon my stomacke."

The Hollander, 1640, Sig. H 2.

The statute 12 Car. ii. c. 25, sect. 11, which forbids the adulteration of wines, mentions, among other ingredients used for that purpose, "nor any sort of *flesh* whatsoever."

† *above.*] See note * vol. i. p. 314.

Brainford? Mistress Birdlime? Master Honeysuckle? Master Wafer?

TEN. What, the last of all your clients!

LUCY. O, how dost thou, good cousin?

TEN. Ay, you have many cousins.

LUCY. Faith, I can name many that I do not know; and suppose I did know them, what then? I will suffer one to keep me in diet, another in apparel, another in physic, another to pay my house-rent. I am just of the nature of alchemy; I will suffer every plodding fool to spend money upon me; marry, none but some worthy friend to enjoy my more retired and useful faithfulness.

TEN. Your love, your love.

LUCY. O, ay, tis the curse that is laid upon our quality; what we glean from others we lavish upon some trothless well-faced younger brother, that loves us only for maintenance.

TEN. Hast a good term, Lucy?

LUCY. A pox on the term! and now I think on't, says a gentleman last night, let the pox be in the town seven year, Westminster never breeds cobwebs, and yet 'tis as catching as the plague, though not all so general. There be a thousand bragging Jacks in London, that will protest they can wrest comfort from me, when, I swear, not one of them know whether my palm be moist or not. In troth I love thee: you promised me seven ells of cambric.

WAFER *knocks and enters.*

Who 's that knocks?

HONEY. What! more sacks to the mill! I'll to my old retirement. [*Exit.*

BIRD. How doth your good worship? Passion of my heart, what shift shall I make? How hath your good worship done a long time?

WAFER. Very well, Godamercy.

BIRD. Your good worship, I think, be riding out of town.

WAFER. Yes, believe me, I love to be once a week a horseback, for methinks nothing sets a man out better than a horse.

BIRD. 'Tis certain, nothing sets a woman out better than a man.

WAFER. What, is Mistress Lucy above?

BIRD. Yes, truly.

WAFER. Not any company with her?

BIRD. Company! shall I say to your good worship and not lie, she hath had no company,—let me see how long it was since your worship was here; you went to a butcher's feast at Cuckold's-haven* the next day after Saint Luke's day—not this fortnight, in good truth.

WAFER. Alas, good soul!

BIRD. And why was it? go to, go to, I think you know better than I. The wench asketh every day, when will Master Wafer be here? And if knights ask for her, she cries out at stairhead,

* *Cuckold's-haven.*] See note on *Northward Ho*, act iii. sc. ii.

as you love my life, let 'em not come up; I'll do myself violence if they enter. Have not you promised her somewhat?

WAFER. Faith, I think she loves me.

BIRD. Loves! well, would you knew what I know, then you would say somewhat. In good faith, she's very poor; all her gowns are at pawn; she owes me five pound for her diet, besides forty shillings I lent her to redeem two half silk kirtles from the broker's; and do you think she needed be in debt thus if she thought not of somebody?

WAFER. Good, honest wench.

BIRD. Nay, in troth, she's now entering into bond for five pounds more; the scrivener is but new gone up to take her bond.

WAFER. Come, let her not enter into bond; I'll lend her five pound; I'll pay the rest of her debts: call down the scrivener.

BIRD. I pray you, when he comes down, stand muffled, and I'll tell him you are her brother.

WAFER. If a man have a good honest wench, that lives wholly to his use, let him not see her want.

[*Exit Birdlime and enter above.*

BIRD. O, Mistress Lucy, Mistress Lucy, you are the most unfortunate gentlewoman that ever breathed! your young wild brother came newly out of the country! he calls me bawd, swears I keep a bawdy house, says his sister is turned whore, and that he will kill and slay any man that he finds in her company.

TEN. What conveyance will you make with me, Mistress Birdlime?

LUCY. O God, let him not come up! 'tis the swaggeringest wild oats.

BIRD. I have pacified him somewhat, for I told him that you were a scrivener come to take a band* of her; now, as you go forth, say, she might have had so much money if she had pleased, and say, she is an honest gentlewoman, and all will be well.

TEN. Enough. Farewell, good Lucy.

BIRD. Come, change your voice, and muffle you.

[*Exeunt above Birdlime and Tenterhook.*

LUCY. What trick should this be! I have never a brother. I'll hold my life some franker customer is come, that she slides him off so smoothly.

Enter below TENTERHOOK *and* BIRDLIME.

TEN. The gentlewoman is an honest gentlewoman as any is in London, and should have had thrice as much money upon her single bond, for the good report I hear of her.

WAFER. No, sir, her friends can furnish her with money.

TEN. By this light, I should know that voice. Wafer! od's-foot, are you the gentlewoman's brother?

WAFER. Are you turned a scrivener, Tenterhook?

BIRD. I am spoiled.

* *band.*] i. e. bond.

WAFER. Tricks of Mistress Birdlime, by this light.

Enter HONEYSUCKLE.

HONEY. Hoick covert, hoick covert! why, gentlemen, is this your hunting?

TEN. A consort! what make you here, Honeysuckle?

HONEY. Nay, what make you two here? O, excellent Mistress Birdlime! thou hast more tricks in thee than a punk hath uncles, cousins, brothers, sons, or fathers: an infinite company.

BIRD. If I did it not to make your good worships merry, never believe me. I will drink to your worship a glass of sack.

Enter JUSTINIANO.

JUST. God save you.

HONEY. & WAFER. Master Justiniano, welcome from Stoad!

JUST. Why, gentlemen, I never came there.

TEN. Never there! where have you been, then?

JUST. Marry, your daily guest, I thank you.

OMNES. Ours!

JUST. Ay, yours. I was the pedant that learned your wives to write; I was the collier that brought you news your child was sick: but the truth is, for aught I know, the child is in health, and your wives are gone to make merry at Brainford.

WAFER. By my troth, good wenches, they little dream where we are now.

JUST. You little dream what gallants are with them.

TEN. Gallants with them! I'd laugh at that.

JUST. Four gallants, by this light; Master Monopoly is one of them.

TEN. Monopoly! I'd laugh at that, in faith.

JUST. Would you laugh at that! why do ye laugh at it, then. They are there by this time. I cannot stay to give you more particular intelligence: I have received a letter from my wife here. If you will call me at Putney, I'll bear you company.

TEN. Od's-foot, what a rogue is Sergeant Ambush! I'll undo him, by this light.

JUST. I met Sergeant Ambush, and willed* him come to this house to you presently. So, gentlemen, I leave you. Bawd, I have nothing to say to you now. Do not think too much in so dangerous a matter, for in women's matters 'tis more dangerous to stand long deliberating, than before a battle. [*Exit.*

WAFER. This fellow's poverty hath made him an arrant knave.

BIRD. Will your worship drink any aquavitæ?

TEN. A pox on your aquavitæ. Monopoly, that my wife urged me to arrest, gone to Brainford!

Enter AMBUSH.

Here comes the varlet.

willed.] See note *, p. 264, vol. ii.

AMB. I am come, sir, to know your pleasure.

TEN. What, hath Monopoly paid the money yet?

AMB. No, sir, but he sent for money.

TEN. You have not carried him to the Counter? he is at your house still?

AMB. O Lord, ay, sir, as melancholic, &c.*

TEN. You lie like an arrant varlet. By this candle, I laugh at the jest——

BIRD. And yet he 's ready to cry.

TEN. He 's gone with my wife to Brainford: and there be any law in England, I'll tickle ye for this.

AMB. Do your worst, for I have good security, and I care not; besides, it was his cousin, your wife's, pleasure, that he should go along with her.

TEN. Hoy day, her cousin! Well, sir, your security?

AMB. Why, sir, two diamonds here.

* *as melancholic, &c.*] Was the performer to conclude this speech with any simile that he thought proper? Our old dramatists sometimes trusted to the player's powers of extemporizing: so Greene;

> "Faire Polixena, the pride of Ilion,
> Feare not Achilles over-madding boy,
> Pyrrus shall not, *&c.*
> Sounes, Orgalio, why sufferest thou this old trot to come so nigh me?"
>
> *Orlando Furioso*, ed. 1599, sig. F 4.

And Heywood;

> "Jockie is led to whipping over the stage, *speaking some words, but of no importance.*"
>
> *Edward the Fourth, part 2d*, ed. 1619, sig. Y.

TEN. O, my heart! my wife's two diamonds! Well, you 'll go along and justify this?

AMB. That I will, sir.

Enter LUCY.

LUCY. Who am I?

TEN. What the murrian care I who you are? hold off your fingers, or I'll cut them with this diamond.

LUCY. I'll see 'em ifaith. So, I'll keep these diamonds till I have my silk gown and six ells of cambric.

TEN. By this light, you shall not.

LUCY. No! what, do you think you have fopsin hand? sue me for them.

WAFER & HONEY. As you respect your credit, let 's go.

TEN. Good Lucy, as you love me, let me have them; it stands upon my credit: thou shalt have anything; take my purse.

LUCY. I will not be crossed in my humour, sir.

TEN. You are a damned filthy punk. What an unfortunate rogue was I, that ever I came into this house!

BIRD. Do not spurn any body in my house, you were best.

TEN. Well, well.

[*Exeunt Tenterhook, Wafer, and Honeysuckle.*

BIRD. Excellent Lucy! the getting of these two diamonds may chance to save the gentlewomen's credit. Thou heardest all?

LUCY. O, ay, and by my troth pity them: what a filthy knave was that betrayed them!

BIRD. One that put me into pityful fear; Master Justiniano here hath layed lurking, like a sheep-biter, and in my knowledge hath drawn these gentlewomen to this misfortune; but I'll down to Queenhive, and the watermen which were wont to carry you to Lambeth-Marsh*, shall carry me thither. It may be I may come before them. I think I shall pray more, what for fear of the water, and for my good success, than I did this twelvemonth.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the EARL *and three* SERVINGMEN.

EARL. Have you perfum'd this chamber?

OMNES. Yes, my lord.

EARL. The banquet?

OMNES. It stands ready.

EARL. Go, let music
Charm with her excellent voice an awful silence
Through all this building, that her sphery soul
May, on the wings of air, in thousand forms
Invisibly fly, yet be enjoy'd. Away.

1 SERV. Does my lord mean to conjure, that he draws these† strange characters?

* *Lambeth Marsh.*] A noted haunt of prostitutes and sharpers.

† *these.*] The old copy, "*this.*"

2 SERV. He does; but we shall see neither the spirit that rises, nor the circle it rises in.

3 SERV. 'Twould make our hair stand up an end if we should. Come, fools, come; meddle not with his matters: lords may do any thing.

[*Exeunt Servingmen.*

EARL. This night shall my desires be amply crown'd,
And all those powers that taste of man in us,
Shall now aspire that point of happiness,
Beyond which sensual eyes never look, sweet pleasure:
Delicious pleasure, earth's supremest good,
The spring of blood, though it dry up our blood.
Rob me of that,—though to be drunk with pleasure,
As rank excess even in best things is bad,
Turns man into a beast,—yet that being gone,
A horse, and this, the goodliest shape, all one.
We feed, wear rich attires, and strive to cleave
The stars with marble towers, fight battles, spend
Our blood to buy us names, and in iron hold
Will we eat roots to imprison fugitive gold:
But to do thus, what spell can us excite?
This, the strong magic of our appetite;
To feast which richly, life itself undoes.
Who 'd not die thus? to see, and then to choose.
Why even those that starve in voluntary wants,
And to advance the mind, keep the flesh poor,
The world enjoying them, they not the world,

Would they do this, but that they are proud to suck
A sweetness from such sourness? let 'em so,
The torrent of my appetite shall flow
With happier stream. A woman! O, the spirit
And extract of creation! This, this night,
The sun shall envy. What cold checks our blood?
Her body is the chariot of my soul,
Her eyes my body's light, which if I want,
Life wants, or if possess, I undo her,
Turn her into a devil, whom I adore,
By scorching her with the hot steam of lust.
'Tis but a minute's pleasure, and the sin
Scarce acted is repented: shun it than*:
O, he that can abstain, is more than man!
Tush! Resolv'st thou to do ill? Be not precise:
Who write† of virtue best, are slaves to vice.

[*Music.*

The music sounds alarum to my blood;
What 's bad I follow, yet I see what 's good.‡

[*Whilst the song is heard, the Earl draws a curtain and sets forth a banquet. He then exit, and enters presently with Justiniano, attired like his wife, masked; leads him to the table, places him in a chair, and in dumb signs courts him till the song be done.*

* *than.*] A form of *then*, common in old poets.

† *write.*] The old copy, "*writes.*"

‡ *What 's bad*, &c.] "video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor."—Ovid, *Met.* vii. 20.

EARL. Fair! be not doubly mask'd with that and night:
Beauty, like gold, being us'd becomes more bright.

JUST. Will it please your lordship to sit? I shall receive small pleasure, if I see your lordship stand.

EARL. Witch! hag! what art thou, proud damnation?

JUST. A merchant's wife.

EARL. Fury, who rais'd thee up? what com'st thou for?

JUST. For a banquet.

EARL. I am abus'd, deluded. Speak, what art thou?
Uds death, speak, or I 'll kill thee. In that habit
I look'd to find an angel, but thy face
Shows th' art a devil.

JUST. My face is as God made it, my lord: I am no devil, unless women be devils; but men find 'em not so, for they daily hunt for them.

EARL. What art thou that dost cozen me thus?

JUST. A merchant's wife, I say, Justiniano's wife; she, whom that long birding-piece of your's, I mean that wicked mother Birdlime, caught for your honour. Why, my lord, has your lordship forgot how ye courted me last morning?

EARL. The devil I did!

JUST. Kissed me last morning.

EARL. Succubus, not thee.

JUST. Gave me this jewel, last morning.

EARL, Not to thee, Harpy.

JUST. To me, upon mine honesty; swore you would build me a lodging by the Thames side with a water-gate to it, or else take me a lodging in Cole-harbour*.

EARL. I swore so!

JUST. Or keep me in a labyrinth, as Harry kept Rosamond, where the Minotaur, my husband, should not enter.

EARL, I sware so, but, gipsey, not to thee.

JUST. To me, upon my honour; hard was the siege, which you laid to the crystal walls of my chastity, but I held out you know; but because I cannot be too stony-hearted, I yielded, my lord, by this token, my lord, (which token lies at my heart like lead,)but by this token, my lord, that this night you should commit that sin which we all know with me.

EARL. Thee!

JUST. Do I look ugly, that you put thee upon me? did I give you my hand to horn my head, that's

* *Cole-harbour.*] Or *Coal-harbour*—a corruption of Cold-harbour, or Coldharborough, was an old building in Downgate Ward. Stow (*Survey*, p. 188, ed. 1598,) tells us, "The last deceased Earle [of Shrewsbury] tooke it down, and in place thereof builded a great number of small tenements, now letten out for great rents to people of all sorts."

Debtors and persons not of the most respectable character used to take refuge there: Middleton calls it "the Devil's sanctuary."
Tricke to catch the old one, 1608, Sig. E 3.

to say my husband, and is it come to thee? is my face a filthier face, now it is yours, than when it was his? or have I two faces under one hood? I confess I have laid mine eyes in brine, and that may change the copy; but, my lord, I know what I am.

EARL. A sorceress: thou shalt witch mine ears no more;
If thou canst pray, do 't quickly, for thou diest.

JUST. I can pray, but I will not die, thou liest.
My lord, there drops your lady; and now know,
Thou unseasonable lecher, I am her husband,
Whom thou wouldst make whore. Read; she speaks there thus:

[*Mistress Justiniano is discovered, lying as if dead**.

Unless I came to her, her hand should free
Her chastity from blemish; proud I was
Of her brave mind; I came, and seeing what slavery,
Poverty, and the frailty of her sex
Had, and was like to make her subject to,
I begg'd that she would die; my suit was granted:
I poison'd her; thy lust there strikes her dead;
Horns fear'd, plague worse, than sticking on the head.

EARL. O God, thou hast undone thyself and me!

* *Mistress Justiniano is discovered, lying as if dead.*] This stage-direction is not in the old copy—I suppose Justiniano here drew back a curtain.

None live to match this piece; thou art too bloody:
Yet for her sake, whom I 'll embalm with tears,
This act with her I bury, and to quit
Thy loss of such a jewel, thou shalt share
My living with me; come, embrace.

JUST. My lord.

EARL. Villain, damn'd merciless slave, I 'll torture thee
To every inch of flesh. What ho! help, who 's there?
Come hither: here 's a murderer, bind him. How now,
What noise is this?

Enter the SERVINGMEN.

1 SERV. My lord, there are three citizens face me down, that here 's one Master Parenthesis a schoolmaster, with your lordship, and desire he may be forthcoming to 'em.

JUST. That borrow'd name is mine. Shift for yourselves;
Away, shift for yourselves; fly, I am taken.

EARL. Why should they fly, thou screech-owl?

JUST. I will tell thee;
Those three are partners with me in the murder;
We four commix'd the poison. Shift for yourselves.

EARL. Stop 's mouth, and drag him back: entreat 'em enter.

Enter TENTERHOOK, WAFER, *and* HONEYSUCKLE.

O, what a conflict feel I in my blood!
I would I were less great to be more good.
Y' are welcome; wherefore came you? Guard the doors.
When I behold that object, all my senses
Revolt from reason. He that offers flight,
Drops down a corse.

ALL THREE. A corse!

1 SERV. Ay, a corse: do you scorn to be worms' meat more than she?

JUST. See, gentlemen, the Italian that does scorn,
Beneath the moon, no baseness like the horn,
Has pour'd through all the veins of yon chaste bosom
Strong poison to preserve it from that plague.
This fleshly lord, he doted on my wife;
He would have wrought on her and play'd on me;
But to pare off these brims, I cut off her,
And gull'd him with this lie, that you had hands
Dipt in her blood with mine; but this I did,
That his stain'd age and name might not be hid.
My act, though vild, the world shall crown as just;
I shall die clear, when he lives soil'd with lust.
But come, rise, Moll; awake, sweet Moll; th'ast play'd
The woman rarely, counterfeited well.

1 SERV. Sure, sh'as nine lives.

JUST. See, Lucrece is not slain:
Her eyes, which lust call'd suns, have their first beams,
And all these frightments are but idle dreams:
Yet, afore Jove, she had her knife prepar'd,
To let her* blood forth ere it should run black.
Do not these open cuts now cool your back?
Methinks they should; when vice sees with broad eyes
Her ugly form, she does herself despise.

EARL. Mirror of dames, I look upon thee now,
As men long blind having recover'd sight,
Amaz'd, scarce able are to endure the light.
Mine own shame strikes me dumb: henceforth the book
I'll read shall be thy mind, and not thy look.

HONEY. I would either we were at Brainford to see our wives, or our wives here to see this pageant.

TEN. So would I; I stand upon thorns.

EARL. The jewels which I gave you, wear; your fortunes
I'll raise on golden pillars: fare you well.
Lust in old age, like burnt straw, does even choke
The kindlers, and consumes in stinking smoke.

[*Exit.*

JUST. You may follow your lord by the smoke, badgers.

* *her.*] The old copy, "*his.*"

1 SERV. If fortune had favoured him, we might have followed you by the horns.

JUST. Fortune favours fools; your lord 's a wise lord. [*Exeunt Servingmen.*] So, how now? ha! This is that makes me fat, now; is 't not ratsbane to you, gentlemen, as pap was to Nestor? but I know the invisible sins of your wives hang at your eye-lids, and that makes you so heavy-headed.

TEN. If I do take 'em napping, I know what I'll do.

HONEY. I'll nap some of them.

TEN. That villain, Monopoly, and that Sir Gosling, treads 'em all.

WAFER. Would I might come to that treading.

JUST. Ha, ha, so would I. Come, Moll: the book of the siege of Ostend*, writ by one that dropped in the action, will never sell so well as a report of the siege between this grave, this wicked elder and thyself; an impression of you two would away in a May morning. Was it ever heard that such tirings were brought away from a lord by any wench but thee, Moll, without paying, unless the wench connycatched him? Go thy ways: if all the great Turk's concubines were but like thee, the ten-penny infidel† should never need keep so many

* *the siege of Ostend.*] See note †, p. 11.

† *the ten-penny infidel.*] So Dekker;

"Wilt fight, *Turke-a-tenpence?*"

Satiromastix, 1602, sig. H 2.

geldings to neigh over 'em. Come, shall this western voyage hold, my hearts?

ALL THREE. Yes, yes.

JUST. Yes, yes! s'foot, you speak as if you had no hearts, and look as if you were going westward indeed*. To see how plain dealing women can pull down men! Moll, you'll help us to catch smelts†, too?

MIST. JUST. If you be pleased.

JUST. Never better since I wore a smock.

HONEY. I fear our oars have given us the bag‡.

WAFER. Good, I'd laugh at that.

JUST. If they have, would theirs§ might give them the bottle. Come, march whilst the women double their files. Married men, see, there 's comfort; the moon 's up: 'fore Don Phœbus, I doubt we shall have a frost this night, her horns are so sharp: do you not feel it bite?

TEN. I do, I 'm sure.

JUST. But we 'll sit upon one another's skirts i' th' boat, and lie close in straw, like the hoary courtier. Set on

To Brainford now, where if you meet frail wives,
Ne'er swear 'gainst horns, in vain dame Nature strives. [*Exeunt.*

* *westward indeed.*] i. e. to Tyburn.

† *to catch smelts.*] See note *, p. 53.

‡ *I fear our oars have given us the bag.*] *To give the bag* means *to cheat.*

§ *theirs.*] Old copy, "*wheres.*"

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, LINSTOCK, *and* MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE, MISTRESS WAFER, *and* MISTRESS TENTERHOOK, *their hats off.*

MON. Why, chamberlain, will not these fiddlers be drawn forth? are they not in tune yet? or are the rogues afraid a' th' statute*, and dare not travel so far without a passport?

WHIRL. What, chamberlain!

LIN. Where 's mine host? what, chamberlain!

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAM. Anon, sir; here, sir; at hand, sir.

MON. Where 's this noise†? what a lousy town 's this! Has Brainford no music in 't?

CHAM. They are but rosining, sir, and they 'll scrape themselves into your company presently.

MON. Plague a' their cat's-guts and their scraping: dost not see women here, and can we, thinkest thou, be without a noise then?

CHAM. The troth is, sir, one of the poor instruments caught a sore mischance last night; his most base bridge fell down; and belike they are making a gathering for the reparations of that.

* *the statute.*] "Statute against vagabonds." MS. note by Malone.

† *noise.*] See note *, p. 51.

WHIRL. When they come, let 's have 'em with a pox.

CHAM. Well, sir; you shall, sir.

MON. Stay, chamberlain; where 's our knight, Sir Gosling? where 's Sir Gosling?

CHAM. Troth, sir, my master and Sir Gosling are guzzling; they are dabbling together fathom deep; the knight hath drunk so much health to the gentleman yonder, on his knees,* that he has almost lost the use of his legs.

MIST. HONEY. O, for love, let none of 'em enter our room, fie!

MIST. WAFER. I would not have 'em cast up their accounts here, for more than they mean to be drunk this twelvemonth.

MIST. TEN. Good chamberlain, keep them and their healths out of our company.

CHAMB. I warrant you, their healths shall not hurt you. [*Exit.*

MON. Ay, well said; they 're none of our giving: let 'em keep their own quarter. Nay, I told you the man would soak him if he were ten knights; if he were a knight of gold they 'd fetch him over.

MIST. TEN. Out upon him!

WHIRL. There 's a lieutenant and a captain amongst 'em, too.

MON. Nay, then, look to have somebody lie on

* *the knight hath drunk so much health to the gentleman yonder on his knees.*] This was a foolish custom of the day, at which the Puritans expressed the highest indignation.

the earth for 't: it's ordinary for your lieutenant to be drunk with your captain, and your captain to cast with your knight.

MIST. TEN. Did you never hear how Sir Fabian Scarecrow (even such another) took me up one night before my husband, being in wine?

MIST. WAFER. No indeed, how was it?

MIST. TEN. But I think I took him down with a witness.

MIST. HONEY. How, good Tenterhook?

MIST. TEN. Nay, I'll have all your ears take part of it.

OMNES. Come, on then.

MIST. TEN. He used to frequent me and my husband divers times; and at last comes he out one morning to my husband, and says, Master Tenterhook, says he, I must trouble you to lend me two hundred pound about a commodity which I am to deal in; and what was that commodity but his knighthood?

OMNES. So.

MIST. TEN. Why, you shall, Master Scarecrow, says my good man: so within a little while after, Master Fabian was created knight.

MON. Created a knight! that's no good heraldry; you must say dubbed.

MIST. TEN. And why not created, pray?

OMNES. Ay, well done, put him down at's own weapon.

MIST. TEN. Not created! why all things have their being by creation.

LIN. Yes, by my faith is 't.

MIST. TEN. But to return to my tale.

WHIRL. Ay, marry; mark now.

MIST. TEN. When he had climbed up this costly ladder of preferment, he disburses the money back again very honourably; comes home, and was by my husband invited to supper. There supped with us, besides, another gentleman incident to the court, one that had bespoke me of my husband, to help me into the banquetting house and see the revelling, a young gentleman*, and that wag our schoolmaster, Master Parenthesis, for I remember he said grace,—methinks I see him yet, how he turned up the white a'th' eye, when he came to the last gasp, and that he was almost past grace!

MIST. WAFER. Nay, he can do 't.

MIST. TEN. All supper time, my new-minted knight made wine the waggon to his meat, for it ran down his throat so fast, that before my chambermaid had taken half up he was not scarce able to stand.

MON. A general fault at citizens' tables.

MIST. TEN. And I, thinking to play upon him, asked him, Sir Fabian Scarecrow, quoth I, what pretty gentlewoman will you raise up now to stall her your lady? but he, like a foul-mouthed man, swore, zounds I 'll stall never a punk in England;

* *gentleman.*] Qy. "*gentlewoman,*" from what follows in the next page

a lady! there 's too many already. O fie, Sir Fabian, quoth I, will you call her that shall be your wife such an odious name? and then he sets out a throat, and swore again, like a stinking-breathed knight as he was, that women were like horses.

MIST. HONEY. & MIST. WAFER. O, filthy knave!

MIST. TEN. They 'd break over any hedge to change their pasture, though it were worse: fie, man, fie, says the gentlewoman.

MON. Very good.

MIST. TEN. And he, bristling up his beard to rail at her too, I cut him over the thumbs thus; why, Sir Fabian Scarecrow, did I incense my husband to lend you so much money upon your bare word, and do you backbite my friends and me to our faces? I thought you had had more perseverance; if you bore a knightly and a degenerous mind, you would scorn it; you had wont to be more deformable amongst women; fie that you 'll be so humoursome; here was nobody so egregious towards you, Sir Fabian: and thus in good sadness, I gave him the best words I could pick out, to make him ashamed of his doings.

WHIRL. And how took he this correction?

MIST. TEN. Very heavily, for he slept presently upon 't; and in the morning was the sorriest knight, and I warrant is so to this day, that lives by bread in England.

MON. To see what wine and women can do! the

one makes a man not to have a word to throw at a dog, the other makes a man to eat his own words, though they were never so filthy.

WHIRL. I see these fiddlers cannot build up their bridge that some music may come over us.

LIN. No, faith, they are drunk too; what shall 's do, therefore?

MON. Sit up at cards all night.

MIST. WAFER. That 's serving man's fashion.

WHIRL. Drink burnt wine and eggs then.

MIST. HONEY. That 's an exercise for your suburb wenches.

MIST. TEN. No, no, let 's set upon our posset and so march to bed; for I begin to wax light with having my natural sleep pulled out a' mine eyes.

OMNES. Agreed, be 't so; the sack posset and to bed.

MON. What, chamberlain! I must take a pipe of tobacco.

THREE WOMEN. Not here, not here, not here.

MIST. WAFER. I 'll rather love a man that takes a purse, than him that takes tobacco.

MIST. TEN. By my little finger, I 'll break all your pipes, and burn the case and the box too, and you draw out your stinking smoke afore me.

MON. Prithee, good Mistress Tenterhook, I 'll ha' done in a trice.

MIST. TEN. Do you long to have me swoon?

MON. I 'll use but half a pipe, in troth.

MIST. TEN. Do you long to see me lie at your feet?

MON. Smell to 't; 't is perfumed.

MIST. TEN. O God, O God, you anger me! you stir my blood; you move me; you make me spoil a good face with frowning at you. This was ever your fashion, so to smoke my husband when you come home, that I could not abide him in mine eye; he was a mote in it, methought, a month after. Pray spawl in another room; fie, fie, fie!

MON. Well, well; come, we 'll for once feed her humour.

MIST. HONEY. Get two rooms off at least, if you love us.

MIST. WAFER. Three, three, Master Linstock, three.

LIN. 'S foot, we 'll dance to Norwich*, and take it there, if you 'll stay till we return again. Here 's a stir! You 'll ill abide a fiery face that cannot endure a smoky nose.

MON. Come, let 's satisfy our appetite.

WHIRL. And that will be hard for us; but we 'll do our best.

[*Exeunt Monopoly, Whirlpool, and Linstock.*

MIST. TEN. So; are they departed? What string may we three think that these three gallants harp upon, by bringing us to this sinful town of Brainford? ha?

MIST. HONEY. I know what string they would harp upon, if they could put us into the right tune.

* *dance to Norwich.*] An allusion to a feat of Kempe, the actor, of which he published an account, called *Kemps nine daies wonder Performed in a daunce from London to Norwich*, 1600, 4to.

MIST. WAFER. I know what one of 'em buzzed in mine ear, till, like a thief in a candle, he made mine ears burn; but I swore to say nothing.

MIST. TEN. I know as verily they hope, and brag one to another, that this night they 'll row westward in our husbands' wherries as we hope to be rowed to London to-morrow morning in a pair of oars. But, wenches, let 's be wise, and make rooks of them that I warrant are now setting pursenets to connycatch us.

BOTH. Content.

MIST. TEN. They shall know that citizens' wives have wit enough to outstrip twenty such gulls; though we are merry let 's not be mad; be as wanton as new-married wives, as fantastic and light headed to the eye as feather-makers, but as pure about the heart as if we dwelt amongst 'em in Blackfriars *.

MIST. WAFER. We 'll eat and drink with 'em.

MIST. TEN. O yes; eat with 'em as hungerly as soldiers; drink as if we were froes †; talk as freely as jesters; but do as little as misers, who, like dry nurses, have great breasts but give no milk. It were better we should laugh at their

* *as fantastic and light-headed to the eye as feather-makers, but as pure about the heart as if we dwelt amongst 'em in Blackfriars.*] Blackfriars was famed for the residence of Puritans, some of whom, most inconsistently with their religious opinions, followed the trade of feather-making.

† *froes.*] *i. e.* frows.

popinjays than live in fear of their prating tongues. Though we lie all night out of the city, they shall not find country wenches of us; but since we ha' brought 'em thus far into a fool's paradise, leave 'em in 't: the jest shall be a stock to maintain us and our pewfellows in laughing at christenings, cryings out, and upsittings this twelve month. How say you, wenches? have I set the saddle on the right horse?

BOTH. O, 't will be excellent.

MIST. WAFER. But how shall we shift 'em off.

MIST. TEN. Not as ill debtors do their creditors with good words, but as lawyers do their clients when they 're overthrown by some new knavish trick; and thus it shall be, one of us must dissemble to be suddenly very sick.

MIST. HONEY. I 'll be she.

MIST. TEN. Nay, though we can all dissemble well, yet I 'll be she; for men are so jealous, or rather envious of one another's happiness, especially in these * out of town gossipings, that he who shall miss his hen, if he be a right cock indeed, will watch the other from treading.

MIST. WAFER. That 's certain; I know that by myself.

MIST. TEN. And, like Æsop's dog, unless himself might eat hay, will lie in the manger and starve, but he 'll hinder the horse from eating any: besides it will be as good as a Welch hook for you to keep

* *these.*] The old copy "*this.*"

out the other at the staves end; for you may boldly stand upon this point, that unless every man's heels may be tript up, you scorn to play at football.

MIST. HONEY. That 's certain; peace, I hear them spitting after their tobacco.

MIST. TEN. A chair, a chair; one of you keep as great a coil and calling as if you ran for a midwife, th' other hold my head whilst I cut my lace.

MIST. WAFER. Passion of me! Master Monopoly, Master Linstock! and you be men, help to daw* Mistress Tenterhook! O quickly, quickly! she 's sick and taken with an agony.

Enter, as she cries, MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, *and* LINSTOCK.

OMNES. Sick! How? how now? what's the matter?

MON. Sweet Clare, call up thy spirits.

MIST. TENT. O, Master Monopoly, my spirits will not come at my calling! I am terrible and ill. Sure, sure, I 'm struck with some wicked planet, for it hit my very heart. O, I feel myself worse and worse!

MON. Some burnt sack for her, good wenches, or posset drink. Pox a' this rogue chamberlain; one of you call him. How her pulses beat! a draught

* *daw.*] Qy. "*draw;*" but to *daw* means still in the north of England to awaken, resuscitate: see Todd's ed. of Johnson's *Dict.*, and Jamieson's *Supplement to Etym. Dict. of the Scot. Language.*

of cinamon water now for her were better than two tankards out of the Thames. How now, ha?

MIST. TEN. Ill, ill, ill, ill, ill.

MON. I 'm accurst to spend money in this town of iniquity; there 's no good thing ever comes out of it; and it stands upon such musty ground, by reason of the river, that I cannot see how a tender woman can do well in 't. 'S foot, sick now, cast down now 't is come to the push!

MIST. TEN. My mind misgives me that all 's not sound at London.

WHIRL. Pox on 'em that be not sound; what need that touch you?

MIST. TEN. I fear you 'll never carry me thither.

OMNES. Pooh, pooh, say not so.

MIST. TEN. Pray let my clothes be utterly undone, and then lay me in my bed.

LIN. Walk up and down a little.

MIST. TEN. O, Master Linstock, 't is no walking will serve my turn! Have me to bed, good sweet Mistress Honeysuckle. I doubt that old hag, Gillian of Brainford *, has bewitched me.

* *Gillian of Brainford.*] Gillian, Julian, or Joan of Brentford was a reputed witch of some celebrity.

Iyl of breyntfords testament. Newly compiled, n. d. 4to., consisting of eight leaves, is among the rarest of black letter tracts; it was written by Robert, and printed by William, Copland. In this very low and vulgar production no mention is made of Gillian's being addicted to witchcraft: as the Bodleian copy is now before me, I quote a few lines from it:

"At Brentford on the west of London
Nygh to a place y^t called is Syon There

MON. Look to her, good wenches.

MIST. WAFER. Ay, so we will, and to you too. This was excellent.

[*Exeunt Mistress Tenterhook, Mistress Honeysuckle, and Mistress Wafer.*

WHIRL. This is strange.

LIN. Villanous spiteful luck! No matter, th' other two hold bias.

There dwelt a widow of a homly sort
  Honest in substaunce and full of sport
Dally she cowd w^t^ pastim and Jestes
  Among her neyghbours and her gestes
She kept an Iñe of ryght good lodgyng
  For all estates that thyder was comyng."

The reader who has any curiosity to know what Gillian bequeathed to her friends, may gratify it by turning to Nash's *Summers last will and testament*. 1600. Sig. B 2.

This lady was the subject of a play, as appears from the following memoranda of Henslowe:

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
"R. at the gelyons comedye [Julian of Brentford] the 5 of Jenewary 1592: [1]	o	xxxxiiii	o."

"Feb. 1598-9. Friar Fox and Gillian of Brentford, by Thomas Downton and Samuel Redly."

Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. pp. 299 and 322.

In the two early 4tos. of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, when Mistress Page says that Falstaff

"might put on a gowne and a muffler,
And so escape."

Mistress Ford answers,

"That 's well remembred, my maid's Ant,
Gillian of Brainford, hath a gowne above."

4to. 1619. Sig F.

The passage does not occur in the enlarged *Merry Wives of Windsor*, found in the common editions of Shakespeare.

WHIRL. Peace, mark how he 's nipt; nothing grieves me so much as that poor Pyramus here must have a wall this night between him and his Thisbe.

MON. No remedy, trusty Troilus; and it grieves me as much that you 'll want your false Cressida to-night, for here 's no Sir Pandarus to usher you into your chamber.

LIN. I 'll summon a parley to one of the wenches, and see how all goes.

MON. No whispering with the common enemy, by this iron; he sees the devil that sees how all goes amongst the women to-night. Nay, 's foot, if I stand piping till you dance, damn me.

LIN. Why you 'll let me call to 'em but at the key-hole?

MON. Pooh, good Master Linstock, I 'll not stand by whilst you give fire at your key-holes. I 'll hold no trencher till another feeds; no stirrup till another gets up; be no door-keeper. I ha' not been so often at court, but I know what the backside of the hangings are made of; I 'll trust none under a piece of tapestry, namely a coverlet.

WHIRL. What will you say if the wenches do this to gull us?

MON. No matter, I 'll not be doubly gulled by them and by you: go, will you take the lease of the next chamber, and do as I do?

BOTH. And what 's that?

MON. Any villany in your company, but nothing out on 't: will you sit up, or lie by 't.

WHIRL. Nay, lie, sure, for lying is most in fashion.

MON. Troth then I 'll have you before me.

BOTH. It shall be yours.

MON. Yours i' faith: I 'll play Janus with two faces, and look asquint both ways for one night.

LIN. Well, sir, you shall be our door-keeper.

MON. Since we must swim, let 's leap into one flood:
We 'll either be all naught, or else all good.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Noise *of* FIDDLERS*, *following the* CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAMB. Come, come, come, follow me, follow me. I warrant you ha' lost more by not falling into a sound last night, than ever you got at one job since it pleased to make you a noise. I can tell you, gold is no money with 'em. Follow me and fum, as you go: you shall put something into their ears, whilst I provide to put something into their bellies. Follow close and fum. [*Exeunt.*

* *a noise of Fiddlers.*] See note *, p. 51.

Enter SIR GOSLING GLOWWORM *and* BIRDLIME *pulled along by him.*

SIR GOS. What kin art thou to Long Meg of Westminster *? th' art like her.

BIRD. Somewhat alike, sir, at a blush, nothing akin, sir, saving in height of mind, and that she was a goodly woman.

SIR GOS. Mary Ambree †, do not you know me? had not I a sight of this sweet phisnomy at Rhenish wine-house, ha? last day, i' th' Stillyard, ha?‡ whither art bound, galleyfoist§? whither art

* *Long Meg of Westminster.*] An Amazon often alluded to by our old writers. She was the heroine of a play noticed in Henslowe's memoranda;

> "14 of febreary 1594, at *long mege of westmester*, [18] - - - l. s. d. iii ix o"
> Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 304.

She also figured in a ballad entered on the Stationers' books in that year. In 1635, appeared a tract, entitled *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster, containing the mad merry prankes she played in her life time, &c.*

† *Mary Ambree.*] Was as famous as the lady last mentioned. *The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lover's death did play her part most gallantly*, may be found in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 216, ed. 1767.

‡ *the Rhenish wine-house - - - i' th' Stillyard.*] See note *, p. 34.

§ *galleyfoist.*] A large barge with oars. When our old writers talk of "*the* galleyfoist," they mean the Lord Mayor of London's barge. The word is formed of *galley*, and *foist*, a light vessel,—Fr. *fuste.*

bound? whence comest thou, female yeoman-a'-the-guard?

BIRD. From London, sir.

SIR GOS. Dost come to keep the door, Ascapart* ?

BIRD. My reparations hither is to speak with the gentlewoman here, that drunk with your worship at the Dutch house of meeting.

SIR GOS. Drunk with me! you lie, not drunk with me: but 'faith what wouldest with the women? they are abed: art not a midwife? one of 'em told me thou wert a nightwoman.

[*Music within: the Fiddlers.*

BIRD. I ha' brought some women abed, in my time, sir.

SIR GOS. Ay, and some young men too, hast not, Pandora? how now, where 's this noise?

BIRD. I 'll commit your worship.

SIR GOS. To the stocks? art a justice? shalt not commit me.

Enter FIDDLERS.

Dance first 'faith: why, scrapers appear under the wenches' comical window †, by th' lord! Uds daggers, cannot sin be set ashore once in a reign upon your country quarters, but it must have fiddling?

* *Ascapart.*] A renowned giant, whom Sir Bevis of Southampton conquered.

† *wenches' comical window.*] Qy. "*comical wenches' window.*"

what set of villains are you, you perpetual ragamuffins?

FID. The town consort*, sir.

SIR GOS. Consort, with a pox! cannot the shaking of the sheets† be danced without your town piping? nay then let all hell roar.

FID. I beseech you, sir, put up yours, and we 'll put up ours.

SIR GOS. Play, you lousy Hungarians ‡: see, look the Maypole is set up, we 'll dance about it: keep this circle, Maquerelle §.

BIRD. I am no mackerel, and I 'll keep no circles.

SIR GOS. Play, life of Pharaoh, play: the bawd shall teach me a Scotch jig.

BIRD. Bawd! I defy thee, and thy jigs, whatsoever thou art: were I in place where, I 'd make thee prove thy words.

* *consort.*] See note on *Northward Ho*, act ii. sc. i.

† *the shaking of the sheets.*] The name of an old dance, often mentioned with a double entendre by our early dramatists.

‡ *Hungarians.*] A cant term, alluding either to the Hungarians who once overran a considerable part of Europe, or to the condition of the persons addressed,—*hungry fellows.* See notes of Shakespeare's commentators on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act. i. sc. iii.

|| *Maquerelle.*] So the old pandaress is called in *the Malcontent:* see vol. iv. Brathwait has;

> " Yet, howsoere this *Maquerella* trade,
> She 's tane in Court and City for a maid."
>
> *The Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 19.

SIR GOS. I would prove 'em, mother best-be-trust: why do not I know you, grannam? and that sugar-loaf *? ha! do I not, Megæra?

BIRD. I am none of your Megs: do not nick-name me so; I will not be nicked.

SIR GOS. You will not: you will not: how many of my name, of the Glowworms, have paid for your furred gowns, thou woman's broker?

BIRD. No, sir, I scorn to be beholding to any glowworm that lives upon earth for my fur: I can keep myself warm without glowworms.

SIR GOS. Canst sing, woodpecker? come, sing and wake 'em.

BIRD. Would you should well know it, I am no singing woman.

SIR GOS. Howl then: 's foot, sing or howl, or I 'll break your ostrich egg-shell there.

BIRD. My egg hurts not you: what do you mean, to flourish so?

SIR GOS. Sing, Madge, Madge; sing, owlet.

BIRD. How can I sing with such a sour face? I am haunted with a cough and cannot sing.

SIR GOS. One of your instruments, mountebanks. Come, here, clutch, clutch.

BIRD. Alas, sir, I 'm an old woman, and know not how to clutch an instrument!

SIR GOS. Look, mark; to and fro, as I rub it:

* *sugar-loaf.*] *i. e.* high-crowned hat.

make a noise: it 's no matter; any hunt 's up*, to waken vice.

BIRD. I shall never rub it in tune.

SIR GOS. Will you scrape?

BIRD. So you will let me go into the parties, I will saw and make a noise.

SIR GOS. Do then: sha't into the parties, and part 'em; sha't, my lean Læna.

BIRD. If I must needs play the fool in my old days, let me have the biggest instrument, because I can hold that best: I shall cough like a broken-winded horse, if I gape once to sing once.

SIR GOS. No matter; cough out thy lungs.

BIRD. No, sir, though I 'm old, and worm-eaten, I 'm not so rotten. [*Coughs.*

A SONG.

Will your worship be rid of me now?

SIR GOS. Fain, as rich men's heirs would be of their gouty dads. That 's the hot-house, where your parties are sweating: amble; go, tell the he parties I have sent 'em a mast to their ship.

BIRD. Yes, forsooth, I 'll do your errand. [*Exit.*

SIR GOS. Half musty still, by thundering Jove! With what wedge of villany might I cleave out an hour or two? Fiddlers, come strike up; march before me; the chamberlain shall put a crown for

* *hunts-up.*] A tune played to rouse sportsmen in the morning.

you into his bill of items. You shall sing bawdy songs under every window i' th' town; up, will the clowns start, down come the wenches; we'll set the men a fighting, the women a scolding, the dogs a barking; you shall go on fiddling, and I follow dancing Lantæra: curry your instruments, play, and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TENTERHOOK, HONEYSUCKLE, WAFER, JUSTINIANO, *and* MISTRESS JUSTINIANO, *with* AMBUSH, *and* CHAMBERLAIN.

HONEY. Sergeant Ambush, as th' art an honest fellow, scout in some back room, till the watch-word be given for sallying forth.

AMB. Dun 's the mouse*. [*Exit.*

TEN. A little low woman, sayest thou, in a velvet cap, and one of 'em in a beaver?—Brother Honeysuckle, and brother Wafer, hark'ye, they are they.

WAFER. But art sure their husbands are abed with 'em?

CHAM. I think so, sir; I know not; I left 'em together in one room, and what division fell amongst 'em the fates can discover, not I.

TEN. Leave us, good chamberlain, we are some

* *Dun 's the mouse.*] See the notes of the commentators on "Tut, dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word." Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4.

of their friends; leave us, good chamberlain, be merry a little, leave us, honest chamberlain.

[*Exit Chamberlain.*

We are abused, we are bought and sold in Brainford Market; never did the sickness of one belied nurse-child stick so cold to the hearts of three fathers; never were three innocent citizens so horribly, so abominably wrung under the withers.

WAFER*. What shall we do? how shall we help ourselves?

HONEY. How shall we pull this thorn out of our foot, before it rankle?

TEN. Yes, yes, yes, well enough; one of us stay here to watch, do you see? to watch; have an eye, have an ear. I and my brother Wafer, and Master Justiniano, will set the town in an insurrection, bring hither the constable, and his bill-men, break open upon 'em, take 'em in their wickedness, and put 'em to their purgation.

HONEY. & WAFER. Agreed.

JUST. Ha, ha, purgation!

TEN. We 'll have 'em before some country justice of coram, (for we scorn to be bound to the peace,) and this justice shall draw his sword in our defence: if we find 'em to be malefactors, we 'll tickle 'em.

HONEY. Agreed: do not say, but do 't, come.

JUST. Are you mad? do you know what you do? whither will you run?

* *Wafer.*] The old copy, "*Both.*"

All Three. To set the town in an uproar.

Just. An uproar! will you make the townsmen think that Londoners never come hither but upon Saint Thomas's night? Say you should rattle up the constable, thrash all the country together, hedge in the house with flails, pike-staves, and pitch-forks, take your wives napping, these western smelts nibbling, and that, like so many Vulcans, every smith should discover his Venus dancing with Mars in a net, would this plaster cure the head-ache?

Ten. Ay, it would.

All Three. Nay, it should.

Just. Nego, Nego; no no, it shall be proved unto you, your heads would ache worse: when women are proclaimed to be light, they strive to be more light; for who dare disprove a proclamation?

Ten. Ay, but when light wives make heavy husbands, let these husbands play mad Hamlet*, and cry revenge: come, and we 'll do so.

Mist. Just. Pray stay, be not so heady, at my entreaty.

Just. My wife entreats you, and I entreat you, to have mercy on yourselves, though you have none over the women. I 'll tell you a tale: this last Christmas, a citizen and his wife, as it might be one

* *play mad Hamlet, and cry revenge.*] One of the numerous passages in contemporary writers, attesting the popularity of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, which was most probably first produced in 1600.

of you, were invited to the revels one night at one of the Inns a' Court; the husband having business, trusts his wife thither to take up a room for him before: she did so; but before she went, doubts arising what blocks her husband would stumble at, to hinder his entrance, it was consulted upon by what token, by what trick, by what banner or brooch he should be known to be he, when he rapped at the gate.

All Three. Very good.

Just. The crowd, he was told, would be greater, their clamours greater, and able to drown the throats of a shoal of fishwives: he himself, therefore, devises an excellent watchword, and the sign at which he would hang out himself, should be a horn; he would wind his horn, and that should give 'em warning that he was come.

All Three. So.

Just. The torchmen and whifflers* had an item to receive him: he comes, rings out his horn with an alarum, enters with a shout; all the house rises, thinking some sowgelder pressed in; his wife blushed,

* *whifflers.*] "The term is, undoubtedly, borrowed from *whiffle*, another name for a fife or small flute; for whifflers were originally those who preceded armies or processions, as fifers or pipers. . . . In process of time, the term *whiffler*, which had always been used in the sense of a *fifer*, came to signify any person who went before in a procession. Minsheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, describes him to be a club or staff-bearer. Sometimes, the whifflers carried white staves," &c.—Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 507.

the company jested; the simple man, like a beggar going to the stocks, laughed, as not being sensible of his own disgrace; and hereupon the punies set down this decree, that no man shall hereafter come to laugh at their revels, if his wife be entered before him, unless he carry his horn about him.

WAFER. I 'll not trouble them.

JUST. So, if you trumpet abroad and preach at the market-cross your wives' shame, 'tis your own shame.

ALL THREE. What shall we do, then?

JUST. Take my counsel, I'll ask no fee for 't: bar out host, banish mine hostess, beat away the chamberlain, let the ostlers walk, enter you the chambers peaceably, lock the doors gingerly, look upon your wives woefully, but upon the evil doers most wickedly.

TEN. What shall we reap by this?

JUST. An excellent harvest, this: you shall hear the poor mouse-trapped guilty gentlemen call for mercy; your wives you shall see kneeling at your feet, and weeping, and wringing, and blushing, and cursing Brainford, and crying *pardonnez moi, pardonnez moi, pardonnez moi!* whilst you have the choice to stand either as judges to condemn 'em, beadles to torment 'em, or confessors to absolve 'em. And what a glory will it be for you three, to kiss your wives like forgetful husbands, to exhort and forgive the young men like pityful fathers, then to call for oars, then to cry Hay for London! then to

make a supper, then to drown all in sack and sugar, then to go to bed, and then to rise and open shop, where you may ask any man what he lacks with your cap off, and none shall perceive whether the brims wring you.

TEN. We 'll raise no towns.

HONEY. No, no; let 's knock first.

WAFER. Ay, that 's best; I 'll summon a parley. [*Knocks.*

MIST. TEN. [*within*] Who 's there? have you stock-fish in hand, that you beat so hard? who are you?

TEN. That 's my wife: let Justiniano speak, for all they know our tongues.

MIST. TEN. [*within*] What a murrain ail these colts, to keep such a kicking? Monopoly?

JUST. Yes.

MIST. TEN. [*within*] Is Master Linstock up, too, and the captain?

JUST. Both are in the field! will you open your door?

MIST. TEN. [*within*] O, you are proper gamesters, to bring false dice with you from London, to cheat yourselves! Is 't possible that three shallow women should gull three such gallants?

TEN. What means this?

MIST. TEN. [*within*] Have we defied you upon the walls all night, to open our gates to you i' th' morning? Our honest husbands, they (silly men) lie praying in their beds now, that the water under

us may not be rough, the tilt that covers us may not be rent, and the straw about our feet may keep our pretty legs warm. I warrant they walk upon Queenhive, as Leander did for Hero, to watch for our landing; and should we wrong such kind hearts? would we might ever be troubled with the tooth-ache, then.

TEN. This thing that makes fools of us thus, is my wife. [*Knocks.*

MIST. WAFER. [*within*] Ay, ay, knock your bellies' full; we hug one another a-bed, and lie laughing till we tickle again, to remember how we sent you a bat-fowling.

WAFER. An almond, parrot*; that's my Mab's voice; I know by the sound.

* *An almond, parrot.*] A proverbial expression:

"*An almon now for Parrot*, delicately drest."
Skelton's *Speake Parrot. Imprynted at London by Jhon Day.* Sig. A 2.

"*An Almonde for Parret*, a Rope for Parret."
Houghton's *Englishmen for my money*, 1616, Sig. G 3.

"Here's *an Almond for Parrat.*"
Dekker's *Honest Whore* (*part first*), 1604, Sig. K.

"*A Parrot* I am, but my teeth too tender to crack a wanton's *Almond.*"
Middleton and Rowley's *Spanish Gipsie*, 1653, Sig. C 3.

"Men that want wit, yet have great place in state,
He would have like to *Parrots* learne to prate
Of others, till with *Almonds* they were fed."
Scot's *Philomythie*, 1622, Sig. A 5.

An Almond for a Parrat, n. d., attributed to Nash, is a me-

JUST. 'Sfoot, you ha' spoiled half already, and you 'll spoil all, if you dam not up your mouths. Villany! nothing but villany! I 'm afraid they have smelt your breaths at the key-hole, and now they set you to catch flounders, whilst in the meantime the concupiscentious malefactors make 'em ready, and take London napping.

ALL THREE. I 'll not be gulled so.

TEN. Shew yourselves to be men, and break open doors.

JUST. Break open doors and shew yourselves to be beasts! If you break open doors your wives may lay flat burglary to your charge.

HONEY. Lay a pudding: burglary!

JUST. Will you, then, turn Corydons * because you are among clowns? Shall it be said you have no brains, being in Brainford?

ALL THREE. Master Parenthesis, we will enter and set upon 'em.

JUST. Well, do so; but enter not so that all the country may cry shame of your doings; knock 'em down, burst open Erebus, and bring an old house over your heads, if you do.

morable production; and one of the poems of the indefatigable Wither is called *Amygdala Britannica, Almonds for Parrets*, 1647.

* *Corydons.*] "The name of this unfortunate shepherd of Virgil [Corydon] seems to have suggested to our old writers a certain mixture of rusticity and folly."

Gifford's Note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. i. p. 40.

WAFER. No matter, we 'll bear it off with head and shoulders. [*Knocks.*

MIST. WAFER. [*within*] You cannot enter indeed, la. [*looks out*] God 's my pittikin, our three husbands summon a parley: let that long old woman either creep under the bed, or else stand upright behind the painted cloth. [*Disappears.*

WAFER. Do you hear, you Mabel ?

MIST. WAFER. [*looking out*] Let 's never hide our heads now, for we are discovered.

[*Disappears.*

HONEY. But all this while my Honeysuckle appears not.

JUST. Why then two of them have pitched their tents there, and yours lies in ambuscado with your enemy there.

HONEY. Stand upon your guard there, whilst I batter here. [*Knocks.*

MON. [*within*] Who 's there ?

JUST. Hold, I 'll speak in a small voice, like one of the women. Here 's a friend: are you up ? rise, rise; stir, stir.

MON. [*within*] Uds foot, what weasel are you? are you going to catch quails, that you bring your pipes with you ? I 'll see what troubled ghost it is that cannot sleep. [*Looks out.*

TEN. O, Master Monopoly, God save you.

MON. Amen, for the last time I saw you the devil was at mine elbow in buff. What! three

merry men, and three merry men, and three merry men* be we, too.

HON. How does my wife, Master Monopoly?

MON. Who? my overthwart† neighbour? passing well: this is kindly done: Sir Gosling is not far from you; we 'll join our armies presently; here be rare fields to walk in. Captain, rise; Captain Linstock, bestir your stumps, for the Philistines are upon us. [*Disappears.*

TEN. This Monopoly is an arrant knave, a cogging knave, for all he 's a courtier; if Monopoly be suffered to ride up and down with other men's wives, he 'll undo both city and country.

Enter MISTRESS TENTERHOOK, MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE, *and* MISTRESS WAFER.

JUST. Moll, mask thyself; they shall not know thee.

MIST. TEN.
MIST. HONEY.
MIST. WAFER. } How now, sweethearts, what make you here?

WAFER. Not that which you make here.

* *three merry men, and three merry men, &c.*] A fragment of an old song. See my edition of Peele's works, vol. i. p. 208, sec. ed.; and the notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act. ii. sc. 3.

* *overthwart.*] Generally used for cross, contradictious—but here it seems merely to mean opposite, as in *The Merry Devill of Edmonton*, 1626: "Body of Saint George, this is mine *overthwart neighbour* hath done this." Sig. F 2.

TEN. Marry, you make bulls of your husbands.

MIST. TEN. Buzzards, do we not? out, you yellow infirmities! do all flowers shew in your eyes like columbines?

WAFER. Wife, what says the collier? is not thy soul blacker than his coals? how does the child? how does my flesh and blood, wife?

MIST. WAFER. Your flesh and blood is very well recovered now, mouse.

WAFER. I know 'tis: the collier has a sack-full of news to empty.

TEN. Clare, where be your two rings with diamonds?

MIST. TEN. At hand, sir, here, with a wet finger.

TEN. I dreamed you had lost 'em. What a profane varlet is this shoulder-clapper, to lie thus upon my wife and her rings!

Enter MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, *and* LINSTOCK.

MON.
WHIRL. } Save you, gentlemen.
LIN.

TEN.
HONEY. } And you, and our wives from you.
WAFER.

MON. Your wives have saved themselves, for one.

TEN. Master Monopoly, though I meet you in

High Germany, I hope you can understand broken English; have you discharged your debt?

MON. Yes, Sir, with a double charge; your harpy that set his ten commandments upon my back, had two diamonds, to save him harmless.

TEN. Of you, sir?

MON. Me, sir! do you think there be no diamond courtiers?

TEN. Sergeant Ambush, issue forth.

Enter AMBUSH.

Monopoly, I 'll cut off your convoy. Master Sergeant Ambush, I charge you, as you hope to receive comfort from the smell of mace, speak not like a sergeant, but deal honestly: of whom had you the diamonds?

AMB. Of your wife, sir, if I 'm an honest man.

MIST. TEN. Of me, you pewter-buttoned rascal!

MON. Sirrah, you that live by nothing but the carrion of poultry!

MIST. TEN. Schoolmaster, hark hither.

MON. Where are my gems and precious stones, that were my bail?

AMB. Forthcoming, sir, though your money is not; your creditor has 'em.

JUST. Excellent! peace. Why, Master Tenterhook, if the diamonds be of the reported value, I 'll pay your money, receive 'em, keep 'em till Master Monopoly be fatter i' th' purse: for, Master Mono-

poly, I know you will not be long empty, Master Monopoly.

MIST. TEN. Let him have 'em, good Tenterhook; where are they?

TEN. At home; I locked 'em up.

Enter BIRDLIME.

BIRD. No, indeed, forsooth, I locked 'em up, and those are they your wife has, and those are they your husband, like a bad liver as he is, would have given to a niece of mine, that lies in my house to take physic, to have committed fleshly treason with her.

TEN. I at your house! you old ——

BIRD. You, perdy, and that honest bachelor: never call me old for the matter.

MIST. HONEY. Motherly woman, he's my husband, and no bachelor's buttons are at his doublet.

BIRD. 'Las, I speak innocently; and that lean gentleman set in his staff there. But, as I 'm a sinner, both I and the young woman had an eye to the main chance, and though they brought more about 'em than Captain Ca'ndish's voyage* came to,

* *Captain Ca'ndish's voyage.*] The name of Thomas Cavendish (—who, sailing from Plymouth in 1586, with three insignificant vessels, plundered the coast of New Spain and Peru, captured, off California, a Spanish admiral of seven hundred tons, and having circumnavigated the globe, returned to England with a very large fortune, in 1588—) is frequently abbreviated by our

they should not, nor could not, unless I had been a naughty woman, have entered the straits.

MIST. TEN.
MIST. HONEY. } Have we smelt you out, foxes?
MIST. WAFER.

MIST. TEN. Do you come after us with hue and cry, when you are the thieves yourselves?

MIST. HONEY. Murder, I see, cannot be hid; but if this old sibyl of yours speak oracles, for my part, I 'll be like an almanack that threatens nothing but foul weather.

TEN. That bawd has been damned five hundred times, and is her word to be taken?

JUST. To be damned once is enough for any one of her coat.

BIRD. Why, sir, what is my coat, that you sit thus upon my skirts?

JUST. Thy coat is an ancient coat; one of the seven deadly sins put thy coat first to making: but do you hear? you mother of iniquity! you that can lose and find your ears when you list! go, sail with

old writers: so Brome;

"*Ca'ndish* and Hawkins, Furbisher, all our voyagers,
Went short of Mandevile."

The Antipodes, 1640, Sig. C 3.

This contraction is scarce yet out of use;

"When Chatsworth tastes no *Ca'ndish* bounties,
Let fame forget this costly countess."

Epitaph by Horace Walpole, in his *Letters to Montagu*, p. 207.

the rest of your bawdy-traffickers to the place of sixpenny sinfulness, the suburbs.

BIRD. I scorn the sinfulness of any suburbs in Christendom: 'tis well known I have up-risers and down-liers within the city, night by night, like a profane fellow as thou art.

JUST. Right, I know thou hast. I 'll tell you, gentlefolks, there 's more resort to this fortune-teller, than of forlorn wives married to old husbands, and of green-sickness wenches that can get no husbands, to the house of a wise woman: she has tricks to keep a vaulting house under the law's nose.

BIRD. Thou dost the law's nose wrong to belie me so.

JUST. For either a cunning woman has a chamber in her house, or a physician, or a picture maker, or an attorney, because all these are good cloaks for the rain. And then, if the female party that 's cliented above stairs be young, she 's a squire's daughter of low degree, that lies there for physic, or comes up to be placed with a countess; if of middle age, she 's a widow, and has suits at the term or so.

MIST. HONEY. O, fie upon her! burn the witch out of our company.

MIST. TEN. Let 's hem her out of Brainford if she get not the faster to London.

MIST. WAFER. O, no, for God's sake; rather hem her out of London, and let her keep in Brainford still.

BIRD. No, you cannot hem me out of London. Had I known this, your rings should ha' been poxed ere I would ha' touched 'em. I will take a pair of oars and leave you. [*Exit.*

JUST. Let that ruin of intemperance be raked up in dust and ashes. And now tell me, if you had raised the town, had not the tiles tumbled upon your heads? for you see your wives are chaste, these gentlemen civil; all is but a merriment, all but a May-game: she has her diamonds, you shall have your money; the child is recovered, the false collier discovered; they came to Brainford to be merry, you were caught in Bird-lime, and therefore set the hare's-head against the goose-giblets*, put all instruments in tune, and every husband play music upon the lips of his wife, whilst I begin first.

TEN.
HON.
WAFER. } Come, wenches; be 't so.

MIST. TEN. Mistress Justiniano, is 't you were ashamed all this while of showing your face? Is she your wife, schoolmaster?

* *set the hare's head against the goose giblets.*] A proverbial expression, signifying to balance things, to set one against another: compare Field's *Amends for Ladies*, Sig. B 3, ed. 1639, and Middleton's *A trick to catch the old one*, 1608, Sig. G 2. Sometimes it occurs with a slight variation: "set the Hare *Pye* against the Goose giblets." Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633, Sig. I 2. "Ide set mine olde debts against my new driblets, and the hare's *foot* against the goose giblets." Dekker's *Shoemakers Holiday*, 1600, Sig. C.

JUST. Look you, your schoolmaster has been in France, and lost his hair *; no more Parenthesis now, but Justiniano: I will now play the merchant with you. Look not strange at her, nor at me; the story of us both shall be as good as an old wife's tale, to cut off our way to London.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

How now?

CHAM. Alas, sir! the knight yonder, Sir Gosling, has almost his throat cut by poulterers, and townsmen, and rascals; and all the noise that went with him, poor fellows, have their fiddle-cases pulled over their ears.

OMNES. Is Sir Gosling hurt?

CHAM. Not much hurt, sir; but he bleeds like a pig, for his crown 's cracked.

MIST. HONEY. Then has he been twice cut i' th' head since we landed, once with a pottle-pot, and now with old iron.

JUST. Gentlemen, hasten to his rescue some, whilst others call for oars.

OMNES. Away, then, to London.

JUST. Farewell, Brainford.

Gold that buys health can never be ill spent,
Nor hours laid out in harmless merriment.

* *Look you, your schoolmaster has been in France, and lost his hair.*] Here we must suppose Justiniano to pull off the false hair which assisted his disguise: he alludes to the effects of the venereal, or, as it was called, the French disease.

SONG.

Oars, oars, oars, oars!
To London hay, to London hay;
Hoist up sails, and let's away;
  For the safest bay
For us to land is London shores.
Oars, oars, oars, oars!
Quickly shall we get to land,
If you, if you, if you
Lend us but half a hand;
O, lend us half a hand!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

NORTHWARD HO.

North-ward Hoe. Sundry times Acted by the Children of Paules. By Thomas Decker, and John Webster. Imprinted at London by G. Eld. 1607. 4to.

Concerning the origin of the title of this comedy, see the prefatory remarks to the preceding play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAYBERRY.
BELLAMONT.
GREENSHIELD.
FEATHERSTONE.
PHILIP.
LEVERPOOL.
CHARTLEY.
HORNET.
HANS VAN BELCH.
ALLUM.
CAPTAIN JENKINS.
LEAPFROG.
SQUIRREL.
CHAMBERLAIN.
PRENTICE.
TAILOR.
FULLMOON.
MUSICIAN, SERGEANTS, KEEPERS, FIDDLERS, TAPSTERS, SERVANTS.

MISTRESS MAYBERRY.
KATE.
DOLL.
BAWD.
HOSTESS.

NORTHWARD HO.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter LUKE GREENSHIELD, *with* FEATHERSTONE, *booted.*

FEATH. ART sure old Mayberry inns here to-night?

GREEN. 'Tis certain; the honest knave Chamberlain, that hath been my informer, my bawd, ever since I knew Ware, assures me of it: and more, being a Londoner, though altogether unacquainted, I have requested his company at supper.

FEATH. Excellent occasion! how we shall carry ourselves in this business is only to be thought upon.

GREEN. Be that my undertaking: if I do not take a full revenge of his wife's puritanical coyness!

FEATH. Suppose it she should be chaste.

GREEN. O, hang her! this art of seeming honest makes many of our young sons and heirs in the city look so like our 'prentices. Chamberlain!

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAM. Here, sir.

GREEN. This honest knave is called Innocence; is 't not a good name for a chamberlain? He dwelt at Dunstable not long since, and hath brought me

and the two butcher's daughters there to interview twenty times, and not so little, I protest. How chance you left Dunstable, sirrah?

CHAM. Faith, sir, the town drooped ever since the peace in Ireland. Your captains were wont to take their leaves of their London pole-cats, (their wenches I mean, sir,) at Dunstable; the next morning, when they had broke their fast together, the wenches brought them to Hockley-i'-th'-Hole; and so the one for London, the other for West-Chester*. Your only road now, sir, is York, York, sir.

GREEN. True, but yet it comes scant of the prophecy, Lincoln was, London is, and York shall be.

CHAM. Yes, sir, 'tis fulfilled; York shall be, that is, it shall be York still; surely it was the meaning of the prophet. Will you have some cray-fish, and a spitchcock?

Enter MAYBERRY, *with* BELLAMONT.

FEATH. And a fat trout.

* *West-Chester.*] On their way to Ireland: "My refuge is *Ireland* or Virginia; necessity cries out, and I will presently to *Westchester*."—Cook's *Green's Tu Quoque*, Sig. B, ed. 1622. "Hee came into *Ireland*, where at Dubblin hee was strucke lame; but recovering new strength and courage, hee ship'd himselfe for England, *landed at West-Chester*, whence taking poste towards London, hee lodg'd at Hockley in the Hole, in his way," &c. Taylor's (the water poet's) *Praise of cleane Linnen, Works*, 1630, p. 170. It may perhaps be necessary to add, that the ancient city of Chester is called *West* Chester, from its relative situation, to distinguish it from several other towns which bear the name of Chester with some addition.

CHAM. You shall, sir. The Londoners you wot of.
[*Exit.*

GREEN. Most kindly welcome: I beseech you hold our boldness excused, sir.

BELL. Sir, it is the health of travellers to enjoy good company: will you walk?

FEATH. Whither travel you, I beseech you?

MAY. To London, sir: we came from Sturbridge.

BELL. I tell you, gentlemen, I have observed very much with being at Sturbridge *; it hath afforded me mirth beyond the length of five Latin comedies. Here should you meet a Norfolk yeoman, full-but, with his head able to overturn you, and his pretty wife, that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hardness of her husband's forehead; in the goose-market, number of freshmen, stuck here and there with a graduate, like cloves with

* *I have observed very much with being at Sturbridge.*] Sturbridge fair, from which our two travellers are just come, is mentioned by old Skelton;

"And silogisari was drowned at *Sturbridge fayre.*"

Speake Parrot, London, by Ihon Day, Sig. A 4.

And it was resorted to both for business and pleasure long after the present play was produced. Ned Ward wrote a piece full of low humour, called *A Step to Stir-Bitch Fair;* see the second vol. of his works, p. 248, ed. 1706. The reader who is desirous of authentic information on such matters will find a long and curious account of Sturbridge fair in Defoe's *Tour through Britain*, vol. i. p. 83, et seq.: ed. 1742: "it is not only," says he, "the greatest in the whole nation, but I think in Europe; nor is the Fair at Leipsick in Saxony, the Mart at Frankfort on the Main, or the Fairs at Nuremberg or Augsburg, reputed any way comparable to this at Sturbridge."

great heads in a gammon of bacon; here two gentlemen making a marriage between their heirs over a woolpack; there a minister's wife that could speak false Latin very lispingly; here two in one corner of a shop, Londoners, selling their wares, and other gentlemen courting their wives; where they take up petticoats, you should find scholars and town's-men's wives crowding together, while their husbands were in another market busy amongst the oxen,—'twas like a camp, for in other countries so many punks do not follow an army: I could make an excellent description of it in a comedy. But whither are you travelling, gentlemen?

FEATH. Faith, sir, we purposed a dangerous voyage, but upon better consideration we altered our course.

MAY. May we without offence partake the ground of it?

GREEN. 'Tis altogether trivial in sooth; but to pass away the time till supper I 'll deliver it to you, with protestation before hand, I seek not to publish every gentlewoman's dishonour, only by the passage of my discourse to have you censure the state of our quarrel.

BELL. Forth, sir.

GREEN. Frequenting the company of many merchants' wives in the city, my heart by chance leaped into mine eye to affect the fairest but withal the falsest creature that ever affection stooped to.

MAY. Of what rank was she, I beseech you?

FEATH. Upon your promise of secrecy?

BELL. You shall close it up like treasure of your own, and yourself shall keep the key of it.

GREEN. She was, and by report still is, wife to a most grave and well-reputed citizen.

MAY. And entertained your love?

GREEN. As meadows do April. The violence, as it seemed, of her affection—but, alas! it proved her dissembling—would, at my coming and departing, bedew her eyes with love-drops; O, she could * the art of woman most feelingly!

BELL. Most feelingly!

MAY. I should not have liked that feelingly, had she been my wife. Give us some sack, here; and in faith—we are all friends, and in private—what was her husband's name? I'll give you a carouse, by and by.

GREEN. O, you shall pardon me his name: it seems you are a citizen; it would be discourse enough for you upon the Exchange this fortnight, should I tell his name.

BELL. Your modesty in this wife's commendation!—On, sir.

GREEN. In the passage of our loves, amongst other favours of greater value, she bestowed upon me this ring, which, she protested, was her husband's gift.

MAY. The posy, the posy! O my heart! that ring? good, in faith.

* *could*] *i. e.* knew, understood—præt. of the verb, *can*.

GREEN. Not many nights coming to her, and being familiar with her——

MAY. Kissing, and so forth?

GREEN. Ay, sir.

MAY. And talking to her feelingly?

GREEN. Pox on 't, I lay with her.

MAY. Good, in faith, you are of a good complexion.

GREEN. Lying with her, as I say, and rising somewhat early from her in the morning, I lost this ring in her bed.

MAY. In my wife's bed!

FEATH. How do you, sir?

MAY. Nothing.—Let 's have a fire, chamberlain: I think my boots have taken water, I have such a shuddering.—I' th' bed, you say?

GREEN. Right, sir, in Mistress Mayberry's sheets.

MAY. Was her name Mayberry?

GREEN. Beshrew my tongue for blabbing! I presume upon your secrecy.

MAY. O God, sir! but where did you find your losing?

GREEN. Where I found her falseness,—with this gentleman, who, by his own confession, partaking the like enjoyment, found this ring the same morning on her pillow, and shamed not in my sight to wear it.

MAY. What, did she talk feelingly to him, too? I warrant her husband was forth a' town all this while, and he, poor man, travelled with hard eggs in's

pocket, to save the charge of a bait; whilst she was at home with her plovers, turkey, chickens. Do you know that Mayberry?

FEATH. No more than by name.

MAY. He 's a wondrous honest man. Let 's be merry. Will not your mistress—gentlemen, you are tenants in common, I take it?

FEATH. }
GREEN. } Yes.

MAY. Will not your mistress make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no such legerdemain had been acted?

GREEN. Yes, she hath reason for 't, for in some countries, where men and women have good travelling stomachs, they begin with porridge, then they fall to capon, or so forth, but if capon come short of filling their bellies, to their porridge again, 'tis their only course; so for our women in England.

MAY. This wit taking of long journies, kindred that comes in o'er the hatch, and sailing to Westminster, makes a number of cuckolds.

BELL. Fie, what an idle quarrel is this: was this her ring?

GREEN. Her ring, sir.

MAY. A pretty idle toy: would you would take money for 't.

FEATH. }
GREEN. } Money, sir!

MAY. The more I look on 't, the more I like it.

BELL. Troth, 'tis of no great value; and considering the loss and finding of this ring made breach into your friendship, gentlemen, with this trifle purchase his love: I can tell you he keeps a good table.

GREEN. What, my mistress' gift!

FEATH. Faith, you are a merry old gentleman; I 'll give you my part in 't.

GREEN. Troth, and mine, with your promise to conceal it from her husband.

MAY. Doth he know of it yet?

GREEN. No, sir.

MAY. He shall never, then, I protest: look you, this ring doth fit me passing well.

FEATH. I am glad we have fitted you.

MAY. This walking is wholesome: I was a cold even now, now I sweat for 't.

FEATH. Shall 's walk into the garden, Luke?—Gentlemen, we 'll down and hasten supper.

MAY. Look you, we must be better acquainted, that 's all.

GREEN. Most willingly.—Excellent! he's heat to the proof: let 's withdraw, and give him leave to rave a little.

[*Exeunt Greenshield and Featherstone.*

MAY. Chamberlain, give us a clean towel.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

BELL. How now, man?

MAY. I am foolish old Mayberry, and yet I can

be wise Mayberry, too: I 'll to London presently. Begone, sir. [*Exit Chamberlain.*

BELL. How, how.

MAY. Nay, nay, God's precious, you do mistake me, master Bellamont: I am not distempered; for to know a man's wife is a whore, is to be resolved of it; and to be resolved of it, is to make no question of it; and when a case is out of question,—what was I saying?

BELL. Why, look you, what a distraction are you fallen into!

MAY. If a man be divorced, do you see, divorced *forma juris*, whether may he have an action or no, 'gainst those that make horns at him?

BELL. O madness! that the frailty of a woman should make a wise man thus idle! Yet I protest, to my understanding, this report seems as far from truth, as you from patience.

MAY. Then am I a fool; yet I can be wise, and I list, too: what says my wedding ring?

BELL. Indeed that breeds some suspicion: for the rest, most gross and open; for two men both to love your wife, both to enjoy her bed, and to meet you as if by miracle, and, not knowing you, upon no occasion in the world, to thrust upon you a discourse of a quarrel, with circumstance so dishonest, that not any gentleman but of the country blushing would have published, ay, and to name you. Do you know them?

MAY. Faith, now I remember, I have seen them walk muffled by my shop.

BELL. Like enough: pray God they do not borrow money of us 'twixt Ware and London. Come, strive to blow over these clouds.

MAY. Not a cloud; you shall have clean moonshine. They have good smooth looks, the fellows.

BELL. As jet: they will take up, I warrant you, where they may be trusted. Will you be merry?

MAY. Wondrous merry: let 's have some sack to drown this cuckold; down with him!—wondrous merry: one word and no more, I am but a foolish tradesman, and yet I 'll be a wise tradesman.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter DOLL, *led between* LEVERPOOL *and* CHARTLEY; *after them,* PHILIP *arrested, and* SERGEANTS.

PHILIP. Arrest me! at whose suit?—Tom Chartley, Dick Leverpool, stay; I 'm arrested.

OMNES. Arrested!

1 SERG. Gentlemen, break not the head of the peace: it 's to no purpose, for he 's in the law's clutches; you see, he 's fanged.

DOLL. Ud's life, do you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and do nothing with 'em?

put one of 'em into my fingers, I 'll tickle the pimple-nosed varlets.

PHIL. Hold, Doll.—Thrust not a weapon upon a mad woman. Officers, step back into the tavern; you might ha' ta'en me i' th' street, and not i' th' tavern entry, you cannibals.

2 SERG. We did it for your credit, sir.

CHART. How much is the debt? Drawer, some wine.

Enter DRAWER, *with wine.*

1 SERG. Fourscore pound: can you send for bail, sir? or what will you do? we cannot stay.

DOLL. You cannot, you pasty-footed rascals! you will stay one day in hell.

PHIL. Fourscore pounds draws deep. Farewell, Doll. Come, sergeants, I 'll step to mine uncle not far off, hereby in Pudding-lane, and he shall bail me; if not, Chartley, you shall find me playing at span-counte r, and so farewell: send me som tobacco.

1 SERG. Have an eye to his hands.

2 SERG. Have an eye to his legs.

[*Exeunt Philip and Sergeants.*

DOLL. I 'm as melancholy now!

CHART. Villanous, spiteful luck! I 'll hold my life some of these saucy drawers betrayed him.

DRAW. We, sir! no, by gad, sir, we scorn to have a Judas in our company.

* *span-counter.*] A pun is intended here: *spancounter* being a common game among boys, *counter*, the prison, to which, if he could procure no bail, Philip was to be consigned.

LEVER. No, no; he was dogged in: this is the end of all dicing.

DOLL. This is the end of all whores, to fall into the hands of knaves. Drawer, tie my shoe, prithee; the new knot, as thou seest this. Philip is a good honest gentleman: I love him because he 'll spend; but when I saw him on his father's hobby, and a brace of punks following him in a coach, I told him he would run out. Hast done, boy?

DRAW. Yes, forsooth: by my troth you have a dainty leg.

DOLL. How now, goodman rogue?

DRAW. Nay, sweet Mistress Doll.

DOLL. Doll! you reprobate: out, you bawd for seven years by the custom of the city!

DRAW. Good Mistress Dorothy, the pox take me if I touched your leg but to a good intent.

DOLL. Prate you? the rotten-toothed rascal will for sixpence fetch any whore to his master's customers: and is every one that swims in a taffata gown lettuce for your lips? Ud's life, this is rare, that gentlewomen and drawers must suck at one spiggot. Do you laugh, you unseasonable puckfist *? do you grin?

CHART. Away, drawer: hold, prithee, good rogue; hold, my sweet Doll: a pox a' this swaggering.

[*Exit Drawer.*

* *puckfist.*] This word, used often by our old writers in the sense of an empty, insignificant fellow, meant originally a sort of fungus: "all the sallets are turn'd to Jewes-ears, mushrooms, and *Puckfists*." Heywood and Brome's *Lancashire Witches*, 1634. Sig. E 4.

DOLL. Pox a' your guts, your kidneys; mew, hang ye, rook. I 'm as melancholy now as Fleet-street in a long vacation.

LEVER. Melancholy! come, we 'll ha' some mulled sack.

DOLL. When begins the term?

CHART. Why? hast any suits to be tried at Westminster?

DOLL. My suits, you base ruffian, have been tried at Westminster already. So soon as ever the term begins, I 'll change my lodging, it stands out a' the way; I 'll lie about Charing-cross, for if there be any stirrings, there we shall have 'em: or if some Dutchman would come from the States—O, these Flemings pay soundly for what they take!

LEVER. If thou 't have a lodging westward, Doll, I'll fit thee.

DOLL. At Tyburn, will you not? a lodging of your providing! to be called a lieutenant's or a captain's wench! O, I scorn to be one of your low-country commodities, I! Is this body made to be maintained with provant and dead pay? no; the mercer must be paid, and satin gowns must be ta'en up.

CHART. And gallon pots must be tumbled down.

DOLL. Stay; I have had a plot a breeding in my brains,—are all the Quest-houses broken up *?

* *are all the Quest-houses broken up?*] About Christmas, I believe, the aldermen and citizens of each ward in the city, used to hold a Quest to inquire concerning misdemeanours and annoyances,

LEVER. Yes, long since: what then?

DOLL. What then! marry, then is the wind come about, and for those poor wenches that before Christmas fled westward with bag and baggage come now sailing alongst the lee shore with a northerly wind, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties come now dropping into the freedom by owl-light sneakingly.

CHART. But, Doll, what 's the plot thou spakest of?

DOLL. Marry, this. Gentlemen and tobacco-stinkers, and such like, are still buzzing where sweet-meats are, like flies, but they make any flesh stink that they blow upon: I will leave those fellows, therefore, in the hands of their laundresses. Silver is the king's stamp, man God's stamp, and a woman is man's stamp; we are not current till we pass from one man to another.

LEVER. }
CHART. } Very good.

DOLL. I will, therefore, take a fair house in the city; no matter though it be a tavern that has blown

noyances, brothels, &c. *Quest-houses* were the houses where the Quest was held, and which were generally the chief watchhouses. Doll, in her next speech, alludes to the shifts made by the ladies when driven out of the city, and their private return when they no longer feared the Quest.

From a passage in one of Middleton's plays it appears that gaming was sometimes carried on there: "Such a day I lost fifty pound in hugger-mugger at Dice at the *Quest-house*." *Any thing for a quiet life*, 1662, Sig. B 2.

up his master; it shall be in trade still, for I know divers taverns i' th' town that have but a wall between them and a hot-house. It shall then be given out that I 'm a gentlewoman of such a birth, such a wealth, have had such a breeding, and so forth, and of such a carriage, and such qualities, and so forth: to set it off the better, old Jack Hornet shall take upon him to be my father.

LEVER. Excellent! with a chain about his neck, and so forth.

DOLL. For that Saint Martin's and we will talk *. I know we shall have gudgeons bite presently; if they do, boys, you shall live like knights' fellows: as occasion serves, you shall wear liveries and wait, but when gulls are my wind-falls, you shall be gentlemen and keep them company. Seek out Jack Hornet incontinently.

LEVER. We will. Come, Chartley. We 'll play our parts, I warrant.

DOLL. Do so.

The world's a stage, from which strange shapes we borrow;
To-day we are honest, and rank knaves to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

* *with a chain about his neck . . . . for that Saint Martin's and we will talk.*] So Brathwait:

"By this hee travells *to Saint Martins lane,*
And to the shops he goes *to buy a chaine.*"

The Honest Ghost, &c. 1658, p. 167.

SCENE III.

Enter MAYBERRY, BELLAMONT, *and a* PRENTICE.

MAY. Where is your mistress, villain? when went she abroad?

PREN. Abroad, sir! why, as soon as she was up, sir.

MAY. Up, sir, down, sir! so, sir. Master Bellamont, I will tell you a strange secret in nature; this boy is my wife's bawd.

BELL. O, fie, sir, fie! the boy, he does not look like a bawd; he has no double chin *.

PREN. No, sir, nor my breath does not stink, I smell not of garlick or aqua-vitæ; I use not to be drunk with sack and sugar; I swear not, God damn me if I know where the party is, when 't is a lie, and I do know: I was never carted, but in harvest: never whipt, but at school; never had the grincomes †; never sold one maidenhead ten several times, first to an Englishman, then to a Welchman,

* *double chin.*] The characteristick of a bawd, according to many of our old dramatists:

"The bawds will be so fat with what they earne,
Their chins will hang like udders, by Easter-eeve."
Middleton's *Chast Mayd in Cheapside*, 1630, Sig. D 3.

† *grincomes.*] Or *crincomes*, a cant term for the venereal disease: "Grinkcomes," says Taylor, the water poet, "is an Utopian word, which is in English a P. at Paris." *Works*, 1630, p. 111.

then to a Dutchman, then to a pocky Frenchman: I hope, sir, I am no bawd then.

MAY. Thou art a baboon, and holdest me with tricks, whilst my wife grafts, grafts: away, trudge, run, search her out by land and by water.

PREN. Well, sir, the land I' ll ferret, and after that I 'll search her by water, for it may be she 's gone to Brainford.

MAY. Inquire at one of mine aunts*.

BELL. One of your aunts? are you mad?

MAY. Yea, as many of the twelve companies are, troubled, troubled. [*Exit Prentice.*

BELL. I 'll chide you; go to, I'll chide you soundly.

MAY. O Master Bellamont!

BELL. O Master Mayberry! before your servant to dance a Lancashire hornpipe! it shews worse to me than dancing does to a deaf man that sees not the fiddles: 'sfoot, you talk like a player.

MAY. If a player talk like a madman, or a fool, or an ass, and knows not what he talks, then I 'm one. You are a poet, Master Bellamont; I will bestow a piece of plate upon you to bring my wife upon the stage: would not her humour please gentlemen?

BELL. I think it would: yours would make gentlemen as fat as fools. I would give two pieces of

* *aunts.*] Few readers of old plays require to be told that *aunt* was a cant name for a bawd or prostitute.

plate to have you stand by me when I were to write a jealous man's part. Jealous men are either knaves or coxcombs; be you neither: you wear yellow hose without cause.

MAY. Without cause, when my mare bears double! without cause!

BELL. And without wit.

MAY. When two virginal jacks* skip up, as the key of my instrument goes down!

BELL. They are two wicked elders.

MAY. When my wife's ring does smoke for 't.

BELL. Your wife's ring may deceive you.

MAY. O Master Bellamont! had it not been my wife had made me a cuckold, it should never have grieved me.

BELL. You wrong her, upon my soul.

MAY. No, she wrongs me upon her body.

Enter a SERVINGMAN.

BELL. Now, blue†-bottle? what flutter you for, sea-pie?

* *virginal jacks.*] A virginal was a kind of spinnet: "in a *virginal*," says Bacon, "as soon as ever the *jack* falleth, and toucheth the string, the sound ceaseth."

And Brathwait;

> "For, like to *jacks* mov'd in a *virginal*,
> I thought ones rising was anothers fall."
>
> *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 128.

† *blue-bottle.*] Blue was the colour usually worn by servants the time.

SERV. Not to catch fish, sir: my young master, your son, Master Philip, is taken prisoner.

BELL. By the Dunkirks?*

SERV. Worse; by catchpolls† he's encountered.

BELL. Shall I never see that prodigal come home?

SERV. Yes, sir, if you 'll fetch him out, you may kill a calf for him.

BELL. For how much lies he?

SERV. The debt is four-score pound: marry, he charged me to tell you it was four-score and ten, so that he lies only for the odd ten pound.

BELL. His child's part ‡ shall now be paid; this money shall be his last, and this vexation the last of mine. If you had such a son, Master Mayberry!

MAY. To such a wife; 'twere an excellent couple.

BELL. Release him, and release me of much sorrow; I will buy a son no more; go, redeem him.

[*Exit Servingman.*

* *Dunkirks.*] i. e. privateers of Dunkirk.

† *by catchpolls he 's encountered.*] So Sir John Harington; "Till at the last two *Catch-poles him encounter.*"
Epigram 99, Book ii.

‡ *His child's part.*] Compare Heywood;
"But putst them [monies] to increase, where in short time
They grow a *child's part*, or a daughter's portion."
The Fair Maid of the Exchange, 1637, Sig. D 3.

And *The famous historye of Thomas Stukely*, 1605; "Not so sick, sir, but I hope to have a *child's part* by your last will and testament." Sig. C 3.

Enter PRENTICE *and* MISTRESS MAYBERRY.

PREN. Here 's the party, sir.

MAY. Hence, and lock fast the doors: now is my prize.

PREN. If she beat you not at your own weapon, would her buckler were cleft in two pieces. [*Exit.*

BELL. I will not have you handle her too roughly.

MAY. No, I will, like a justice of peace, grow to the point. Are not you a whore? never start; thou art a cloth-worker, and hast turned me—

MIST. MAY. How, sir? into what, sir, have I turned you?

MAY. Into a civil suit, into a sober beast, a land-rat, a cuckold: thou art a common bed-fellow; art not, art not?

MIST. MAY. Sir, this language
To me is strange, I understand it not.

MAY. O, you study the French now!

MIST. MAY. Good sir, lend me patience.

MAY. I made a sallad of that herb*: do'st see these flesh hooks? I could tear out those false eyes, those cat's eyes, that can see in the night; punk, I could.

BELL. Hear her answer for herself.

MIST. MAY. Good Master Bellamont,
Let him not do me violence. Dear sir,

* *a sallad of that herb.*] *Patience* was the name of an herb: "you may recover it with a sallet of parsly, and *the hearbe patience.*" *A pleasant commodie called Looke about you*, 1600, sig. C 3.

Should any but yourself shoot out these names,
I would put off all female modesty,
To be reveng'd on him.

MAY. Know'st thou this ring?
There has been old running at the ring since I went.

MIST. MAY. Yes, sir, this ring is mine: he was a villain,
That stole it from my hand; he was a villain,
That put it into yours.

MAY. They were no villains,
When they stood stoutly for me, took your part,
And, 'stead of colours, fought under my sheets.

MIST. MAY. I know not what you mean.

MAY. They lay with thee: I mean plain dealing.

MIST. MAY. With me! if ever I had thought unclean,
In detestation of your nuptial pillow,
Let sulphur drop from heaven, and nail my body
Dead to this earth! That slave, that damned fury,
Whose whips are in your tongue to torture me,
Casting an eye unlawful on my cheek,
Haunted your threshold daily, and threw forth
All tempting baits which lust and credulous youth
Apply to our frail sex; but those being weak,
The second siege he laid was in sweet words.

MAY. And then the breach was made.

BELL. Nay, nay, hear all.

MIST. MAY. At last he takes me sitting at your door,

Seizes my palm, and, by the charm of oaths
Back to restore it straight, he won my hand
To crown his finger with that hoop of gold.
I did demand it, but he, mad with rage
And with desires unbridled, fled, and vow'd
That ring should me undo; and now belike
His spells have wrought on you: but I beseech you
To dare him to my face, and in mean time
Deny me bed-room, drive me from your board,
Disgrace me in the habit of your slave,
Lodge me in some discomfortable vault,
Where neither sun nor moon may touch my sight,
Till of this slander I my soul acquite.

BELL. Guiltless, upon my soul.

MAY. Troth, so think I.
I now draw in your bow, as I before
Supposed they drew in mine: my stream of jealousy
Ebbs back again, and I that like a horse
Ran blind-fold in a mill, all in one circle,
Yet thought I had gone fore-right, now spy my error.
Villains, you have abus'd me, and I vow
Sharp vengeance on your heads. Drive in your tears;
I take your word y' are honest, which good men,
Very good men, will scarce do to their wives.
I will bring home these serpents, and allow them
The heat of mine own bosom: wife, I charge you,
Set out your haviours towards them in such colours
As if you had been their whore; I 'll have it so.

I 'll candy o'er my words, and sleek my brow,
Entreat 'em that they would not point at me,
Nor mock my horns: with this arm I 'll embrace 'em,
And with this———go to!

MIST. MAY. O, we shall have murder! you kill my heart.

MAY. No, I will shed no blood;
But I will be reveng'd: they that do wrong
Teach others way to right. I 'll fetch my blow
Fair and afar off, and, as fencers use,
Though at the foot I strike, the head I 'll bruise.

BELL. I 'll join with you: let 's walk—O, here 's my son!

Enter PHILIP *and* SERVINGMAN.

Welcome ashore, sir: from whence come you, pray?

PHIL. From the house of prayer and fasting, the Counter.

BELL. Art not thou ashamed to be seen come out of a prison?

PHIL. No, God's my judge; but I was ashamed to go into prison.

BELL. I am told, sir, that you spend your credit and your coin upon a light woman.

PHIL. I ha' seen light gold, sir, pass away amongst mercers.

BELL. And that you have laid thirty or forty

pounds upon her back in taffata gowns, and silk petticoats.

PHIL. None but tailors will say so: I ne'er laid anything upon her back. I confess I took up a petticoat and a raised fore-part for her; but who has to do with that?

MAY. Marry, that has everybody, Master Philip.

BELL. Leave her company, or leave me, for she 's a woman of an ill name.

PHIL. Her name is Dorothy, sir; I hope that 's no ill name.

BELL. What is she? what wilt thou do with her?

MAY. 'Sblood, sir, what does he with her!*

BELL. Do'st mean to marry her? of what birth is she? what are her comings in? what does she live upon?

PHIL. Rents, sir, rents†, she lives upon her rents, and I can have her.

BELL. You can?

PHIL. Nay, father, if destiny dog me, I must have her. You have often told me the nine muses are all women, and you deal with them: may not I the better be allowed one than you so many? Look you, sir, the northern man loves white-meats, the southery man sallads, the Essex man a calf, the

* The old copy gives this speech to Philip.

† *Rents, sir, rents,* &c.] The reader who is curious in parallel passages may turn to Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable,* 1602, sig. D 4.

Kentish man a wag-tail, the Lancashire man an egg-pie, the Welchman leeks and cheese, and your Londoners raw mutton; so, father, God b' ye, I was born in London.

BELL. Stay, look you, sir: as he that lives upon sallads without mutton feeds like an ox, (for he eats grass, you know,) yet rises as hungry as an ass; and as he that makes a dinner of leeks will have lean cheeks: so thou, foolish Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, look to live like a fool and a slave, and to die like a beggar and a knave. Come, Master Mayberry. Farewell, boy.

PHIL. Farewell, father snot*. Sir, if I have her I 'll spend more in mustard and vinegar in a year than both you in beef.

BELL. }
MAY. } More saucy knave thou. [*Exeunt.*

* *Farewell, father snot.*] This elegant valediction (after which, in the old copy, is a short break) was, perhaps, a parody on, or a quotation from, some song: in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, I find,

> "My bush and my pot
> Cares not a groate
> For such a lob-coate,
> *Farewell Sinior snot.*"—Sig. G 3.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter HORNET, DOLL; LEVERPOOL *and* CHARTLEY, *like Servingmen.*

HOR. Am I like a fiddler's base viol, new set up, in a good case, boys? is 't neat, is it terse? am I handsome, ha?

OMNES. Admirable, excellent!

DOLL. An under sheriff cannot cover a knave more cunningly.

LEVER. 'Sfoot, if he should come before a churchwarden, he would make him pew-fellow with a lord's steward at least.

HOR. If I had but a staff in my hand, fools would think I were one of Simon and Jude's gentlemen ushers, and that my apparel were hired. They say three tailors go to the making up of a man, but I 'm sure I had four tailors and a half went to the making of me thus: this suit, though it ha' been canvassed well, yet 'tis no law suit, for 'twas despatched sooner than a posset on a wedding night.

DOLL. Why, I tell thee, Jack Hornet, if the devil and all the brokers in Long-lane had rifled their wardrobe, they would ha' been damned before they had fitted thee thus.

HOR. Punk, I shall be a simple father for you. How does my chain show now I walk?

DOLL. If thou wert hung in chains, thou couldst not show better.

CHART. But how sit our blue coats on our backs?

DOLL. As they do upon bankrout retainers' backs at Saint George's feast in London: but at Westminster, it makes 'em scorn the badge of their occupation: there the bragging velure-canioned*

* *velure-canioned.*] *Velure* is velvet.

"Cannions, of breeches. G. canôns: on les appele ainsi pource qu'ils sont aucunemênt semblables aux canôns d'artillerie, —because they are like cannons of artillery, or cans or pots."—Minsheu's *Guide into the tongues*, p. 61, ed. 1617.

Strutt explains *canions* to be "ornamental tubes or tags at the ends of the ribbands and laces, which were attached to the extremities of the breeches."—*Dress and Habits*, &c., vol. ii. p. 263.

Canon hose, decorated at the knees with a quantity of ribbons, were fashionable in the time of Charles the Second.

In a MS. copy of a comedy called *The Humourous Lovers*, by the Duke of Newcastle, among the Harleian MSS., 7367, the following song (not given in the printed copy of the play, 1677,) occurs at the beginning of the 4th act;

"I conjure thee, I conjure thee,
By the Ribands in thy Hatt,
By thy pritty lac'd Cravat,
By the Ribands round thy Bum,
Which is brac'd much like a Drum,
By thy dangling Pantaloons,
And thy ruffling Port *Cannons*,
By thy freezeld Perriwige,
Which does make thee look so bigg,
By thy Sword of Silver guilt,
And the Riband at thy Hilt.
Apeare, apear."

hobby-horses prance up and down, as if some a' the tilters had ridden 'em.

HOR. Nay, 'sfoot, if they be bankrouts, 'tis like some have ridden 'em; and thereupon the citizen's proverb rises, when he says, he trusts to a broken staff.

DOLL. Hornet, now you play my father, take heed you be not out of your part, and shame your adopted daughter.

HOR. I will look gravely, Doll, (—do you see, boys?—) like the foreman of a jury, and speak wisely, like a Latin schoolmaster, and be surly and dogged and proud, like the keeper of a prison.

LEVER. You must lie horribly, when you talk of your lands.

HOR. No shopkeeper shall outlie me, nay, no fencer: when I hem, boys, you shall duck; when I cough and spit gobbets, Doll——

DOLL. The pox shall be in your lungs, Hornet.

HOR. No, Doll; these with their high shoes shall tread me out.

DOLL. All the lessons that I ha' pricked out for 'em is, when the weathercock of my body turns towards them, to stand bare.

HOR. And not to be saucy, as servingmen are.

CHART. Come, come, we are no such creatures as you take us for.

DOLL. If we have but good draughts in my peter boat, fresh salmon, you sweet villains, shall be no meat with us.

HOR. 'Sfoot, nothing moves my choler but that my chain is copper; but 'tis no matter, better men than old Jack Hornet have rode up Holborn with as bad a thing about their necks as this: your right whiffler* indeed hangs himself in Saint Martin's†, and not in Cheapside.

DOLL. Peace, somebody rings: run both, whilst he has the rope in 's hand; if it be a prize, hale him, if a man a' war, blow him up, or hang him out at the main-yard's end.

[*Exeunt Leverpool and Chartley.*

HOR. But what ghosts, (—hold up, my fine girl,—) what ghosts haunt‡ thy house?

DOLL. O, why, divers. I have a clothier's factor or two, a grocer that would fain pepper me, a Welch captain that lays hard siege, a Dutch merchant that would spend all that he 's able to make i' th' Low Countries but to take measure of my Holland sheets when I lie in 'em—I hear trampling; 'tis my Flemish hoy.

Enter LEVERPOOL, CHARTLEY, *and* HANS VAN BELCH.

HANS. Dar is vor you, and vor you, een, twea, drie, vier, and vive skilling, drinks skellum upsie freese, nempt dats v drinck gelt.

* *whiffler.*] See note *, p. 119.

† *Saint Martin's.*] See note *, p. 153.

‡ *haunt.*] The old copy, "*haunts.*"

LEVER. Till our crowns crack again, Master Hans Van Belch.

HANS. How is 't met you, how is 't, vro? vrolick?

DOLL. Ick vare well, God danke you: nay, I 'm an apt scholar, and can take.

HANS. Datt is good; dott is good. Ick can neet stay long, for Ick heb en skip come now upon de vater. O mine schoomen vro, we sall dance lanteera teera, and sing Ick brincks to you min here van. Wat man is dat, vro?

HOR. Nay, pray, sir, on.

HANS. Wat honds foot is dat, Dorothy?

DOLL. 'T is my father.

HANS. Gott's sacrament, your vader! why seyghen you niet so to me? Mine heart 't is mine all great desire to call you mine vader ta, for Ick love dis schonen vro your dochterkin.

HOR. Sir, you are welcome in the way of honesty.

HANS. Ick bedanck you: Ick heb so ghe founden vader.

HOR. What 's your name, I pray?

HANS. Mun nom bin Hans Van Belch.

HOR. Hans Van Belch!

HANS. Yau, yau, 't is so, 't is so; de dronken man is alteet remenber me.

HOR. Do you play the merchant, son Belch?

HANS. Yau, vader. Ick heb de skip swim now upon de vater: if you endouty, go up in de little skip dat go so, and be pulled up to Wapping. Ick

sall bear you on my back, and hang you about min neck into min groet skip.

HOR. He says, Doll, he would have thee to Wapping, and hang thee.

DOLL. No, father, I understand him: but, Master Hans, I would not be seen hanging about any man's neck, to be counted his jewel, for any gold.

HOR. Is your father living, Master Hans?

HANS. Yau, yau, min vader heb schonen husen in Ausburgh; groet mine heare is mine vader's broder: mine vader heb land, and bin full of fee, dat is, beasts, cattle.

CHART. He 's lousy, belike.

HANS. Min vader bin de grotest fooker in all Ausburgh.

DOLL. The greatest what?

LEVER. Fooker, he says.

DOLL. Out upon him.

HANS. Yau, yau, fooker is en groet min here, he 's en elderman vane city. Got's sacrament, wat is de clock? Ick met stay.

HOR. Call his watch before you, if you can.

[*A watch.*

DOLL. Here 's a pretty thing! do these wheels spin up the hours? what 's a clock?

HANS. Acht, yau, 't is acht.

DOLL. We can hear neither clock nor jack going; we dwell in such a place, that I fear I shall never find the way to church, because the bells hang so

far: such a watch as this would make me go down with the lamb and be up with the lark.

HANS. Seghen you so, dor it to.

DOLL. O, fie, I do but jest, for in truth I could never abide a watch.

HANS. Gott's sacrament, Ick niet heb it any more.

[*Bell rings: exeunt Leverpool and Chartley.*

DOLL. Another peal! Good father, launch out this Hollander.

HOR. Come, Master Belch, I will bring you to the water-side, perhaps to Wapping, and there I 'll leave you.

HANS. Ick bedanck you, vader.

[*Exeunt Hans Van Belch and Hornet.*

DOLL. They say whores and bawds go by clocks, but what a Manasses is this to buy twelve hours so dearly, and then be begged out of 'em so easily! He 'll be out at heels shortly sure, for he 's out about the clocks already. O foolish young man, how doest thou spend thy time!

Enter LEVERPOOL *first, then* ALLUM *and* CHARTLEY.

LEVER. Your grocer.

DOLL. Nay, 'sfoot, then I 'll change my tune.—I may cause such leaden-heeled rascals—Out of my sight!—A knife, a knife, I say!—O, Master Allum, if you love a woman, draw out your knife, and undo me, undo me!

ALL. Sweet Mistress Dorothy, what should you do with a knife? it 's ill meddling with edge tools. What's the matter, masters? Knife! God bless us.

LEVER. 'Sfoot, what tricks at noddy * are these?

DOLL. O, I shall burst, if I cut not my lace, I 'm so vext! My father he 's rid to court on was about a matter of a thousand pound weight: and one of his men, like a rogue as he is, is rid another way for rents; I looked to have had him up yesterday, and up to day, and yet he shows not his head; sure he 's run away, or robbed and run thorough. And here was a scrivener but even now, to put my father in mind of a bond that will be forfeit this night, if the money be not paid, Master Allum. Such cross fortune!

ALL. How much is the bond?

CHART. O rare little villain!

DOLL. My father could take up, upon the bareness of his word, five hundred pound, and five too.

ALL. What is the debt?

DOLL. But he scorns to be—and I scorn to be—

ALL. Prithee, sweet Mistress Dorothy, vex not; how much is it?

DOLL. Alas, Master Allum, 't is but poor fifty pound!

* *tricks at noddy.*] Leverpool plays on the double meaning of the word *noddy*, which signifies both a game at cards (see note *, p. 75,) and a fool; so in *The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606; "Gentlemen, you that can play at noddy, or rather play upon nodies." Sig. A 2.

ALL. If that be all, you shall upon your word take up so much with me: another time I 'll run as far in your books.

DOLL. Sir, I know not how to repay this kindness; but when my father—

ALL. Tush, tush, 't is not worth the talking: just fifty pound! when is it to be paid?

DOLL. Between one and two.

LEVER. That 's we three.

ALL. Let one of your men go along, and I' ll send your fifty pound.

DOLL. You so bind me, sir!—Go, sirrah [*to Leverpool.*]—Master Allum, I ha' some quinces brought from our house i' th' country to preserve: when shall we have any good sugar come over? The wars in Barbary make sugar at such an excessive rate, you pay sweetly now I warrant, sir, do you not?

ALL. You shall have a whole chest of sugar, if you please.

DOLL. Nay, by my faith, four or five loaves will be enough, and I 'll pay you at my first child, Master Allum.

ALL. Content, i' faith: your man shall bring all under one. I 'll borrow a kiss of you at parting.

Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS.

DOLL. You shall, sir; I borrow more of you.

[*Exeunt Allum and Leverpool.*

CHART. Save you, captain.

DOLL. Welcome, good Captain Jenkins.

CAPT. JEN. What, is he a barber-surgeon, that drest your lips so?

DOLL. A barber! he 's my tailor: I bid him measure how high he would make the standing collar of my new taffata gown before, and he, as tailors will be saucy and lickerish, laid me o'er the lips.

CAPT. JEN. Uds blood, I 'll lay him 'cross upon his coxcomb next day.

DOLL. You know 't is not for a gentlewoman to stand with a knave for a small matter, and so I would not strive with him, only to be rid of him.

CAPT. JEN. If I take master prick-louse ramping so high again, by this iron, which is none a' God's angel *, I 'll make him know how to kiss your blind cheeks sooner. Mistress Dorothy Hornet, I would not have you be a hornet to lick at cowsherds, but to sting such shreds of rascality: will you sing A tailor shall have me, my joy?

DOLL. Captain, I'll be led by you in any thing: a tailor, foh!

CAPT. JEN. Of what stature or size have you a stomach to have your husband now?

DOLL. Of the meanest stature, captain; not a size longer than yourself nor shorter.

CAPT. JEN. By God 'tis well said; all your best

* *which is none a' God's angel.*] Compare Dekker; "I markt, by this Candle, *which is none of God's Angels.*" *Satiromastix*, 1602, Sig. C.

captain in the Low Countries are as taller as I: but why of my pitch, Mistress Doll?

DOLL. Because your smallest arrows fly farthest. Ah, you little hard-favoured villain, but sweet villain! I love thee because thou 't draw a my side: hang the rogue that will not fight for a woman!

CAPT. JEN. Uds blood, and hang him for urse than a rogue that will slash and cut for an oman, if she be a whore.

DOLL. Prithee, good Captain Jenkins, teach me to speak some Welch: methinks a Welchman's tongue is the neatest tongue—

CAPT. JEN. As any tongue in the urld, unless Cra ma crees, that 's urse.

DOLL. How do you say, I love you with all my heart?

CAPT. JEN. Mi cara whee en hellon *.

DOLL. Mi cara whee en hell-hound.

CAPT. JEN. Hell-hound! O mon dieu! Mi cara whee en hellon.

DOLL. O, mi cara whee en hellon.

CAPT. JEN. O, and you went to writing-school twenty score year in Wales, by Sesu you cannot have better utterance for Welch.

DOLL. Come tit me, come tat me, come throw a kiss at me—how is that?

CAPT. JEN. By gad I kanow not what your tit-mes and tat-mes are, but *mee uatha;* 's blood, I

* Qy. *Mi gara chwi yn nghalon.*

know what kisses be as well as I know a Welch hook. If you will go down with Shropshire carriers, you shall have Welch enough in your pellies forty weeks.

DOLL. Say, captain, that I should follow your colours into your country, how should I fare there?

CAPT. JEN. Fare! by Sesu, O there is the most abominable seer*, and wider silver pots to drink in, and softer peds to lie upon and do our necessary pusiness, and fairer houses, and parks, and holes for conies, and more money, besides toasted seese and butter-milk in Northwales, diggon, besides harps, and Welch frieze, and goats, and cow-heels, and metheglin. Ouh! it may be set in the kernicles. Will you march thither?

DOLL. Not with your Shrop-shire carriers, captain.

CAPT. JEN. Will you go with Captain Jenkin, and see his cousin Madoc ap an Jenkin there? and I 'll run headlongs by and by, and batter away money for a new coach to jolt you in.

DOLL. Bestow your coach upon me, and two young white mares, and you shall see how I 'll ride.

* *abominable seer.*] The captain does not use *abominable* in a bad sense, quite the reverse: so in Field's *A Woman is a Weather-cock*, 1612;

"*Abraham.* Does she so love me say you?

Pendant. Yes, yes, out of all question the whore does love you *abhominable.*" Sig. F. 4.

Is it necessary to add that by "*seer*" he means *cheer*, and a little after, by "kernicles" *chronicles?*

CAPT. JEN. Will you? by all the leeks that are worn on Saint Davy's day, I will buy not only a coach with four wheels, but also a white mare and a stone horse too, because they shall traw you very lustily, as if the devil were in their arses.

As he is going, enter PHILIP.

How now, more tailors?

PHIL. How, sir, tailors!

DOLL. O, good Captain, 't is my cousin!

CAPT. JEN. Is he? I will cousin you then sir, too, one day.

PHIL. I hope, sir, then to cozen you too.

CAPT. JEN. By gad I hobe so. Farewell, Sidanen *. [*Exit.*

Enter LEVERPOOL *at another door.*

LEVER. Here's both money and sugar.

DOLL. O sweet villain! set it up.

[*Exit Leverpool, and re-enter presently.*

* *Sidanen.*] The old copy "*Sidanien*"—"Sidanen, s. f. *dim.* (sidan) that is silken, or made of silk. It is the name of an old tune; *also an epithet for a fine woman;* and has been applied particularly to Queen Elizabeth." Owen's *Dictionary of the Welch Language.*

In reference to the latter part of the preceding quotation from Owen, I have to observe, that there was licensed to Richard Jones, the 13th of August, 1579, *A Ballad of Brittishe Sidanen, applied by a courtier to the praise of the Quene,* which is printed (from a MS.) in the *British Bibliographer,* vol. i. p. 338, and entitled *A Dittie to the tune of Welshe Sydãnen, made to the Queenes maj.' Eliz. by Lodov. Lloyd.*

PHIL. 'S foot, what tame swaggerer was this I met, Doll?

DOLL. A captain, a captain; but hast scaped the Dunkirks, honest Philip? Philip-rials are not more welcome: did thy father pay the shot?

PHIL. He paid that shot, and then shot pistolets into my pocket: hark, wench; chink, chink, makes the punk wanton, and the bawd to wink. [*Capers.*

CHART. O rare music!

LEVER. Heavenly consort, better than old Moone's! *

PHIL. But why, why, Doll, go these two like beadles in blue? ha?

DOLL. There's a moral in that. Flea off your skins, you precious cannibals. O, that the Welch captain were here again, and a drum with him! I could march now, ran, tan, tan, tara, ran, tan, tan. Sirrah Philip, has thy father any plate in 's house?

PHIL. Enough to set up a goldsmith's shop.

DOLL. Can'st not borrow some of it? We shall have guests to-morrow or next day, and I would

* *Heavenly consort, better than old Moone's.*] "Sirrah wag, this Rogue was son and heire to Antony Nowe-Now, and *Blind Moone:* and hee must needs be a scurvy Musition that hath *two Fidlers* to his Fathers."

Wilkins' *Miseries of Inforcst Marriage*, Sig. A. 2, 1607.

Anthony Now-Now figures in Chettle's *Kind Harts dream*, 1592.

When the present play was written, and long after, a set of musicians playing or singing together was called a *consort;* the term *concert* is comparatively modern.

serve the hungry ragamuffins in plate, though 't were none of mine own.

PHIL. I shall hardly borrow it of him, but I could get one of mine aunts to beat the bush for me, and she might get the bird.

DOLL. Why, prithee, let me be one of thine aunts*, and do it for me then: as I 'm virtuous and a gentlewoman, I 'll restore.

PHIL. Say no more; 't is done.

DOLL. What manner of man is thy father? 's foot, I 'd fain see the witty monkey, because thou sayest he 's a poet. I 'll tell thee what I 'll do. Leverpool or Chartley shall, like my gentleman-usher, go to him, and say such a lady sends for him about a sonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurse, or for some device about a mask or so; if he comes, you shall stand in a corner, and see in what state I 'll bear myself: he does not know me, nor my lodging?

PHIL. No, no.

DOLL. Is 't a match, sirs? shall 's be merry with him and his muse?

OMNES. Agreed; any scaffold to execute knavery upon.

DOLL. I 'll send then my vaunt-courier presently: in the mean time march after the captain, scoundrels. Come, hold me up:
Look, how Sabrina sunk i' th' river Severn,
So will we four be drunk i' th' Shipwreck Tavern.

[*Exeunt.*

* *aunts.*] See note *, p. 155.

SCENE II.

Enter BELLAMONT, MAYBERRY, *and* MISTRESS MAYBERRY.

MAY. Come, wife, our two gallants will be here presently: I have promised them the best of entertainment, with protestation never to reveal to thee their slander. I will have thee bear thyself as if thou madest a feast upon Simon and Jude's day to country gentlewomen that came to see the pageant: bid them extremely welcome, though thou wish their throats cut; 't is in fashion.

MIST. MAY. O God! I shall never endure them.

BELL. Endure them! you are a fool. Make it your case, as it may be many women's of the freedom, that you had a friend in private, whom your husband should lay to his bosom, and he in requital should lay his wife to his bosom; what treads of the toe, salutations by winks, discourse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweet stolen kisses, when your husband's back's turned, would pass between them! Bear yourself to Greenshield, as if you did love him for affecting you so entirely, not taking any notice of his journey: they 'll put more tricks upon you. You told me, Greenshield means to bring his sister to your house, to have her board here.

MAY. Right. She 's some cracked demi-culverin that hath miscarried in service: no matter though it be some charge to me for a time, I care not.

MIST. MAY. Lord, was there ever such a husband!

MAY. Why, wouldest thou have me suffer their tongues to run at large in ordinaries and cockpits? Though the knaves do lie, I tell you, Master Bellamont, lies that come from stern looks and satin outsides, and gilt rapiers also, will be put up and go for current.

BELL. Right, sir; 'tis a small spark gives fire to a beautiful woman's discredit.

MAY. I will therefore use them like informing knaves in this kind; make up their mouths with silver, and after be revenged upon them. I was in doubt I should have grown fat of late: and it were not for lawsuits, and fear of our wives, we rich men should grow out of all compass. They come.

Enter GREENSHIELD *and* FEATHERSTONE.

My worthy friends, welcome: look, my wife's colour rises already.

GREEN. You have not made her acquainted with the discovery?

MAY. O, by no means! ye see, gentlemen, the affection of an old man: I would fain make all whole again. Wife, give entertainment to our new acquaintance: your lips, wife; any woman may lend her lips without her husband's privity, 'tis allowable.

MIST. MAY. You are very welcome. I think it

be near dinner time, gentlemen: I 'll will* the maid to cover, and return presently. [*Exit.*

BELL. God's precious, why doth she leave them?

MAY. O, I know her stomach: she is but retired into another chamber, to ease her heart with crying a little. It hath ever been her humour: she hath done it five or six times in a day, when courtiers have been here, if anything hath been out of order, and yet, every return, laughed and been as merry. And how is it, gentlemen? you are well acquainted with this room, are you not?

GREEN. I had a delicate banquet once on that table.

MAY. In good time: but you are better acquainted with my bed-chamber.

BELL. Were the cloth-of-gold cushions set forth at your entertainment?

FEATH. Yes, sir.

MAY. And the cloth-of-tissue vallance?

FEATH. They are very rich ones.

MAY. God refuse me, they are lying rascals! I have no such furniture.

GREEN. I protest it was the strangest, and yet withal the happiest fortune, that we should meet you two at Ware, that ever redeemed such desolate actions. I would not wrong you again for a million of Londons.

MAY. No? Do you want any money? or if you

* *will.*] See note *, vol. ii. p. 264.

be in debt, (I am a hundredth pound i' th' subsidy,) command me.

FEATH. Alas, good gentleman! Did you ever read of the like patience in any of your ancient Romans?

BELL. You see what a sweet face in a velvet cap can do: your citizen's wives are like partridges, the hens are better than the cocks.

FEATH. I believe it in troth: sir, you did observe how the gentlewoman could not contain herself, when she saw us enter?

BELL. Right.

FEATH. For thus much I must speak in allowance of her modesty; when I had her most private she would blush extremely.

BELL. Ay, I warrant you, and ask you if you would have such a great sin lie upon your conscience as to lie with another man's wife?

FEATH. In troth she would.

BELL. And tell you there were maids enough in London, if a man were so viciously given, whose portions would help them to husbands, though gentlemen gave the first onset.

FEATH. You are a merry old gentleman in faith, sir: much like to this was her language.

BELL. And yet clip you with as voluntary a bosom, as if she had fallen in love with you at some Inns-a-court revels, and invited you by letter to her lodging.

FEATH. Your knowledge, sir, is perfect without any information.

MAY. I 'll go see what my wife is doing, gentlemen: when my wife enters, shew her this ring, and 'twill quit all suspicion. [*Exit.*

FEATH. Dost hear, Luke Greenshield? will thy wife be here presently?

GREEN.* I left my boy to wait upon her. By this light, I think God provides; for if this citizen had not out of his overplus of kindness proffered her her diet and lodging under the name of my sister, I could not have told what shift to have made, for the greatest part of my money is revolted: we 'll make more use of him. The whoreson rich innkeeper of Doncaster, her father, shewed himself a rank ostler, to send her up at this time a year, and by the carrier too; 'twas but a jade's trick of him.

FEATH. But have you instructed her to call you brother?

GREEN. Yes, and she 'll do it. I left her at Bosoms Inn†; she 'll be here presently.

* The old copy gives this speech to Mayberry.

† *Bosoms Inn.*]

"Antiquities in this Lane [St. Lawrence Lane] I find none other than that among many fair Houses, there is one large Inne for receit of Travellers, called *Blossoms Inne*, but corruptly *Bosoms Inne*, and hath to sign S. Laurence the Deacon, in a border of Blossoms or Flowers."

Stow's *Survey of London*, &c. B. iii. p. 40, ed. 1720.

Enter MAYBERRY.

MAY. Master Greenshield, your sister is come; my wife is entertaining her: by the mass, I have been upon her lips already.

Enter MISTRESS MAYBERRY *and* KATE.

Lady, you are welcome. Look you, Master Greenshield, because your sister is newly come out of the fresh air, and that to be pent up in a narrow lodging here i' th' city may offend her health, she shall lodge at a garden-house of mine in Moorfields, where, if it please you and my worthy friend here to bear her company, your several lodgings and joint commons, to the poor ability of a citizen, shall be provided.

FEATH. O God, sir.

MAY. Nay, no compliment; your loves command it. Shall 's to dinner, gentlemen? Come, Master Bellamont. [*Exeunt Mayberry and Bellamont.*

GREEN. I 'll be the gentleman-usher to this fair lady.* Here is your ring, Mistress: a thousand times, ————† and would have willingly lost my best of maintenance that I might have found you half so tractable.

* *I'll be the gentleman-usher to this fair lady.*] The old copy makes this a part of Mayberry's speech, but it evidently belongs to Greenshield.

† ———— This break is found in the old copy, occasioned by some defect in the MS.

MIST. MAY. Sir, I am still myself. I know not by what means you have grown upon my husband: he is much deceived in you, I take it. Will you go into dinner? O God, that I might have my will of him, and it were not for my husband, I 'd scratch out his eyes presently.

[*Exeunt Greenshield and Mistress Mayberry.*

FEATH. Welcome to London, bonny Mistress Kate: thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath passed between thee and I, Kate.

KATE. No matter if he did. He ran away from me, like a base slave as he was, out of Yorkshire, and pretended he would go the Island voyage*: since I ne'er heard of him till within this fortnight. Can the world comdemn me for entertaining a friend, that am used so like an infidel?

FEATH. I think not: but if your husband knew of this, he 'd be divorced.

KATE. He were an ass, then. No wise men should deal by their wives as the sale of ordnance passeth in England: if it break the first discharge, the workman is at the loss of it; if the second, the merchant and the workman jointly; if the third, the merchant: so in our case, if a woman prove false the first year, turn her upon her father's neck; if

* *the Island Voyage.*] Undertaken against Hispaniola, in 1585: the fleet, commanded by Sir Francis Drake, consisted of twenty-one ships, carrying above two thousand volunteers: they took possession of St. Domingo.

the second, turn her home to her father, but allow her a portion; but if she hold pure metal two year and fly to several pieces in the third, repair the ruins of her honesty at your charges. For the best piece of ordnance may be cracked in the casting, and for women to have cracks and flaws, alas! they are born to them. Now, I have held out four year. Doth my husband do any things about London? doth he swagger?

FEATH. O, as tame as a fray in Fleet-street, when there are nobody to part them.

KATE. I ever thought so. We have notable valiant fellows about Doncaster; they 'll give the lie and the stab both in an instant.

FEATH. You like such kind of manhood best, Kate.

KATE. Yes, in troth; for I think any woman that loves her friend had rather have him stand by it than lie by it. But, I pray thee, tell me why must I be quartered at this citizen's garden-house, say you?

FEATH. The discourse of that will set thy blood on fire to be revenged on thy husband's forehead piece.

Enter MISTRESS MAYBERRY *and* BELLAMONT.

MIST. MAY. Will you go in to dinner, sir?

KATE. Will you lead the way, forsooth?

MIST. MAY. No, sweet, forsooth, we 'll follow you. [*Exeunt Kate and Featherstone.*] O Master

Bellamont, as ever you took pity upon the simplicity of a poor abused gentlewoman, will you tell me one thing?

BELL. Anything, sweet Mistress Mayberry.

MIST. MAY. Ay, but will you do it faithfully?

BELL. As I respect your acquaintance, I shall do it.

MIST. MAY. Tell me, then, I beseech you, do not you think this minx is some naughty pack whom my husband hath fallen in love with, and means to keep under my nose at his garden-house*?

BELL. No, upon my life is she not.

MIST. MAY. O, I cannot believe it. I know by her eyes she is not honest. Why should my husband proffer them such kindness, that have abused him and me so intolerable? and will not suffer me to speak—there's the hell on 't—not suffer me to speak?

BELL. Fie, fie! he doth that like a usurer that will use a man with all kindness, that he may be careless of paying his money upon his day, and afterwards take the extremity of the forfeiture. Your jealousy is idle: say this were true; it lies in

* *at his garden-house.*] Garden-houses were used for such purposes: so in the opening of Barry's *Ram-Alley*, 1611;

"what makes he heere,
In the skirts of Holborne, so neere the field,
And at a garden-house, a has some punke
Upon my life."

the bosom of a sweet wife to draw her husband from any loose imperfection, from wenching, from jealousy, from covetousness, from crabbedness, which is the old man's common disease, by her politic yielding. She may do it from crabbedness; for example, I have known as tough blades as any are in England broke upon a feather bed. Come to dinner.

MIST. MAY. I 'll be ruled by you, sir, for you are very like mine uncle.

BELL. Suspicion works more mischief, grows more strong,
To sever chaste beds than apparent wrong.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter DOLL, CHARTLEY, LEVERPOOL, *and* PHILIP.

PHIL. Come, my little punk, with thy two compositors to this unlawful painting-house, thy pounders a' my old poetical dad will be here presently. Take up thy state in this chair, and bear thyself as if thou wert talking to thy 'poticary after the receipt of a purgation: look scurvily upon him; some-

* *wrong.*] The old copy "*wrongs.*"

times be merry, and stand upon thy pantofles, like a new-elected scavenger.

DOLL. And by and by melancholic, like a tilter that hath broke his staves foul before his mistress.

PHIL. Right, for he takes thee to be a woman of a great count. Hark! upon my life he 's come.

[*Hides himself.*

DOLL. See who knocks. [*Exit Leverpool.*] Thou shalt see me make a fool of a poet, that hath made five hundred fools.

Re-enter LEVERPOOL.

LEVER. Please your new ladyship, he 's come.

DOLL. Is he? I should for the more state let him walk some two hours in an outer room: if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of fashion. But come, enter him: stay, when we are in private conference, send in my tailor.

Enter BELLAMONT, *brought in by Leverpool.*

LEVER. Look you, my lady 's asleep: she 'll wake presently.

BELL. I come not to teach a starling, sir; God b' wi' you.

LEVER. Nay, in truth, sir, if my lady should but dream you had been here——

DOLL. Who 's that keeps such a prating?

LEVER. 'Tis I, madam.

DOLL. I 'll have you preferred to be a crier; you

have an excellent throat for 't. Pox a' the poet, is he not come yet?

LEVER. He's here, madam.

DOLL. Cry you mercy: I ha' curst my monkey for shrewd turns a hundred times, and yet I love it never the worse, I protest.

BELL. 'Tis not in fashion, dear lady, to call the breaking out of a gentlewoman's lips, scabs, but the heat of the liver.

DOLL. So sir; if you have a sweet breath, and do not smell of sweaty linen, you may draw nearer, nearer.

BELL. I am no friend to garlick, madam.

DOLL. You write the sweeter verse a great deal, sir. I have heard much good of your wit, master poet; you do many devices for citizen's wives: I care not greatly, because I have a city laundress already, if I get a city poet too: I have such a device for you, and this it is——

Enter TAILOR.

O, welcome, tailor. Do but wait till I despatch my tailor, and I 'll discover my device to you.

BELL. I 'll take my leave of your ladyship.

DOLL. No, I pray thee, stay: I must have you sweat for my device, master poet.

PHIL. He sweats already, believe it.

DOLL. A cup of wine, there! What fashion will make a woman have the best body, tailor?

TAILOR. A short Dutch waist, with a round Catherine-wheel fardingale; a close sleeve with a cartoose* collar, and a pickadell †.

DOLL. And what meat will make a woman have a fine wit, master poet?

BELL. Fowl, madam, is the most light, delicate, and witty feeding.

DOLL. Fowl, sayest thou? I know them that feed of it every meal, and yet are as arrant fools as any are in a kingdom, of my credit. Hast thou done, tailor? [*Exit Tailor.*] Now to discover my device, sir; I 'll drink to you, sir.

PHIL. God's precious! we ne'er thought of her device before; pray God it be anything tolerable.

DOLL. I 'll have you make twelve posies for a dozen of cheese-trenchers ‡.

* *cartoose.*] Qy "*cartouch.*"

† *pickadell.*] Written also, *pickadill* and *pickardill*, was properly an upright collar with stiffened plaits; here it seems to mean a sort of edging to the collar. Some derive the word from *picca* (Span. and Ital.) a spear-head; others, from *picadillo* (Span.) the diminutive of *picado*, meaning any thing pinked like cloth. The street *Piccadilly* is said to have been so called, because Higgins, a tailor, who built part of it, got most of his estate by *pickadills*.

‡ *twelve posies for a dozen of cheese-trenchers.*] Cheese-trenchers, at the time this play was written, used frequently to have posies inscribed on them. In Dekker's *Honest Whore* (part first) 1604, George quotes six lines, "as one of our *Cheese-trenchers* sayes very learnedly.' Sig. H 4. Compare too Middleton;

"*Widow.*

PHIL. O horrible!

BELL. In Welch, madam?

DOLL. Why in Welch, sir?

BELL. Because you will have them served in with your cheese, lady.

DOLL. I will bestow them indeed upon a Welch captain, one that loves cheese better than venison: for if you should but get three or four Cheshire cheeses, and set them a running down Highgate-hill, he would make more haste after them than after the best kennel of hounds in England. What think you of my device?

BELL. 'Fore God, a very strange device and a cunning one.

PHIL. Now he begins to eye the goblet.

BELL. You should be akin to the Bellamonts; you give the same arms, madam.

DOLL. Faith I paid sweetly for the cup, as it may be you and some other gentlemen have done for their arms.

BELL. Ha! the same weight, the same fashion!

"*Widow.* Twelve Trenchers, upon every one a moneth, January, February, March, April—

Pepperton. I, and their Poesies under 'em.

Wid. Pray what says May? she 's the Spring Lady.
Now gallant May, in her array,
Doth make the field pleasant and gay.

Overton. This moneth of June use clarified Whey,
Boil'd with cold herbs, and drink alway."
(But enough of such stuff.)

No wit like a woman's, 1657, p. 36.

I had three nest of them * given me by a nobleman at the christening of my son Philip.

PHIL. [*Discovering himself.*] Your son is come to full age, sir, and hath ta'en possession of the gift of his godfather.

BELL. Ha! thou wilt not kill me?

PHIL. No, sir, I 'll kill no poet, lest his ghost write satires against me.

BELL. What 's she? a good commonwealth's woman, she was born—

PHIL. For her country, and has borne her country.

BELL. Heart of virtue! what make I here?

PHIL. This was the party you railed on. I keep no worse company than yourself, father. You were wont to say, venery is like usury, that it may be allowed though it be not lawful.

BELL. Wherefore come I hither?

DOLL. To make a device for cheese-trenchers.

PHIL. I 'll tell you why I sent for you; for no-

* *three nest of them.*] So in the opening of Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605; "cogging Cocledemoy is runne away with a *neast of goblets*;" and so in Armin's *Two Maides of Moreclacke*, 1609;

> "Place your plate, and pile your vitriall boales
> *Nest* upon *nest*." Sig. H 2.

Mr. Crossley, of Manchester, observes to me that the term *nest of goblets* is still made use of in the West Riding of Yorkshire; a near relative of his possesses one of these *nests*,—a large goblet containing many smaller ones of gradually diminishing sizes, which fit into each other and fill it up.

thing but to shew you that your gravity may be drawn in; white hairs may fall into the company of drabs, as well as red-beards into the society of knaves. Would not this woman deceive a whole camp i' th' Low-countries, and make one commander believe she only kept her cabin for him, and yet quarter twenty more in 't?

Doll. Prithee, poet, what dost thou think of me?

Bell. I think thou art a most admirable, brave, beautiful whore.

Doll. Nay, sir, I was told you would rail: but what do you think of my device, sir? nay, but you are not to depart yet, master poet: wut sup with me? I 'll cashier all my young barnacles, and we 'll talk over a piece of mutton and a partridge wisely.

Bell. Sup with thee, that art a common undertaker! thou that dost promise nothing, but watchet eyes, bumbast calves, and false periwigs!

Doll. Prithee, comb thy beard with a comb of black lead, it may be I shall affect thee.

Bell. O, thy unlucky star! I must take my leave of your worship; I cannot fit your device at this instant. I must desire to borrow a nest of goblets of you. O villany! I would some honest butcher would beg all the queans and knaves i' th' city, and carry them into some other country: they 'd sell better than beeves and calves. What a virtuous city would this be then! marry, I think there would be a few people left in 't. Uds foot, gulled with

cheese-trenchers, and yoked in entertainment with a tailor! good, good. [*Exit.*

PHIL. How doest, Doll?

DOLL. Scurvy, very scurvy.

LEVER. Where shall 's sup, wench?

DOLL. I 'll sup in my bed. Get you home to your lodging, and come when I send for you. O, filthy rogue that I am!

PHIL. How, how, Mistress Dorothy?

DOLL. Saint Antony's fire light in your Spanish slops! uds life, I 'll make you know a difference between my mirth and melancholy, you panderly rogue.

OMNES. We observe your ladyship.

PHIL. The punk 's in her humour, pax *.

[*Exeunt all but Doll.*

DOLL. I 'll humour you, and you pox me. Uds life have I lien with a Spaniard of late, that I have learnt to mingle such water with my Malaga? O,

* *pax.*] For *pox;* it was perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing the word. So Heywood and Brome in *The late Lancashire Witches,* 1634, "*Pax,* I think not on 't,"—Sig. E 3; Brome in the *Joviall Crew,* 1652, "*Pax* o' your fine thing,"—Sig. L; and Middleton, in *Your Five Gallants,* n. d. "*Pax* on 't, we spoile ourselves for want of these things at University,"—Sig. B 4; and again in the same play,—"*Tay.* Agen: *pax* of these dice. *Bu.* 'Tis ill to curse the dead, sir. *Purs.* Mew, where should I wish the pox, but among bones." Sig. D 2. I have cited these passages, because, I believe, none of the annotators who have busied themselves about verbal trifles, have noticed the peculiar spelling of the word.

there 's some scurvy thing or other breeding! How many several loves of players, of vaulters, of lieutenants, have I entertained, besides a runner a' the ropes, and now to let blood when the sign is at the heart! Should I send him a letter with some jewel in't, he would requite it as lawyers do, that return a woodcock pie to their clients, when they send them a bason and a ewer *. I will instantly go and make myself drunk till I have lost my memory. Love † a scoffing poet! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter LEAPFROG *and* SQUIRREL.

LEAP. Now, Squirrel, wilt thou make us acquainted with the jest thou promised to tell us of?

SQUIR. I will discover it, not as a Derbyshire woman discovers her great teeth, in laughter, but softly, as a gentleman courts a wench behind an arras; and this it is. Young Greenshield, thy

* *Should I send him a letter*, &c. . . . . *a bason and a ewer.*] I once imagined that "*a woodcock-pie*" meant here *long bills;* but I now think it is a mere derision, as woodcocks were reckoned foolish birds: when this play was written, *basons* and *ewers* of silver used frequently to be given as presents; "One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of *a silver bason and ewer* to-night." Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, act iii. sc. 1.

† *Love.*] The old copy "*live.*" Since I wrote out this play for the press, I have found that the same alteration was made by Malone in his copy.

master, with Greenshield's sister, lie in my master's garden-house here in Moorfields.

LEAP. Right; what of this?

SQUIR. Marry, sir, if the gentlewoman be not his wife, he commits incest, for I 'm sure he lies with her every night.

LEAP. All this I know; but to the rest.

SQUIR. I will tell thee the most politick trick of a woman that e'er made a man's face look withered and pale, like the tree in Cuckold's-haven* in a

* *the tree in Cuckold's-haven.*] As perhaps this work may be read by some who are unacquainted with the neighbourhood of London, and have never sailed down the Thames to eat white bait at Greenwich, it may be necessary to remark, that a little below Rotherhithe is a spot, close on the river, called Cuckold's Point; it is distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. Tradition says that near this place there lived, in the reign of King John, a miller who had a handsome wife: that his majesty had an intrigue with the fair dame, and gave him, as a compensation, all the land on that side, which he could see from his house, looking down the river; he was to possess it, however, only on the condition of walking on that day (the 18th of October) annually to the farthest bounds of his estate with a pair of buck's horns on his head; that the miller having cleared his eyesight, saw as far as Charlton, and enjoyed the land on the above mentioned terms. (In several books which condescend to notice this story, we are told that the miller lived at Charlton and saw as far as Cuckold's Point; but the version of it which I have given is what the watermen on the Thames even now repeat.) Horn fair is still held at Charlton, on the 18th of October, in commemoration of the event.

In *A Discovery by Sea, &c.* by Taylor, the water-poet, (*Works*, folio, p. 21, 1630,) are the following lines:—

"And

great snow; and this it is. My mistress makes her husband believe that she walks in her sleep a' nights, and to confirm this belief in him, sundry times she hath risen out of her bed, unlocked all the doors, gone from chamber to chamber, opened her chests, toused among her linen, and when he hath waked and missed her, coming to question why she conjured thus at midnight, he hath found her fast asleep: marry, it was cat's sleep, for you shall hear what prey she watched for.

LEAP. Good: forth.

"And passing further, I at first observ'd
That Cuckold's-Haven was but badly serv'd:
For there old Time had such confusion wrought,
That of that Ancient place remained nought.
No monumentall memorable Horne,
Or Tree, or Post, which hath those Trophees borne,
Was left, whereby Posterity may know
Where their forefathers Crests did grow, or show."

"Why then for shame this worthy Port mainetaine,
Lets have our Tree and Horns set up againe;
That Passengers may shew obedience to it,
In putting off their Hats, and homage doe it."

"But holla, Muse, no longer be offended,
'Tis worthily Repair'd, and bravely mended,
For which great meritorious worke, my pen
Shall give the glory unto Greenwitch men,
It was their onely cost, they were the Actors
Without the helpe of other Benefactors,
For which my pen their praysos here adornes,
As they have beautifi'd the Hav'n with Hornes."

The custom here alluded to, of doing homage to the pole horns, is not yet obsolete among the vulgar.

SQUIR. I overheard her last night talking with thy master, and she promised him that as soon as her husband was asleep, she would walk according to her custom, and come to his chamber: marry, she would do it so puritanically, so secretly, I mean, that nobody should hear of it.

LEAP. Is 't possible?

SQUIR. Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witness it.

LEAP. O, intolerable wit! what hold can any man take of a woman's honesty!

SQUIR. Hold! no more hold than of a bull 'nointed with soap, and baited with a shoal of fiddlers in Staffordshire. Stand close; I hear her coming.

Enter KATE.

KATE. What a filthy knave was the shoemaker that made my slippers! what a creaking they keep! O Lord, if there be any power that can make a woman's husband sleep soundly at a pinch, as I have often read in foolish poetry that there is, now, now, and it be thy will, let him dream some fine dream or other, that he 's made a knight or a nobleman, or somewhat, whilst I go and take but two kisses, but two kisses from sweet Featherstone! [*Exit.*

SQUIR. 'Sfoot, he may well dream he 's made a knight, for I 'll be hanged if she do not dub him.

Enter GREENSHIELD.

GREEN. Was there ever any walking spirit like to

my wife! what reason should there be in nature for this? I will question some physician. Nor here neither! Ud's life, I would laugh if she were in Master Featherstone's chamber: she would fright him. Master Featherstone, Master Featherstone!

FEATH. [*within*] Ha! how now, who calls?

GREEN. Did you leave your door open last night?

FEATH. I know not, I think my boy did.

GREEN. God's light, she 's there, then. Will you know the jest, my wife hath her old tricks. I'll hold my life, my wife 's in your chamber: rise out of your bed, and see and you can feel her.

SQUIR. He will feel her, I warrant you.

GREEN. Have you her, sir?

FEATH. Not yet, sir: she 's here, sir.

GREEN. So I said even now to myself, before God, la. Take her up in your arms, and bring her hither softly for fear of waking her. I never knew the like of this, before God, la.

Enter FEATHERSTONE, *and* KATE *in his arms.*

Alas, poor Kate! look, before God, she 's asleep with her eyes open: pretty little rogue: I 'll wake her and make her ashamed of it.

FEATH. O, you 'll make her sicker then.

GREEN. I warrant you. Would all women thought no more hurt than thou dost now, sweet villain! Kate, Kate!

KATE. I longed for the merrythought of a pheasant.

GREEN. She talks in her sleep.

KATE. And the foul-gutted tripe-wife had got it, and eat half of it, and my colour went and came, and my stomach wambled till I was ready to swoon; but a midwife perceived it, and marked which way my eyes went, and helped me to it: but, Lord, how I picked it! 'twas the sweetest meat, methought.

SQUIR. O, politick mistress!

GREEN. Why, Kate, Kate!

KATE. Ha, ha, ha! ay, beshrew your heart. Lord, where am I?

GREEN. I pray thee, be not frighted.

KATE. O, I am sick, I am sick, I am sick! O, how my flesh trembles! O, some of the Angelica water! I shall have the mother presently.

GREEN. Hold down her stomach, good Master Featherstone, while I fetch some. [*Exit.*

FEATH. Well dissembled, Kate.

KATE. Pish, I am like some of your ladies that can be sick when they have no stomach to lie with their husbands.

FEATH. What mischievous fortune is this! We 'll have a journey to Ware, Kate, to redeem this misfortune.

KATE. Well, cheaters do not win always: that woman that will entertain a friend, must as well provide a closet or backdoor for him as a featherbed.

FEATH. By my troth, I pity thy husband.

KATE. Pity him! no man dares call him cuckold,

for he wears sattin: pity him! he that will pull down a man's sign and set up horns, there 's law for him.

FEATH. Be sick again, your husband comes.

Enter GREENSHIELD, *with a broken shin.*

GREEN. I have the worst luck; I think I get more bumps and shrewd turns i' th' dark!—How does she, Master Featherstone?

FEATH. Very ill, sir, she 's troubled with the mother extremely; I held down her belly even now, and I might feel it rise.

KATE. O, lay me in my bed, I beseech you!

GREEN. I will find a remedy for this walking, if all the doctors in town can sell it: a thousand pound to a penny she spoil not her face, or break her neck, or catch a cold that she may ne'er claw off again. How dost, wench?

KATE. A little recovered. Alas, I have so troubled that gentleman!

FEATH. None i' th' world, Kate; may I do you any farther service?

KATE. And I were where I would be, in your bed—pray, pardon me, was 't you, Master Featherstone?—hem, I should be well then.

SQUIR. Mark how she wrings him by the fingers.

KATE. Good night. Pray you, give the gentleman thanks for patience.

GREEN. Good night, sir.

FEATH. You have a shrewd blow; you were best have it searched.

GREEN. A scratch, a scratch.

[*Exeunt Greenshield and Kate.*

FEATH. Let me see, what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth a' town with me? I 'll persuade her husband to take physic, and presently have a letter framed from his father-in-law, to be delivered that morning, for his wife to come and receive some small parcel of money in Enfield-chase, at a keeper's that is her uncle: then, sir, he not being in case to travel, will entreat me to accompany his wife; we 'll lie at Ware all night, and the next morning to London. I 'll go strike a tinder, and frame a letter presently. [*Exit.*

SQUIR. And I 'll take the pains to discover all this to my master, old Mayberry. There hath gone a report a good while my master hath used them kindly, because they have been over familiar with his wife, but I see which way Featherstone looks. Sfoot, there 's ne'er a gentleman of them all shall gull a citizen, and think to go scot free. Though your commons shrink for this, be but secret, and my master shall entertain thee; make thee, instead of handling false dice, finger nothing but gold and silver, wag: an old servingman turns to a young beggar, whereas a young prentice may turn to an old alderman. Wilt be secret?

LEAP. O God, sir, as secret as rushes in an old lady's chamber. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter BELLAMONT, *in his night-cap, with leaves in his hand; his* MAN *after him, with lights, standish, and paper.*

BELL. Sirrah, I 'll speak with none.

SERV. Not a player?

BELL. No, though a sharer bawl;
I 'll speak with none, although it be the mouth
Of the big company; I 'll speak with none: away.
[*Exit Servingman.*
Why should not I be an excellent statesman? I can in the writing of a tragedy make Cæsar speak better than ever his ambition could; when I write of Pompey, I have Pompey's soul within me; and when I personate a worthy poet, I am then truly myself, a poor unpreferred scholar.

Enter SERVINGMAN, *hastily.*

SERV. Here 's a swaggering fellow, sir, that speaks not like a man of God's making, swears he must speak with you, and will speak with you.

BELL. Not of God's making! what is he? a cuckold?

SERV. He 's a gentleman, sir, by his clothes.

BELL. Enter him and his clothes: [*Exit Servingman*] clothes sometimes are better gentlemen than their masters.

Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS *and the* SERVINGMAN.

Is this he? seek you me, sir?

CAPT. JEN. I seek, sir, God pless you, for a sentleman, that talks besides to himself when he 's alone, as if he were in Bedlam, and he 's a poet.

BELL. So sir, it may be you seek me, for I 'm sometimes out a' my wits.

CAPT. JEN. You are a poet, sir, are you?

BELL. I 'm haunted with a fury, sir.

CAPT. JEN. Pray, master poet, shoot off this little pot-gun, and I will conjure your fury: 'tis well say* you, sir. My desires are to have some amiable and amorous sonnet or madrigal composed by your fury, see you.

BELL. Are you a lover, sir, of the nine muses?

CAPT. JEN. Ow, by gad, out a'cry.†

BELL. Y' are, then, a scholar, sir?

CAPT. JEN. I ha' picked up my cromes in Sesus College, in Oxford, one day a gad while ago.

BELL. Y' are welcome, y' are very welcome. I 'll borrow your judgment: look you, sir, I 'm writing a tragedy, the tragedy of young Astyanax.

* *say.*] The old copy, "*lay.*"

† *out a' cry.*] i. e. out of measure. Malone (note on *As you like it*, act iii. sc. 2) thinks it alludes to the custom of giving notice by a crier of things to be sold: I rather believe it is derived from the circumstance of a person being so far distant as to be unable to hear another person crying after him. *Out of all ho*, and *out of all whooping* seem to have the same meaning.

CAPT. JEN. Styanax' tragedy! is he living, can you tell? was not Styanax a Monmouth man?

BELL. O, no, sir, you mistake, he was a Troyan, great Hector's son.

CAPT. JEN. Hector was grannam to Cadwallader; when she was great with child, God udge me, there was one young Styanan of Monmouthshire was a madder Greek as any is in all England.

BELL. This was not he, assure ye. Look you, sir, I will have this tragedy presented in the French court by French gallants.

CAPT. JEN. By God, your Frenchmen will do a tragedy enterlude poggy well.

BELL. It shall be, sir, at the marriages of the Duke of Orleans, and Chatillon, the admiral of France; the stage——

CAPT. JEN. Ud's blood, does Orleans marry with the admiral of France, now?

BELL. O, sir, no, they are two several marriages. As I was saying, the stage hung all with black velvet, and while 'tis acted, myself will stand behind the Duke of Biron, or some other chief minion or so, who shall, ay, they shall take some occasion about the music of the fourth act to step to the French king, and say, *Sire, voila, il est votre tres humble serviteur, le plus sage et divin esprit, Monsieur Bellamont*, all in French thus, pointing at me, or, *yon is the learned old English gentleman, Master Bellamont, a very worthy man to be one of your privy chamber, or poet laureat.*

CAPT. JEN. But are you sure Duke Pepper-noon will give you such good urds behind your back, to your face?

BELL. O, ay, ay, ay, man; he 's the only courtier that I know there: but what do you think that I may come to by this?

CAPT. JEN. God udge me, all France may hap die in your debt for this.

BELL. I am now writing the description of his death.

CAPT. JEN. Did he die in his ped?

BELL. You shall hear. *Suspicion is the minion of great hearts*—no, I will not begin there. Imagine a great man were to be executed about the seventh hour in a gloomy morning.

CAPT. JEN. As it might be Sampson, or so, or great Golias that was killed by my countryman?

BELL. Right, sir: thus I express it in young Astyanax;

Now the wild people, greedy of their griefs,
Longing to see that which their thoughts abhorr'd,
Prevented day, and rode on their own roofs.

CAPT. JEN. Could the little horse that ambled on the top of Paul's* carry all the people? else how could they ride on the roofs?

* *the little horse that ambled on the top of Paul's.*] Bankes' famous horse, called Marocco (with which learned animal the commentators on our old poets have made their readers so familiar), is said, among other feats, to have mounted to the top of St. Paul's church.

BELL. O, sir, 'tis a figure in poetry: mark how 'tis followed—

rode on their own roofs,
Making all neighbouring houses til'd with men.

Til'd with men! is 't not good?

CAPT. JEN. By Sesu, and it were tiled all with naked imen 'twere better.

BELL. You shall hear no more; pick your ears, they are foul, sir. What are you, sir, pray?

CAPT. JEN. A captain, sir, and a follower of god Mars.

BELL. Mars, Bacchus, and I love Apollo: a captain! then I pardon you, sir; and, captain, what would you press me for?

CAPT. JEN. For a witty ditty to a sentloman that I am fallen in withal, over head and ears in affections and natural desires.

BELL. An acrostic were good upon her name, methinks.

CAPT. JEN. Cross sticks! I would not be too cross, master poet; yet, if it be best to bring her name in question, her name is Mistress Dorothy Hornet.

BELL. The very consumption that wastes my son, and the ay me that hung lately upon me! Do you love this Mistress Dorothy?

CAPT. JEN. Love her! there is no captain's wife in England can have more love put upon her; and yet, I'm sure, captains' wives have their pellies-full of good men's loves.

BELL. And does she love you? has there passed any great matter between you?

CAPT. JEN. As great a matter as a whole coach and a horse and his wife are gone to and fro between us.

BELL. Is she—i' faith, captain, be valiant and tell truth—is she honest?

CAPT. JEN. Honest! God udge me, she 's as honest as a punck that cannot abide fornication and lechery.

BELL. Look you, captain, I'll shew you why I ask; I hope you think my wenching days are past, yet, sir, here 's a letter that her father brought me from her, and inforced me to take, this very day.

Enter a SERVANT, *and whispers Bellamont.*

CAPT. JEN. 'Tis for some love-song to send to me, I hold my life.

BELL. This falls out pat: my man tells me the party is at my door; shall she come in, captain?

CAPT. JEN. O, ay, ay, put her in, put her in, I pray now. [*Exit Servant.*

BELL. The letter says here that she 's exceeding sick, and entreats me to visit her. Captain, lie you in ambush, behind the hangings, and perhaps you shall hear the piece of a comedy: she comes, she comes, make yourself away.

CAPT. JEN. Does the poet play Torkin, and cast my Lucræsie's water too in hugger muggers? if he

do, Styanax' tragedy was never so horrible bloody-minded as his comedy shall be. Taw a son*, Captain Jenkins. [*Hides himself.*

Enter Doll.

Doll. Now, master poet, I sent for you.

Bell. And I came once at your ladyship's call.

Doll. My ladyship and your lordship lie both in one manor: you have conjured up a sweet spirit in me, have you not, rhymer?

Bell. Why, Medea, what spirit? Would I were a young man, for thy sake!

Doll. So would I, for then thou couldst do me no hurt; now, thou doest.

Bell. If I were a younker, it would be no immodesty in me to be seen in thy company; but to have snow in the lap of June, vile, vile! Yet come, garlick has a white head and a green stalk† ; then why should not I? Let 's be merry: what says the devil to all the world, for I 'm sure thou art carnally possessed with him?

Doll. Thou hast a filthy foot, a very filthy carrier's foot.

* *Taw a son.*] i. e. hold your tongue.

† *garlick has a white head, and a green stalk.*] So in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616; "I 'm like a leeke, though I have a gray head, I have a greene" &c. Sig. G 2. And so in various old plays and poems, Chaucer's *Reve's Prologue*, &c. This piece of wit may be traced to Boccaccio; "E quagli che contro alla mia età parlando vanno, mostra mal che conoscano che, *percke il porro abbia*

BELL. A filthy shoe, but a fine foot: I stand not upon my foot, I.

abbia il capo bianco, che la coda sia verde." *Decamerone.*—Introduction to Giornata quarta.

Having quoted *The Honest Lawyer*, I cannot refrain from pointing out the resemblance between a passage in it, and one in *The Widow*, a joint production of Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton;

" *Gripe.* The stone, the stone, I am pittifully grip'd with the stone. . . . .

Valentine. Sir, the disease is somewhat dangerous.

. . . . . .

I must awhile withdraw to study, Sir.
Now am I puzzled: bloud, what medicine
Should I devise to do 't? It must be violent.
Give him some Aqua-fortis; that would speed him.
Let's see. Me thinks, a little Gun-powder
Should have some strange relation to this fit.
I have seen Gun-powder oft drive out stones
From Forts and Castle-walls," &c.

The Honest Lawyer. Written by S. S. 1616, Sig F 2.

" *Occulto.* I warrant you: your name 's spread, Sir, for an Emperick.
There 's an old Mason troubled with the Stone
Has sent to you this morning for your counsell,
He would have ease fain.

. . . . . .

Latrocinio. Le' me see, ile send him a whole Musket-charge of Gunpowder.

Occulto. Gun-powder? what sir, to break the stone?

Latrocinio. I by my faith, sir.
It is the likeliest thing I know to do 't.
I 'm sure it breaks stone-walls and Castles down,
I see no reason, but 't should break the stone."

The Widow (first printed in 1652) act iv. sc. 2, p. 42.

CAPT. JEN. What stands he upon, then, with a pox, God bless us?

DOLL. A leg and a calf! I have had better of a butcher forty times for carrying a body; not worth begging by a barber-surgeon.

BELL. Very good; you draw me and quarter me, fates keep me from hanging!

DOLL. And which most turns up a woman's stomach, thou art an old hoary man; thou hast gone over the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a grave: what do I see then in that withered face of thine?

BELL. Wrinkles, gravity.

DOLL. Wretchedness, grief: old fellow, thou hast bewitched me, I can neither eat for thee nor sleep for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee.

CAPT. JEN. Uds blood, I did never see a white flea before. I will cling you.

DOLL. I was born sure in the dog-days, I 'm so unlucky: I, in whom neither a flaxen hair, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spanish hose, youth nor personage, rich face nor money, could ever breed a true love to any, ever to any man, am now besotted, doat, am mad, for the carcase of a man; and, as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a death's head *.

* *as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a death's head.*] The bawds of those days, probably from an affectation of piety, ed to wear rings with death's heads on them, as several pas-es from old writers might be adduced to shew.

But

CAPT. JEN. Sesu, are imen so arsy varsy!

BELL. Mad for me! why, if the worm of lust were wriggling within me as it does in others, dost think I' d crawl upon thee? would I low after thee, that art a common calf-bearer?

DOLL. I confess it.

CAPT. JEN. Do you? are you a town-cow, and confess you bear calves?

DOLL. I confess I have been an inn for any guest.

CAPT. JEN. A pogs a' your stable room! is your inn a bawdy-house, now?

DOLL. I confess, (for I ha' been taught to hide nothing from my surgeon, and thou art he,) I confess that old stinking surgeon like thyself, whom I call father, that Hornet, never sweat for me; I 'm none of his making.

CAPT. JEN. You lie, he makes you a punk, Hornet minor.

DOLL. He 's but a cheater, and I the false die he plays withal. I pour all my poison out before thee, because hereafter I will be clean. Shun me not,

But the wearing of such rings was not confined to those motherly gentlewomen: "the olde Countesse spying on the finger of Seignior Cosimo *a Ring with a Death's head ingraven*, circled with this Posie, Gressus ad vitam, demaunded whether hee adorde the Signet for profit or pleasure: Seignior Cosimo speaking in truth as his conscience wild him, told her, that it was a favour which a Gentlewoman had bestowed upon him, and that onely hee wore it for her sake." Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, Sig. B 2, ed. 1617.

loath me not, mock me not. Plagues confound thee, I hate thee to the pit of hell, yet if thou goest thither, I 'll follow thee, run, ay*, do what thou canst, I 'll run and ride over the world after thee.

CAPT. JEN. Cockatrice!—You, Mistress Salamanders, that fear no burning, let my mare and my mare's horse, and my coach, come running home again, and run to an hospital and your surgeons, and to knaves and panders, and to the tivel and his tame too.

DOLL. Fiend, art thou raised to torment me?

BELL. She loves you, Captain, honestly.

CAPT. JEN. I 'll have any man, oman, or cild, by his ears, that says a common drab can love a sentleman honestly. I will sell my coach for a cart to have you to punk's hall, Pridewell. I sarge you in Apollo's name, whom you belong to, see her forthcoming, till I come and tiggle her by and by. 'S blood, I was never cozened with a more rascal piece of mutton, since I came out a' the Lawer Countries. [*Exit.*

BELL. My doors are open for thee: begone, woman.

DOLL. This goat's-pizzle of thine—

BELL. Away! I love no such implements in my house.

DOLL. Doest not? am I but an implement? By all the maidenheads that are lost in London in a year, (and that 's a great oath,) for this trick, other

* *ay.*] The old copy "*ayde.*"

manner of women than myself shall come to this house only to laugh at thee; and if thou wouldest labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do withal *.

[*Exit.*

Enter SERVANT.

BELL. Is this my poetical fury!—How now, sir?

SERV. Master Mayberry and his wife, sir, i' th' next room.

BELL. What are they doing, sir?

SERV. Nothing, sir, that I see; but only would speak with you.

BELL. Enter 'em.—[*Exit Servant.*]—This house will be too hot for me: if this wench cast me into these sweats, I must shift myself for pure necessity. Haunted with sprites in my old days!

Enter MAYBERRY, *booted, and* MISTRESS MAYBERRY.

MAY. A comedy! a Canterbury Tale smells not half so sweet as the comedy I have for thee, old poet: thou shalt write upon 't, poet.

BELL. Nay, I will write upon 't if 't be a comedy, for I have been at a most villanous female tragedy: come, the plot, the plot.

MAY. Let your man give you the boots presently:

* *thou shalt not do withal.*] *i. e.* thou shalt not be able to help it. "It is my infirmity, and I cannot *doe withall*, to die for 't." Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611, Sig. A 4. "Beare witnes my masters, if hee dye of a surfet, I cannot *doe withall*, it is his owne seeking, not mine." Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-walden*, ed. 1596, Sig. G 4.

the plot lies in Ware, my white * poet. Wife, thou and I this night will have mad sport in Ware; mark me well, wife, in Ware.

MIST. MAY. At your pleasure, sir.

MAY. Nay, it shall be at your pleasure, wife. Look you, sir, look you: Featherstone's boy, like an honest crack-halter, laid open all to one of my prentices, for boys, you know, like women, love to be doing.

BELL. Very good: to the plot.

MAY. Featherstone, like a crafty mutton-monger, persuades Greenshield to be run through the body.

BELL. Strange, through the body!

MAY. Ay, man, to take physic: he does so, he's put to his purgation. Then, sir, what does me Featherstone but counterfeits a letter from an innkeeper of Doncaster, to fetch Greenshield (who is needy, you know) to a keeper's lodge in Enfield-chase, a certain uncle, where Greenshield should receive money due to him in behalf of his wife.

BELL. His wife! is Greenshield married? I have heard him swear he was a bachelor.

MIST. MAY. So have I, a hundred times.

* *white.*] Was employed formerly as an epithet to express fondness: "*white* boy," "*white* son," and "*white* girl," occur frequently in our old writers. I do not remember to have found it in any author after the time of poor mad Lee, who uses it in a strange passage of the Dedication of his *Rival Queens*, to the Earl of Mulgrave.

But as Mayberry a little after calls Bellamont "my little hoary poet," it is possible that "*white*" in the present passage may mean *hoary*.

MAY. The knave has more wives than the Turk; he has a wife almost in every shire in England: this parcel gentlewoman is that innkeeper's daughter of Doncaster.

BELL. Hath she the entertainment of her forefathers? will she keep all comers company?

MAY. She helps to pass away stale capons, sour wine, and musty provender. But to the purpose: this train was laid by the baggage herself, and Featherstone, who it seems makes her husband a unicorn; and to give fire to 't, Greenshield, like an arrant wittol, entreats his friend to ride before his wife and fetch the money, because, taking bitter pills, he should prove but a loose fellow if he went, and so durst not go.

BELL. And so the poor stag is to be hunted in Enfield-chase.

MAY. No, sir; master poet, there you miss the plot. Featherstone and my lady Greenshield are rid to batter away their light commodities in Ware; Enfield-chase is too cold for 'em.

BELL. In Ware!

MAY. In dirty Ware. I forget myself. Wife, on with your riding-suit, and cry *Northward ho!* as the boy at Paul's says*: let my prentice get up be-

* *cry Northward ho! as the boy at Paul's says.*] I presume Paul's Wharf is meant: "Paul's *Wharf*, or *St. Benets Paul's Wharf*, a noted Stairs for Watermen."

Stow's *Survey of London, &c.* B iii. p. 229, ed. 1720.

"I 'le *take water at Pauls-wharfe* and overtake you."

Middleton's *Chast Mayd in Cheapeside*, 1630, Sig. H 3.

fore thee, and man thee to Ware; lodge in the inn I told thee; spur, cut, and away.

MIST. MAY. Well, sir. [*Exit.*

BELL. Stay, stay; what 's the bottom of this riddle? why send you her away?

MAY. For a thing, my little hoary poet. Look thee, I smelt out my noble stinker Greenshield in his chamber, and as though my heart-strings had been cracked, I wept and sighed, and thumped and thumped, and raved and randed and railed, and told him how my wife was now grown as common as baibery*, and that she had hired her tailor to ride with her to Ware, to meet a gentleman of the court.

BELL. Good; and how took he this drench down?

MAY. Like eggs and muscadine, at a gulp. He cries out presently, did not I tell you, old man, that she 'd win my game when she came to bearing? he rails upon her, wills me to take her in the act, to put her to her white sheet, to be divorced, and for all his guts are not fully scoured by his pothecary, he 's pulling on his boots, and will ride along with us. Let 's muster as many as we can.

BELL. It will be excellent sport, to see him and his own wife meet in Ware, will 't not? Ay, ay, we 'll have a whole regiment of horse with us.

MAY. I stand upon thorns till I shake him by th' horns. Come, boots, boy! we must gallop all the

* *baibery.*] *Babery* means finery fit to please a babe; but qy. "*bribery.*"

way, for the sin, you know, is done with turning up the white of an eye: will you join your forces?

BELL. Like a Hollander against a Dunkirk.

MAY. March then. This curse is on all lechers thrown,
They give horns, and at last horns are their own.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS *and* ALLUM.

CAPT. JEN. Set the best of your little diminutive legs before, and ride post, I pray.

ALLUM. Is it possible that Mistress Doll should be so bad?

CAPT. JEN. Possible! 'sblood, 'tis more easy for an oman to be naught, than for a soldier to beg, and that 's horrible easy you know.

ALLUM. Ay, but to coneycatch us all so grossly!

CAPT. JEN. Your Norfolk tumblers are but zanies to coneycatching punks.

ALLUM. She gelded my purse of fifty pounds in ready money.

CAPT. JEN. I will geld all the horses in five hundred shires but I will ride over her and her cheaters, and her Hornets. She made a stark ass of my coach-horse; and there is a putter-box whom she spread thick upon her white bread, and eat him up; I think she has sent the poor fellow to Gelder-land: but I will marse pravely in and out, and pack again, upon all the low countries in Christendom, as Hol-

land and Zealand and Netherland, and Cleveland too; and I will be drunk and cast with Master Hans Van Belch but I will smell him out.

ALLUM. Do so, and we'll draw all our arrows of revenge up to the head but we 'll hit her for her villany.

CAPT. JEN. I will traw as petter and as urse weapons as arrows up to the head, lug you; it shall be warrants to give her the whip-deedle.

ALLUM. But now she knows she 's discovered, she 'll take her bells* and fly out of our reach.

CAPT. JEN. Fly with her pells! ounds, I know a parish that sal tag down all the pells and sell 'em to Captain Jenkins, to do him good; and if pell will fly, we 'll fly too, unless the pell-ropes hang us. Will you amble up and down to master Justice by my side, to have this rascal Hornet in corum, and so to make her hold her whore's peace?

ALLUM. I 'll amble or trot with you, captain. You told me she threatened her champions should cut for her: if so, we may have the peace of her.

CAPT. JEN. O mon dieu! Duw gwyn!† Follow your leader. Jenkins shall cut and slice as worse as they: come, I scorn to have any peace of her or of any oman‡, but open wars. [*Exeunt.*

* *take her bells, &c.*] i. e. like a falcon.

† *Duw gwyn.*] i. e. white God: the old copy "*u dguin.*"

‡ *oman.*] The old copy, "*onam.*"

SCENE III.

Enter BELLAMONT, MAYBERRY, GREENSHIELD, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, *and* CHARTLEY, *all booted.*

BELL. What, will these young gentlemen to help us to catch this fresh salmon, ha? Philip, are they thy friends?

PHIL. Yes, sir.

BELL. We are beholding to you gentlemen that you 'll fill our consort; I ha'* seen your faces methinks before, and I cannot inform myself where.

LEVER. }
CHART. } May be so, sir,

BELL. Shall 's to horse? here 's a tickler: heigh, to horse!

MAY. Come, switch, and spurs! let 's mount our chevals: merry, quoth a.'

BELL. Gentlemen, shall I shoot a fool's bolt out among you all, because we 'll be sure to be merry?

OMNES. What is 't?

BELL. For mirth on the highway will make us rid ground† faster than if thieves were at our tails.

* *ha'*] The old copy "*ho.*"

† *rid ground.*] i. e. get over ground: the expression is now, I believe, obsolete; and I was surprised to find it used so recently as in a letter from Richardson, the novelist, to Lady Bradshaigh; "a regular even pace, stealing away ground, rather than seeming to *rid it.*" *Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 291.

What say ye to this? let 's all practise jests one against another, and he that has the best jest thrown upon him, and is most galled, between our riding forth and coming in, shall bear the charge of the whole journey.

OMNES. Content, i' faith.

BELL. We shall fit one a' you with a coxcomb at Ware, I believe.

MAY. Peace.

GREEN. Is 't a bargain?

OMNES. And hands clapt upon it.

BELL. Stay, yonder 's the Dolphin without Bishop's-gate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and we are going past it. Come, cross over: and what place is this?

MAY. Bedlam, is 't not?

BELL. Where the madmen are: I never was amongst them: as you love me, gentlemen, let 's see what Greeks are within.

GREEN. We shall stay too long.

BELL. Not a whit: Ware will stay for our coming, I warrant you. Come, a spurt and away! let 's be mad once in our days. This is the door.

Enter FULLMOON.

MAY. Save you, sir: may we see some a' your mad folks? do you keep 'em?

FULL. Yes.

BELL. Pray, bestow your name, sir, upon us.

FULL. My name is Fullmoon.

BELL. You well deserve this office, good Master Fullmoon: and what madcaps have you in your house?

FULL. Divers.

Enter the MUSICIAN.*

MAY. Gods so, see, see! what 's he walks yonder? is he mad?

FULL. That 's a musician: yes, he 's besides himself.

BELL. A musician! how fell he mad, for God's sake?

FULL. For love of an Italian dwarf.

BELL. Has he been in Italy, then?

FULL. Yes, and speaks, they say, all manner of languages.

Enter the BAWD.

OMNES. God's so, look, look! what 's she?

BELL. The dancing bear, a pretty well-favoured little woman.

FULL. They say, but I know not, that she was a bawd, and was frighted out of her wits by fire.

BELL. May we talk with 'em, Master Fullmoon?

FULL. Yes, and you will. I must look about, for I have unruly tenants. [*Exit.*

BELL. What have you in this paper, honest friend?

* *the Musician.*] The old copy, by a misprint, "*Phisition.*"

GREEN. Is this he has all manner of languages, yet speaks none?

BAWD. How do you, Sir Andrew? will you send for some aqua-vitæ for me? I have had no drink never since the last great rain that fell.

BELL. No! that 's a lie.

BAWD. Nay, by gad then you lie, for all y' are Sir Andrew. I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage*, not an inch broad at the heel, and yet thus high: I scorned, I can tell you, to be drunk with rain-water then, sir, in those golden and silver days; I had sweet bits then, Sir Andrew. How do you, good brother Timothy?

BELL. You have been in much trouble since that voyage?

BAWD. Never in Bridewell, I protest, as I 'm a virgin, for I could never abide that Bridewell, I protest. I was once sick, and I took my water in a basket, and carried it to a doctor's.

PHILIP. In a basket!

BAWD. Yes, sir: you arrant fool, there was a urinal in it.

PHILIP. I cry you mercy.

* *Portingal voyage.*] The *Portugal voyage* was the expedition in 1589, consisting of one hundred and eighty vessels, and twenty-one thousand men, commanded by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris: it is generally said to have been undertaken for the purpose of seating Antonio on the throne of Portugal, but the brave volunteers who composed it were most probably excited to the enterprise by the wish of revenging themselves on Spain, and by the hopes of gain and glory.

BAWD. The doctor told me I was with child. How many lords, knights, gentlemen, citizens, and others, promised me to be godfathers to that child! 'twas not God's will: the prentices made a riot upon my glass windows, the Shrove-Tuesday following*, and I miscarried.

OMNES. O, do not weep!

BAWD. I ha' cause to weep: I trust gentlewomen their diet sometimes a fortnight, lend gentlemen holland shirts, and they sweat 'em out at tennis, and no restitution, and no restitution. But I 'll take a new order: I will have but six stewed prunes in a dish and some of Mother Wall's cakes†; for my best customers are tailors.

OMNES. Tailors! ha, ha!

BAWD. Ay, tailors: give me your London prentice; your country gentlemen are grown too politick.

* *the prentices made a riot upon my glass windows, the Shrove-Tuesday following.*] Shrove-Tuesday was a holiday for apprentices, during which they used to be exceedingly riotous, and to attempt to demolish houses of bad fame:

> "It was the day of all dayes in the yeare,
> That unto Bacchus hath his dedication,
> *When mad braynd Prentisee*, that no men feare,
> *O'rethrow the dens of bawdie recreation.*"
>
> *Pasquils Palinodia*, 1634, Sig. D.

† *Mother Wall's cakes.*] I learn where this dame resided from the following passage of Haughton's *English-men for my money*, 1616, "I have the scent of London-stone as full in my nose, as Abchurch-lane of *mother Walles* Pasties." Sig. G.

Bell. But what say you to such young gentlemen as these are?

Bawd. Foh! they, as soon as they come to their lands, get up to London, and like squibs that run upon lines*, they keep a spitting of fire and cracking till they ha' spent all; and when my squib is out, what says his punk? foh, he stinks!

(*Sings.*)

Methought this other night I saw a pretty sight
Which pleased me much,
A comely country maid, not squeamish nor afraid
To let gentlemen touch:
I sold her maidenhead once, and I sold her maidenhead twice,
And I sold it last to an alderman of York,
And then I had sold it thrice.

Must†. You sing scurvily.

* *like squibs that run upon lines, &c.*] So Marston, in his *Parasitaster, or the Fawne*, 1606;

"*Page.* There be squibs, sir, which squibs running upon lines, like some of our gawdie Gallants, sir, keepe a smother, sir, with flishing and flashing, and in the end, sir, they doe, sir——

Nymphadoro. What, sir?

Page. Stink, sir." Sig. B.

In *A Rich Cabinet, with Variety of Inventions*, &c., 1651, by J. White, are instructions "How to make your fireworks to run upon a line backward and forward." Sig. I 2.

† *Musician.*] Before the preceding song in the old copy is a stage-direction, *Enter the Musition*, but he had not quitted the scene.

BAWD. Marry, muff, sing thou better, for I'll go sleep my old sleeps. [*Exit.*

BELL. What are you adoing, my friend?

MUS. Pricking, pricking.

BELL. What do you mean by pricking?

MUS. A gentleman-like quality.

BELL. This fellow is somewhat prouder and sullener than the other.

MAY. O, so be most of your musicians.

MUS. Are my teeth rotten?

OMNES. No, sir.

MUS. Then I am no comfit-maker, nor vintner: I do not get wenches in my drink. Are you a musician?

BELL. Yes.

MUS. We 'll be sworn brothers, then, look you, sweet rogue.

GREEN. God 's so, now I think upon 't, a jest is crept into my head: steal away, if you love me.

[*Exeunt Greenshield, Mayberry, Philip, Leverpool, and Chartley. Musician sings.*

MUS. Was ever any merchant's band set better? I set it. Walk, I'm a cold: this white satin is too thin unless it be cut, for then the sun enters. Can you speak Italian too? sapete Italiano?

BELL. Un poco.

MUS. 'Sblood, if it be in you, I 'll poke it out of you: un poco! Come, march! lie here with me but till the fall of the leaf, and if you have but poco

Italiano in you, I 'll fill you full of more poco: march.

BELL. Come on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MAYBERRY, GREENSHIELD, PHILIP, FULLMOON, LEVERPOOL, *and* CHARTLEY.

GREEN. Good Master Mayberry, Philip, if you be kind gentlemen, uphold the jest: your whole voyage is paid for.

MAY. Follow it, then.

FULL. The old gentleman, say you? why, he talked even now as well in his wits as I do myself, and looked as wisely.

GREEN. No matter how he talks, but his pericranion's perished.

FULL. Where is he, pray?

PHILIP. Marry, with the musician, and is madder by this time.

CHART. He's an excellent musician himself, you must note that.

MAY. And having met one fit for his own tooth, you see, he skips from us.

GREEN. The troth is, Master Fullmoon, divers trains have been laid to bring him hither without gaping of people, and never any took effect till now.

FULL. How fell he mad?

GREEN. For a woman, look you, sir. Here 's a crown, to provide his supper. He 's a gentleman of

a very good house: you shall be paid well if you convert him. To-morrow morning bedding and a gown shall be sent in, and wood and coal.

FULL. Nay, sir, he must ha' no fire.

GREEN. No? why, look what straw you buy for him shall return you a whole harvest.

OMNES. Let his straw be fresh and sweet, we beseech you, sir.

GREEN. Get a couple of your sturdiest fellows, and bind him, I pray, whilst we slip out of his sight.

FULL. I 'll hamper him, I warrant, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

OMNES. Excellent.

MAY. But how will my noble poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus?

OMNES. Foh, 'tis but a jest. He comes.

Enter the MUSICIAN *and* BELLAMONT.

BELL. Perdonate mi, si io dimando del vostro nome.—O, whither shrunk you? I have had such a mad dialogue here.

OMNES. We ha' been with the other mad folks.

MAY. And what says he and his prick-song?

BELL. We were up to the ears in Italian i' faith.

OMNES. In Italian! O good Master Bellamont, let 's hear him.

Enter FULLMOON *and two* KEEPERS: *they lay hold on Bellamont, while Mayberry, Greenshield, Philip, Leverpool and Chartley steal away.*

BELL. How now! 'sdeath, what do you mean? are you mad?

FULL. Away, sirrah.—Bind him; hold fast.—You want a wench, sirrah, do you?

BELL. What wench? will you take mine arms from me, being no heralds? let go, you dogs.

FULL. Bind him.—Be quiet: come, come, dogs! fie, and a gentleman.

BELL. Master Mayberry, Philip, Master Mayberry, uds foot!

FULL. I 'll bring you a wench: are you mad for a wench?

BELL. I hold my life my comrades have put this fool's cap upon thy head, to gull me: I smell it now. Why, do you hear, Fullmoon, let me loose, for I 'm not mad; I 'm not mad, by Jesu.

FULL. Ask the gentlemen that.

BELL. By th' Lord I 'm as well in my wits as any man i' th' house, and this is a trick put upon thee by these gallants in pure knavery.

FULL. I 'll try that; answer me to this question—loose his arms a little—look you, sir; three geese nine pence, every goose three pence, what 's that a goose, roundly, roundly, one with another?

BELL. 'Sfoot, do you bring your geese for me to cut up? [*Strikes him soundly, and kicks him.*

Enter MAYBERRY, GREENSHIELD, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, *and* CHARTLEY.

OMNES. Hold, hold!—Bind him, Master Fullmoon.

FULL. Bind him you: he has paid me all. I 'll have none of his bonds, not I, unless I could recover them better.

GREEN. Have I given it you, master poet? did the lime-bush take?

MAY. It was his warrant sent thee to Bedlam, old Jack Bellamont: and, Master Full-i'-th'-moon our warrant discharges him. Poet, we 'll all ride upon thee to Ware, and back again, I fear, to thy cost.

BELL. If you do, I must bear you. Thank you, Master Greenshield, I will not die in your debt. Farewell, you mad rascals. To horse, come. 'Tis well done, 'twas well done. You may laugh, you shall laugh, gentlemen. If the gudgeon had been swallowed by one of you it had been vile, but by gad 'tis nothing, for your best poets, indeed, are mad for the most part. Farewell, goodman Fullmoon.

FULL. Pray, gentlemen, if you come by, call in.

[*Exit.*

BELL. Yes, yes, when they are mad. Horse yourselves now, if you be men.

MAY. He gallop must that after women rides;
Get our wives out of town, they take long strides.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter MAYBERRY *and* BELLAMONT.

MAY. But why have you brought us to the wrong inn, and withal possessed Greenshield that my wife is not in town, when my project was, that I would have brought him up into the chamber where young Featherstone and his wife lay, and so all his artillery should have recoiled into his own bosom?

BELL. O, it will fall out far better: you shall see my revenge will have a more neat and unexpected conveyance. He hath been all up and down the town to enquire for a Londoner's wife: none such is to be found, for I have mewed your wife up already. Marry, he hears of a Yorkshire gentlewoman at next inn, and that 's all the commodity Ware affords at this instant. Now, sir, he very politickly imagines that your wife is rode to Puckeridge, five mile further, for, saith he, in such a town where hosts will be familiar, and tapsters saucy, and chamberlains worse than thieves' intelligencers, they 'll never put foot out of stirrup; either at Puckeridge or Wade's-Mill, saith he, you shall find them; and because our horses are weary, he 's gone to take up post-horse. My counsel is only this,—when he comes in, feign yourself very melancholy, swear you will ride no farther; and this is your part of

the comedy: the sequel of the jest shall come like money borrowed of a courtier, and paid within the day, a thing strange and unexpected.

MAY. Enough, I ha 't.

BELL. He comes.

Enter GREENSHIELD.

GREEN. Come, gallants, the post-horse are ready; 'tis but a quarter of an hour's riding; we 'll ferret them and firk them, in faith.

BELL. Are they grown politick? when do you see honesty covet corners, or a gentleman that 's no thief lie in the inn of a carrier?

MAY. Nothing hath undone my wife but too much riding.

BELL. She was a pretty piece of a poet indeed, and in her discourse would, as many of your goldsmiths' wives do, draw her simile from precious stones so wittily, as redder than your ruby, harder than your diamond, and so from stone to stone in less time than a man can draw on a strait boot, as if she had been an excellent lapidary.

GREEN. Come, will you to horse, sir?

MAY. No, let her go to the devil and she will: I 'll not stir a foot further.

GREEN. God 's precious, is 't come to this? Persuade him, as you are a gentleman: there will be ballads made of him, and the burthen thereof will be,—

If you had rode out five mile forward,
He had found the fatal house of Brainford northward,
O hone, hone, hone, O nonero.

BELL. You are merry, sir.

GREEN. Like your citizen, I never think of my debts, when I am a horseback.

BELL. You imagine you are riding from your creditors.

GREEN. Good in faith. Will you to horse?

MAY. I 'll ride no further. [*Exit.*

GREEN. Then I 'll discharge the postmaster. Was 't not a pretty wit of mine, master poet, to have had him rode into Puckeridge with a horn before him? ha, was 't not?

BELL. Good sooth, excellent: I was dull in apprehending it. But come, since we must stay, we 'll be merry. Chamberlain, call in the music, bid the tapsters and maids come up and dance: what! we 'll make a night of it.

Enter with CHAMBERLAIN, FIDDLERS, TAPSTERS, *and* MAIDS.

Hark you, masters, I have an excellent jest to make old Mayberry merry: 's foot we 'll have him merry.

GREEN. Let 's make him drunk then: a simple catching wit I!

BELL. Go thy ways: I know a nobleman would take such a delight in thee.

GREEN. Why, so he would in his fool.

BELL. Before God, but he would make a difference: he would keep you in satin. But as I was a saying, we 'll have him merry. His wife is gone to Puckeridge: 'tis a wench makes him melancholy, 'tis a wench must make him merry: we must help him to a wench. When our citizen comes into his inn, wet and cold, dropping, either the hostess or one of her maids warms his bed, pulls on his night cap, cuts his corns, puts out the candle, bids him command aught, if he want aught; and so after, master citizen* sleeps as quietly as if he lay in his own low-country of Holland, his own linen, I mean, sir. We must have a wench for him.

GREEN. But where 's this wench to be found? here are all the moveable petticoats of the house.

BELL. At the next inn there lodged to-night——

GREEN. God's precious, a Yorkshire gentlewoman. I ha't, I 'll angle for her presently: we 'll have him merry.

BELL. Procure some chamberlain to pander for you.

GREEN. No, I 'll be pander myself, because we 'll be merry.

BELL. Will you, will you?

GREEN. But how! be a pander! as I am a gentleman that were horrible. I 'll thrust myself into the outside of a falconer in town here; and now I think on 't, there are a company of country players that are come to town here, shall furnish me with hair

* *citizen.*] The old copy, "*cittiner.*"

and beard. If I do not bring her!—we 'll be wondrous merry.

BELL. About it: look you, sir, though she bear her far aloof, and her body out of distance, so her mind be coming, 'tis no matter.

GREEN. Get old Mayberry merry merry. That any man should take to heart thus the downfal of a woman! I think when he comes home, poor snail, he 'll not dare to peep forth of doors lest his horns usher him. [*Exit.*

BELL. Go thy ways. There be more in England wear large ears and horns than stags and asses. Excellent! he rides post with a halter about his neck.

Enter MAYBERRY.

MAY. How now? will 't take?

BELL. Beyond expectation: I have persuaded him the only way to make you merry is to help you to a wench, and the fool is gone to pander his own wife hither.

MAY. Why, he 'll know her.

BELL. She hath been masked ever since she came into the inn for fear of discovery.

MAY. Then she 'll know him.

BELL. For that his own unfortunate wit helped my lazy invention, for he hath disguised himself like a falconer in town here, hoping in that procuring shape to do more good upon her than in the outside of a gentleman.

MAY. Young Featherstone will know him.

BELL. He 's gone into the town, and will not return this half hour.

MAY. Excellent, if she would come!

BELL. Nay, upon my life she 'll come. When she enters, remember some of your young blood, talk as some of your gallant commoners will, dice and drink freely; do not call for sack, lest it betray the coldness of your manhood, but fetch a caper now and then, to make the gold chink in your pockets: ay, so.

MAY. Ha, old poet, let 's once stand to it for the credit of Milk-street! Is my wife acquainted with this?

BELL. She 's perfect, and will come out upon her cue, I warrant you.

MAY. Good wenches, in faith. Fill 's some more sack here.

BELL. God 's precious, do not call for sack by any means.

MAY. Why then give us a whole lordship for life in Rhenish, with the reversion in sugar.

BELL. Excellent.

MAY. It were not amiss if we were dancing.

BELL. Out upon 't, I shall never do it.

Enter GREENSHIELD, *disguised, with* KATE.

GREEN. Out of mine nostrils, tapster; thou smellest, like Guildhall two days after Simon and Jude, of drink most horribly. Off with thy mask, sweet

sinner of the north; these masks are foils to good faces, and to bad ones they are like new satin outsides to lousy linings.

KATE. O, by no means, sir. Your merchant will not open a whole piece to his best customer: he that buys a woman must take her as she falls. I 'll unmask my hand; here 's the sample.

GREEN. Go to, then, old poet. I have ta'en her up already as a pinnace bound for the straits: she knows her burden yonder.

BELL. Lady, you are welcome. Yon is the old gentleman, and observe him, he 's not one of your fat city chuffs, whose great belly argues that the felicity of his life consists in capon, sack, and sincere honesty, but a lean, spare, bountiful gallant, one that hath an old wife and a young performance; whose reward is not the rate of a captain newly come out of the Low-countries, or a Yorkshire attorney in good contentious practice, some angel: no, the proportion of your wealthy citizen to his wench is her chamber, her diet, her physic, her apparel, her painting, her monkey, her pander, her every thing. You 'll say, your young gentleman is your only service, that lies before you like a calf's head, with his brains some half yard from him; but, I assure you, they must not only have variety of foolery, but also of wenches; whereas your conscionable greybeard of Faringdon-within will keep himself to the ruins of one cast waiting-woman an age, and perhaps, when he's past all other good works, to

wipe out false weights and twenty i' th' hundred, marry her.

GREEN. O, well bowled, Tom* ! we have precedents for 't.

KATE. But I have a husband, sir.

BELL. You have ! If the knave thy husband be rich, make him poor, that he may borrow money of this merchant, and be laid up in the Counter or Ludgate: so it shall be conscience in your† old gentleman, when he hath seized all thy goods, to take the horn and maintain thee.

GREEN. O, well bowled, Tom* ! we have precedents for 't.

KATE. Well, if you be not a nobleman, you are some great valiant gentleman by your breath‡ and the fashion of your beard, and do but thus to make the citizen merry, because you owe him some money.

BELL. O, you are a wag.

MAY. You are very welcome.

GREEN. He is ta'en ; excellent, excellent! there 's one will make him merry. Is it any imputation to help one's friend to a wench?

BELL. No more than at my lord's entreaty to help my lady to a pretty waiting woman. If he had given you a gelding, or the reversion of some monopoly, or a new suit of satin, to have done this,

* *Tom.*] After this word, the old copy has a blank, thus ( ).
† *your.*] The old copy, "*you.*"
‡ *breath.*] The old copy, "*bearth.*"

happily your satin would have smelt of the pander: but what 's done freely, comes, like a present to an old lady, without any reward; and what is done without any reward, comes, like wounds to a soldier, very honourably notwithstanding.

MAY. This is my breeding, gentlewoman: and whither travel you?

KATE. To London, sir, as the old tale goes, to seek my fortune.

MAY. Shall I be your fortune, lady?

KATE. O pardon me, sir; I 'll have some young landed heir to be my fortune, for they favour she fools more than citizens.

MAY. Are you married?

KATE. Yes, but my husband is in garrison i' th' Low-countries, is his colonel's bawd, and his captain's jester: he sent me word over that he will thrive, for though his apparel lie i' th' Lumbard, he keeps his conscience i' th' muster-book.

MAY. He may do his country good service, lady.

KATE. Ay, as many of your captains do, that fight, as the geese saved the Capitol, only with prattling. Well, well, if I were in some nobleman's hands now, may be he would not take a thousand pounds for me.

MAY. No?

KATE. No, sir; and yet may be at year's end would give me a brace of hundreth pounds to marry me to his baily or the solicitor of his law-suits—Who 's this, I beseech you?

Enter MISTRESS MAYBERRY, *her hair loose, with the* HOSTESS.

HOST. I pray you, forsooth, be patient.

BELL. Passion of my heart, Mistress Mayberry!

[*Exeunt Fiddlers, Tapsters, and Maids.*

GREEN. Now will she put some notable trick upon her cuckoldly husband.

MAY. Why, how now, wife, what means this, ha?

MIST. MAY. Well, I am very well. O my unfortunate parents, would you had buried me quick, when you linked me to this misery!

MAY. O wife, be patient! I have more cause to rail, wife.

MIST. MAY. You have! prove it, prove it. Where's the courtier you should have ta'en in my bosom? I 'll spit my gall in 's face, that can tax me of any dishonour. Have I lost the pleasure of mine eyes, the sweets of my youth, the wishes of my blood, and the portion of my friends, to be thus dishonoured, to be reputed vild in London, whilst my husband prepares common diseases for me at Ware? O God, O God!

BELL. Prettily well dissembled.

HOST. As I am true hostess, you are to blame, sir. What are you, masters? I 'll know what you are afore you depart, masters. Dost thou leave thy chamber in an honest inn, to come and inveigle my customers? And you had sent for me up, and kissed me and used me like an hostess, 'twould never have grieved me; but to do it to a stranger!

KATE. I 'll leave you, sir.

MAY. Stay.—Why, how now, sweet gentlewoman, cannot I come forth to breathe myself, but I must be haunted? Rail upon old Bellamont, that he may discover them: you remember Featherstone, Greenshield?

MIST. MAY. I remember them? Ay, they are two as cogging, dishonourable, damned, forsworn, beggarly gentlemen, as are in all London; and there 's a reverend old gentleman, too, your pander, in my conscience.

BELL. Lady, I will not, as the old gods were wont, swear by the infernal Styx; but by all the mingled wine in the cellar beneath, and the smoke of tobacco that hath fumed over the vessels, I did not procure your husband this banqueting dish of sucket. Look you, behold the parenthesis.*

HOST. Nay, I 'll see your face, too.

KATE. My dear unkind husband, I protest to thee I have played this knavish part only to be witty.

* *behold the parenthesis.*] I am not quite sure that I understand this, but I think the following quotation will illustrate it;

"*Emilia.* Why, my lord, the poeticall fiction of Venus kissing Adonis in the violet bed.

Julio. Fore god 'tis true, and marke where the cuckoldly knave Vulcan stands sneaking behinde the brake bush to watch am.

Polymetes. A prettie conceit, Julio; doost see Vulcan with *the horning parenthesis* in his forehead?"

Day's *Law-trickes*, 1608. Sig. D 4.

GREEN. That I might be presently turned into a matter more solid than horn, into marble!

BELL. Your husband, gentlewoman! why he never was a soldier.

KATE. Ay, but a lady got him prickt for a captain: I warrant you he will answer to the name of captain, though he be none! like a lady that will not think scorn to answer to the name of her first husband, though he were a soap-boiler.

GREEN. Hang off, thou devil, away.

KATE. No, no, you fled me t' other day;
When I was with child you ran away,
But since I have caught you now—

GREEN. A pox of your wit and your singing.

BELL. Nay, look you, sir, she must sing, because we 'll be merry:

What though you rode not five mile forward,
You have found that fatal house at Brainford northward,
O hone hono nanero.

GREEN. God refuse me*, gentlemen, you may laugh and be merry, but I am a cuckold, and I think you knew of it.—Who lay i' th' segs with you to-night, wild duck?

KATE. Nobody with me, as I shall be saved; but Master Featherstone came to meet me as far as Royston.

GREEN. Featherstone!

* *God refuse me.*] See note †, vol. i. p. 17.

MAY. See, the hawk that first stooped my pheasant is killed by the spaniel that first sprang all of our side, wife.

BELL. 'Twas a pretty wit of you, sir, to have had him rode into Puckeridge with a horn before him; ha, was 't not?

GREEN. Good.

BELL. Or where a citizen keeps his house, you know, 'tis not as a gentleman keeps his chamber, for debt, but, as you said even now very wisely, lest his horns should usher him.

GREEN. Very good. Featherstone, he comes.

Enter FEATHERSTONE.

FEATH. Luke Greenshield, Master Mayberry, old poet, Moll and Kate, most happily encountered: uds life, how came you hither? by my life, the man looks pale.

GREEN. You are a villain, and I 'll make 't good upon you: I am no servingman to feed upon your reversion.

FEATH. Go to the ordinary, then.

BELL. This is his ordinary, sir; and in this she is like a London ordinary, her best getting comes by the box.

GREEN. You are a damned villain.

FEATH. O, by no means.

GREEN. No? Uds life, I 'll go instantly take a purse, be apprehended, and hanged for 't; better than be a cuckold.

FEATH. Best first make your confession, sirrah.

GREEN. 'Tis this; thou hast not used me like a gentleman.

FEATH. A gentleman! thou a gentleman! thou art a tailor.

BELL. 'Ware peaching.

FEATH. No, sirrah, if you will confess aught, tell how thou hast wronged that virtuous gentlewoman: how thou layest at her two year together, to make her dishones t ;ho wt hou wouldest send me thither with letters; how duly thou wouldest watch the citizens' wives' vacation, which is twice a day, namely the exchange time, twelve at noon, and six at night; and where she refused thy importunity and vowed to tell her husband, thou wouldest fall down upon thy knees, and entreat her for the love of heaven, if not to ease thy violent affection, at least to conceal it, to which her pity and simple virtue consented; how thou tookest her wedding ring from her; met these two gentlemen at Ware; feigned a quarrel; and the rest is apparent. This only remains, what wrong the poor gentlewoman hath since received by our intolerable lie, I am most heartily sorry for, and to thy bosom will maintain all I have said to be honest.

MAY. Victory, wife! thou art quit by proclamation.

BELL. Sir, you are an honest man: I have known an arrant thief for peaching made an officer: give me your hand, sir.

KATE. O filthy, abominable husband, did you all this?

MAY. Certainly he is no captain; he blushes.

MIST. MAY. Speak, sir, did you ever know me answer your wishes?

GREEN. You are honest; very virtuously honest.

MIST. MAY. I will then no longer be a loose woman: I have at my husband's pleasure ta'en upon me this habit of jealousy. I 'm sorry for you: virtue glories not in the spoil, but in the victory.

BELL. How say you by that, goody sentence? Look you, sir, you gallants visit citizens' houses, as the Spaniard first sailed to the Indies: you pretend buying of wares or selling of lands; but the end proves 'tis nothing but for discovery and conquest of their wives for better maintenance. Why look you, was he aware of those broken patience* when you met him at Ware and possessed him of the downfall of his wife? You are a cuckold; you have pandered your own wife to this gentleman; better men have done it, honest Tom; we have precedents for 't. Hie you to London. What is more Catholic i' the city than for husbands daily for to forgive the nightly sins of their bedfellows? If you like not that course but to intend to be rid of her, rifle her at a tavern†, where you may swallow down

* *patience.*] A misprint which I cannot set right.

† *rifle her at a tavern.*] Our old writers used *rifle* in the sense of *raffle:* so Chapman,—" Why then thus it shal be,

some fifty wiseacres' sons and heirs to old tenements and common gardens, like so many raw yolks with muscadine to bedward.

KATE. O filthy knave, dost compare a woman of my carriage to a horse?

BELL. And no disparagement; for a woman to have a high forehead, a quick ear, a full eye, a wide nostril, a sleek skin, a straight back, a round hip, and so forth, is most comely.

KATE. But is a great belly comely in a horse, sir?

BELL. No, lady.

KATE. And what think you of it in a woman, I pray you?

BELL. Certainly I am put down at my own weapon: I, therefore, recant the rifling. No, there is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of periwig-making: let your wife set up i' th' Strand! and yet I doubt whether she may or no, for they say the women have got it to be a corporation. If you can, you may make good use of it, for you shall have as good a coming in by hair (though

weele strike up a drumme, set up a tent, call people together, put crownes a peece, let 's *rifle* for her." *The Blinde begger of Alexandria*, 1598, Sig. B 3. And Minsheu in his *Guide into the tongues*, ed. 1617, explains *rifling* to be "a kinde of game, where he that in casting doth throw most on the dice, takes up all that is laid down." Dr. Nott therefore is quite wrong, when in a note on his reprint of Dekker's *Gull's Horn-book*, p. 165, he says, that "any *rifling*" means "*any cheating* or *plundering*."

it be but a falling commodity,) and by other foolish tiring, as any between St. Clement's and Charing.

FEATH. Now you have run yourself out of breath, hear me. I protest the gentlewoman is honest; and since I have wronged her reputation in meeting her thus privately, I 'll maintain her. Wilt thou hang at my purse, Kate, like a pair of Barbary buttons*, to open when 'tis full, and close when 'tis empty?

KATE. I'll be divorced, by this Christian element: and because thou thinkest thou art a cuckold, lest I should make thee an infidel in causing thee to believe an untruth, I 'll make thee a cuckold.

BELL. Excellent wench.

FEATH. Come, let 's go, sweet; the nag I ride upon bears double: we 'll to London.

MAY. Do not bite your thumbs, sir.

KATE. Bite his thumb! I 'll make him do a thing worse than this:

Come love me whereas I lay.

FEATH. What, Kate?

KATE. He shall father a child is none of his,

O, the clean contrary way.

FEATH. O lusty Kate!

[*Exeunt Featherstone and Kate.*

* *Barbary buttons.*] Moorish buttons, I believe, of gold or silver filigree work.

MAY. Methought he said even now you were a tailor.

GREEN. You shall hear more of that hereafter. I 'll make Ware and him stink ere he goes. If I be a tailor, the rogue's naked weapon shall not fright me: I 'll beat him and my wife both out a' th' town with a tailor's yard. [*Exit.*

MAY. O valiant Sir Tristram! room there!

Enter PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, *and* CHARTLEY.

PHIL. News, father, most strange news out of the Low-countries: your good lady and mistress, that set you to work upon a dozen of cheese-trenchers, is new lighted at the next inn, and the old venerable gentlewoman's* father with her.

BELL. Let the gates of our inn be locked up, closer than a nobleman's gates at dinner time.

OMNES. Why, sir, why?

BELL. If she enter here, the house will be infected: the plague is not half so dangerous as a she-hornet. Philip, this is your shuffling a' the cards, to turn up her for the bottom card at Ware.

PHILIP. No, as I 'm virtuous, sir: ask the two gentlemen.

LEVER. No, in troth, sir. She told us, that inquiring at London for you or your son, your man chalked out her way to Ware.

BELL. I would Ware might choke 'em both!

* *gentlewoman's.*] The old copy, "*gentlemans.*"

Master Mayberry, my horse and I will take our leaves of you: I 'll to Bedlam again rather than stay her.

MAY. Shall a woman make thee fly thy country? Stay, stand to her, though she were greater than Pope Joan. What are thy brains conjuring for, my poetical bay-leaf eater?

BELL. For a sprite a' the buttery, that shall make us all drink with mirth, if I can raise it. Stay, the chicken is not fully hatched: hit, I beseech thee; so, come. Will you be secret, gentlemen, and assisting?

OMNES. With brown bills, if you think good.

BELL. What will you say if by some trick we put this little hornet into Featherstone's bosom, and marry 'em together?

OMNES. Fuh! 't is impossible.

BELL. Most possible. I'll to my trencher-woman; let me alone for dealing with her: Featherstone, gentlemen, shall be your patient.

OMNES. How, how?

BELL. Thus. I will close with this country pedlar, Mistress Dorothy, that travels up and down, to exchange pins for coneyskins, very lovingly; she shall eat of nothing but sweatmeats in my company, good words, whose taste when she likes, as I know she will, then will I play upon her with this artillery, —that a very proper man and a great heir, naming Featherstone, spied her from a window, when she lighted at her inn, is extremely fallen in love with

her, vows to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, even in Ware; but being, as most of your young gentlemen are, somewhat bashful, and ashamed to venture upon a woman———

MAY. City and suburbs can justify it: so, sir.

BELL. He sends me, being an old friend, to undermine for him. I'll so whet the wench's stomach, and make her so hungry, that she shall have an appetite to him, fear it not. Greenshield shall have a hand in it too; and, to be revenged of his partner, will, I know, strike with any weapon.

LEVER. But is Featherstone of any means? else you undo him and her.

MAY. He has land between Fulham and London: he would have made it over to me. To your charge, poet: give you the assault upon her, and send but Featherstone to me, I 'll hang him by the gills.

BELL. He's not yet horsed sure. Philip, go thy ways, give fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently.

PHIL. He's blown up already. [*Exit.*

BELL. Gentlemen, you 'll stick to the device, and look to your plot?

OMNES. Most poetically: away to your quarter.

BELL. I march: I will cast my rider, gallants. I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage. [*Exit.*

Enter PHILIP *and* FEATHERSTONE.

MAY. That must he that comes here.——Master

Featherstone, O, Master Featherstone, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of feathers more than ever they did! leap but into the saddle now, that stands empty for you, you are made for ever.

LEVER. An ass, I 'll be sworn.

FEATHER. How, for God's sake, how?

MAY. I would you had what I could wish you! I love you, and because you shall be sure to know where my love dwells, look you, sir, it hangs out at this sign: you shall pray for Ware, when Ware is dead and rotten. Look you, sir, there is as pretty a little pinnace struck sail hereby, and come in lately: she 's my kinswoman, my father's youngest sister, a ward; her portion three thousand; her hopes, if her grannam die without issue, better.

FEATH. Very good, sir.

MAY. Her guardian goes about to marry her to a stone cutter; and rather than she 'll be subject to such a fellow, she 'll die a martyr: will you have al out? She 's run away, is here at an inn i' th' town. What parts soever you have played with me, I see good parts in you; and if you now will catch time's hair that 's put into your hand, you shall clap her up presently.

FEATH. Is she young, and a pretty wench?

LEVER. Few citizens' wives are like her.

PHIL. Young! why, I warrant sixteen hath scarce gone over her.

FEATH. 'S foot, where is she? If I like her personage as well as I like that which you say belongs to her personage, I 'll stand thrumming of caps no longer, but board your pinnace whilst 't is hot.

MAY. Away then with these gentlemen, with a French gallop, and to her! Philip here shall run for a priest, and despatch you.

FEATH. Will you, gallants, go along? We may be married in a chamber for fear of hue and cry after her, and some of the company shall keep the door.

MAY. Assure your soul she will be followed: away, therefore. [*Exeunt Featherstone, Philip, Leverpool, and Chartley.*] He 's in the Curtian gulf*, and swallowed horse and man. He will have somebody keep the door for him! she 'll look to that. I am younger than I was two nights ago for this physic. How now?

Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS, ALLUM, HANS VAN BELCH, *and others, booted.*

CAPT. JEN. God pless you, is there not an arrant scurvy trab in your company, that is a sentlewoman born, sir, and can tawg Welch, and Dutch, and any tongue in your head?

MAY. How so? Drabs in my company! do I look like a drab-driver?

* *He's in the Curtian gulf.*] Every schoolboy knows the story of M. Curtius.

CAPT. JEN. The trab will drive you, if she put you before her, into a pench-hole *.

ALLUM. Is not a gentleman here, one master Bellamont, sir, of your company?

MAY. Yes, yes: come you from London? he 'll be here presently.

CAPT. JEN. Will he? tawson, this oman hunts at his tail, like your little goats in Wales follow their mother. We have warrants here from master sustice of this shire, to show no pity nor mercy to her: her name is Doll.

MAY. Why, sir, what has she committed? I think such a creature is i' th' town.

CAPT. JEN. What has she committed? ounds, she has committed more than manslaughters, for she has committed herself, God pless us, to everlasting prison. Lug you, sir, she is a punk: she shifts her lovers (as captains and Welch gentlemen and such,) as she does her trenchers; when she has well fed upon 't, and that there is left nothing but pare bones, she calls for a clean one, and scrapes away the first.

Enter BELLAMONT *and* HORNET, *with* DOLL *between them*, FEATHERSTONE, GREENSHIELD, KATE, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, *and* CHARTLEY.

MAY. Gods so, Master Featherstone, what will

* *pench-hole.*] He means *bench-hole:* see Malone's note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. 7.

you do? here 's three come from London, to fetch away the gentlewoman with a warrant.

FEATHER. All the warrants in Europe shall not fetch her now: she 's mine sure enough. What have you to say to her? she 's my wife.

CAPT. JEN. Ow! 's blood do you come so far to fish and catch frogs? your wife is a tilt-boat; any man or oman may go in her for money: she 's a coneycatcher. Where is my moveable goods called a coach, and my two wild peasts? pogs on you, would they had trawn you to the gallows!

ALLUM. I must borrow fifty pound of you, mistress bride.

HANS. Yau vro, and you make me de gheck, de groet fool: you heb mine gelt too; war is it?

DOLL. Out you base scums! come you to disgrace me in my wedding shoes?

FEATH. Is this your three-thousand-pound ward? ye told me, sir, she was your kinswoman.

MAY. Right, one of mine aunts *.

BELL. Who pays for the northern voyage now, lads?

GREEN. Why do you not ride before my wife to London now? The woodcock 's i' th' springe.

KATE. O forgive me, dear husband! I will never love a man that is worse than hanged, as he is.

MAY. Now a man may have a course in your park?

* *aunts.*] See note *, p. 155.

FEATH. He may, sir.

DOLL. Never, I protest: I will be as true to thee as Ware and Wade's-Mill are one to another.

FEATH. Well, it 's but my fate. Gentlemen, this is my opinion, it 's better to shoot in a bow that has been shot in before, and will never start, than to draw a fair new one, that for every arrow will be warping. Come, wench, we are joined, and all the dogs in France shall not part us. I have some lands: those I 'll turn into money, to pay you, and you, and any. I 'll pay all that I can for thee, for I 'm sure thou hast paid me.

OMNES. God give you joy.

MAY. Come, let 's be merry. Lie you with your own wife, to be sure she shall not walk in her sleep.
A noise of musicians*, chamberlain!
This night let 's banquet freely: come, we 'll dare
Our wives to combat i' th' great bed in Ware.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* *A noise of musicians.*] See note *, p. 51.

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD.

A Cure for a Cuckold. A pleasant Comedy, as it hath been several times Acted with great Applause. Written by John Webster and William Rowley. Placere Cupio. London, Printed by Tho. Johnson, and are to be sold by Francis Kirkman, at his Shop at the Sign of John Fletcher's Head, over against the Angel-Inne, on the Back-side of St. Clements without Temple Bar. 1661. 4to.

We have no other authority than that of Kirkman for attributing this play to Webster and Rowley: I believe, however, that it is rightly assigned. A great portion of it, which the authors meant for blank verse, Kirkman has printed as prose: in some passages the integrity of the text is very questionable.

William Rowley, Webster's coadjutor in this drama, flourished in the reign of James the First. Meres mentions among the best writers of comedy, "Maister Rowley, once a rare Scholler of learned Pembrooke Hall in Cambridge," (*Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury, Being the Second part of Wits Commonwealth*, 1598, fol. 283,) but he probably alludes to another dramatist of the same name, *Samuel* Rowley. He was an actor, it appears, as well as author, and is said to have been more excellent in comedy than in tragedy. "There was one Will. Rowley was Head of the Princes Company of Commedians in 1613 to 1616. See the Office Books of the Ld. Stanhope, Treasurer of the Chamber in those years, in Dr. Rich. Rawlinson's Possession." MS. note by Oldys on Langbaine's *Acc. of Eng. Dram. Poets*, in the Brit. Museum.

Of his plays there remain four of which he was the sole author, —(the best of them, *A new Wonder, a Woman never vext*, was revived with alterations at Covent Garden in 1824, and received considerable applause,)—and twelve which he composed in conjunction with other writers, Day, Wilkins, Middleton, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Heywood, Dekker, and Webster. His name is associated with Shakespeare's on the title-page of *The Birth of Merlin*, but certainly the bard of Avon had no share in the production of that play.

THE STATIONER TO THE JUDICIOUS READER.

GENTLEMEN,

IT was not long since I was only a book-reader, and not a bookseller, which quality (my former employment somewhat failing, and I being unwilling to be idle,) I have now lately taken on me. It hath been my fancy and delight, e'er since I knew anything, to converse with books; and the pleasure I have taken in those of this nature, viz. Plays, hath been so extraordinary, that it hath been much to my cost, for I have been, as we term it, a gatherer of plays for some years, and I am confident I have more of several sorts than any man in England, bookseller or other: I can at any time shew seven hundred in number, which is within a small matter all that were ever printed. Many of these I have several times over, and intend, as I sell, to purchase more; all, or any of which, I shall be ready either to sell or lend to you upon reasonable considerations.

In order to the encreasing of my store, I have now this term printed and published three, viz. this called *A Cure for a Cuckold*, and another called *The Thracian Wonder*, and the third called *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. Two of these three were never printed, the third, viz., *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, hath been formerly printed, but it is almost an hundred years

since. As for this play, I need not speak anything in its commendation, the authors' names, Webster and Rowley, are (to knowing men) sufficient to declare its worth: several persons remember the acting of it, and say that it then pleased generally well; and let me tell you in my judgment it is an excellent old play. The expedient of curing a cuckold, after the manner set down in this play, hath been tried to my knowledge, and therefore I may say *probatum est.* I should, I doubt, be too tedious, or else I would say somewhat in defence of this, and in commendation of plays in general, but I question not but you have read what abler pens than mine have writ in their vindication. Gentlemen, I hope you will so encourage me in my beginnings, that I may be induced to proceed to do you service, and that I may frequently have occasion in this nature, to subscribe myself

Your servant,

FRANCIS KIRKMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WOODROFF, a justice of the peace, father to Annabel.
FRANCKFORD, a merchant, brother-in-law to Woodroff.
LESSINGHAM, a gentleman, in love with Clare.
BONVILE, a gentleman, the bridegroom and husband to Annabel.
RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, GROVER, } gallants invited to the wedding.
ROCHFIELD, a young gentleman and a thief *.
COMPASS, a seaman.
PETTIFOG, DODGE, } two attornies.
A COUNSELLOR.
TWO CLIENTS.
TWO BOYS.
A SAILOR.

LUCY, wife to Franckford, and sister to Woodroff.
ANNABEL, the bride and wife to Bonvile.
CLARE, Lessingham's mistress.
URSE, wife to Compass.
NURSE.
A WAITINGWOMAN.

* *a young gentleman and a thief.*] I beg leave to observe, that it is Kirkman who so characterizes Rochfield. I give the dram. per. from the old copy.

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter LESSINGHAM *and* CLARE.

LESS. This is a place of feasting and of joy,
And, as in triumphs and ovations, here
Nothing save state and pleasure.

CLARE. 'Tis confest.

LESS. A day of mirth and solemn jubilee——

CLARE. For such as can be merry.

LESS. A happy nuptial,
Since a like pair of fortunes suitable,
Equality in birth, parity in years,
And in affection no way different,
Are this day sweetly coupled.

CLARE. 'Tis a marriage——

LESS. True, lady, and a noble precedent
Methinks for us to follow. Why should these
Outstrip us in our loves, that have not yet
Outgone us in our time? if we thus lose
Our best and not to be recover'd hours
Unprofitably spent, we shall be held
Mere truants in love's school.

CLARE. That 's a study
In which I never shall ambition have
To become graduate.

LESS. Lady, you are sad:
This jovial meeting puts me in a spirit
To be made such. We two are guests invited,
And meet by purpose, not by accident.
Where 's then a place more opportunely fit,
In which we may solicit our own loves,
Than before this example?

CLARE. In a word,
I purpose not to marry.

LESS. By your favour,—
For as I ever to this present hour
Have studied your observance, so from henceforth
I now will study plainness,—I have lov'd you
Beyond myself, misspended for your sake
Many a fair hour which might have been employ'd
To pleasure or to profit; have neglected
Duty to them from whom my being came,
My parents, but my hopeful studies most.
I have stolen time from all my choice delights
And robb'd myself, thinking to enrich you.
Matches I have had offer'd, some have told me
As fair, as rich, I never thought 'em so;
And lost all these in hope to find out you.
Resolve me, then, for Christian charity;
Think you an answer of that frozen nature
Is a sufficient satisfaction for
So many more than needful services?

CLARE. I have said, sir.

LESS. Whence might this distaste arise?
Be at least so kind to perfect me in that.

Is it of some dislike lately conceiv'd
Of this my person, which perhaps may grow
From calumny and scandal? if not that,
Some late received melancholy in you?
If neither, your perverse and peevish will?
To which I most imply it.

CLARE. Be it what it can, or may be, thus it is;
And with this answer pray rest satisfied.
In all these travels, windings, and indents,
Paths, and by-paths, which many have sought out,
There 's but one only road, and that alone,
To my fruition; which whoso finds out,
'Tis like he may enjoy me, but that failing,
I ever am mine own.

LESS. O, name it, sweet!
I am already in a labyrinth,
Until you guide me out.

CLARE. I'll to my chamber.
May you be pleas'd unto your mis-spent time
To add but some few minutes; by my maid
You shall hear further from me. [*Exit.*

LESS. I 'll attend you.
What more can I desire than be resolv'd
Of such a long suspense? Here 's now the period
Of much expectation.

Enter RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, *and* GROVER, *gallants.*

RAY. What, you alone retir'd to privacy

Of such a goodly confluence, all prepar'd
To grace the present nuptials!
LESS. I have heard some say,
Men are ne'er less alone than when alone,
Such power hath meditation.
EUST. O, these choice beauties!
That are this day assembled! but of all
Fair Mistress Clare, the bride excepted still,
She bears away the prize.
LION. And worthily,
For, setting off her present melancholy,
She is without taxation.
GROV. I conceive
The cause of her so sudden discontent.
RAY. 'Tis far out of my way.
GROV. I 'll speak it, then.
In all estates, professions, or degrees,
In arts or sciences, there is a kind
Of emulation; likewise so in this.
There 's a maid this day married, a choice beauty;
Now, mistress Clare, a virgin of like age,
And fortunes correspondent, apprehending
Time lost in her that 's in another gain'd,
May upon this—for who knows women's thoughts—
Grow into this deep sadness.
RAY. Like enough.
LESS. You are pleasant, gentlemen, or else perhaps
Though I know many have pursu'd her love——

GROV. And you amongst the rest, with pardon, sir,
Yet she might cast some more peculiar eye
On some that not respects her.
LESS. That 's my fear,
Which you now make your sport.

Enter WAITINGWOMAN.

WAIT. A letter, sir.
LESS. From whom?
WAIT. My mistress.
LESS. She has kept her promise,
And I will read it, though I in the same
Know my own death included.
WAIT. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
LESS. (*reads*) *Prove all thy friends, find out the best and nearest,*
Kill for my sake that friend that loves thee dearest.
Her servant, nay, her hand and character,
All meeting in my ruin! Read again.
(*Reads*) *Prove all thy friends, find out the best and nearest,*
Kill for my sake that friend that loves thee dearest.
And what might that one be? 'tis a strange difficulty,
And it will ask much counsel. [*Exit.*
RAY. Lessingham
Hath left us on a sudden.
EUST. Sure, the occasion
Was of that letter sent him.

LION. It may be
It was some challenge.
GROV. Challenge! never dream it:
Are such things sent by women?
RAY. 'Twere an heresy
To conceive but such a thought.
LION. Tush, all the difference
Begot this day must be at night decided
Betwixt the bride and bridegroom. Here both come.

Enter WOODROFF, ANNABEL, BONVILE, FRANCKFORD, LUCY, *and* NURSE.

WOOD. What did you call the gentleman we met
But now in some distraction?
BON. Lessingham;
A most approv'd and noble friend of mine,
And one of our prime guests.
WOOD. He seem'd to me
Somewhat in mind distemper'd. What concern
Those private humours our so public mirth,
In such a time of revels? Mistress Clare,
I miss her, too: why, gallants, have you suffer'd her
Thus to be lost amongst you?
ANNA. Dinner done,
Unknown to any, she retir'd herself.
WOOD. Sick of the maid, perhaps, because she sees
You, mistress bride, her school and playfellow,
So suddenly turn'd wife.

FRANCK. 'Twas shrewedly guess'd.
WOOD. Go, find her out. Fie, gentlemen, within
The music plays unto the silent walls,
And no man there to grace it: when I was young,
At such a meeting, I have so bestirr'd me,
Till I have made the pale green-sickness girls
Blush like the ruby, and drop pearls apace
Down from their ivory foreheads; in those days
I have cut capers thus high. Nay, in, gentlemen,
And single out the ladies.
RAY. Well advis'd.
Nay, mistress bride, you shall along with us,
For without you all 's nothing.
ANNA. Willingly,
With master bridegroom's leave.
BON. O, my best joy!
This day I am your servant.
WOOD. True, this day;
She his, her whole life after, so it should be;
Only this day a groom to do her service,
For which, the full remainder of his age,
He may write master. I have done it yet,
And so, I hope, still shall do. Sister Lucy,
May I presume my brother Franckford can
Say as much and truly?
LUCY. Sir, he may;
I freely give him leave.
WOOD. Observe that, brother;
She freely gives you leave: but who gives leave,
The master or the servant?

FRANCK. You 're pleasant,
And it becomes you well, but this day most,
That having but one daughter, have bestow'd her
To your great hope and comfort.
WOOD. I have one:
Would you could say so, sister; but your barrenness
Hath given your husband freedom, if he please,
To seek his pastime elsewhere.
LUCY. Well, well, brother,
Though you may taunt me, that have never yet
Been blest with issue, spare my husband, pray,
For he may have a by-blow, or an heir,
That you never heard of.
FRANCK. O fie, wife, make not
My fault too public.
LUCY. Yet himself keep within compass.
FRANCK. If you love me, sweet——
LUCY. Nay, I have done.
WOOD. But if
He have not, wench, I would he had the hurt
I wish you both. Prithee, thine ear a little.
NURSE. Your boy grows up, and 'tis a chopping lad,
A man even in the cradle.
FRANCK. Softly, nurse.
NURSE. One of the forward'st infants! how it will crow,
And chirrup like a sparrow! I fear shortly

It will breed teeth: you must provide him, therefore,
A coral, with a whistle and a chain.

FRANCK. He shall have anything.

NURSE. He 's now quite out of blankets.

FRANCK. There 's a piece,
Provide him what he wants; only, good nurse,
Prithee at this time be silent.

NURSE. A charm to bind
Any nurse's tongue that 's living.

WOOD. Come, we are miss'd
Among the younger fry: gravity ofttimes
Becomes the sports of youth, especially
At such solemnities; and it were sin
Not in our age to show what we have bin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter LESSINGHAM, *sad, with a letter in his hand.*

LESS. *Amicitiâ nihil dedit natura majus nec rarius:*
So saith my author.* If, then, powerful nature,
In all her bounties shower'd upon mankind,
Found none more rare and precious than this one
We call friendship, O, to what a monster
Would this transshape me; to be made that he
To violate such goodness! To kill any,

* *my author.*] It may be doubted if this quotation is to be found in any writer. I (and several gentlemen eminent for their acquaintance with Latin literature) have sought for it in vain. A passage somewhat resembling it occurs in Cicero.

Had been a sad injunction; but a friend,
Nay, of all friends the most approv'd! A task
Hell, till this day, could never parallel.
And yet this woman has a power of me
Beyond all virtue,—virtue! almost grace.
What might her hidden purpose be in this?
Unless she apprehend some fantasy,
That no such thing has being; and as kindred
And claims to crowns are worn out of the world,
So the name friend: 't may be 'twas her conceit.
I have tried those that have professed much
For coin, nay, sometimes, slighter courtesies,
Yet found 'em cold enough; so, perhaps, she,
Which makes her thus opinion'd. If in the former,
And therefore better days, 'twas held so rare,
Who knows but in these last and worser times
It may be now with justice banish'd th' earth?
I 'm full of thoughts, and this my troubled breast
Distemper'd with a thousand fantasies.
Something I must resolve. I 'll first make proof
If such a thing there be, which having found,
'Twixt love and friendship 'twill be a brave fight,
To prove in man which claims the greatest right.

Enter RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, *and* GROVER.

RAY. What, Master Lessingham!
You that were wont to be compos'd of mirth,
All spirit and fire, alacrity itself,
Like the lustre of a late bright-shining sun,
Now wrapt in clouds and darkness!

LION. Prithee, be merry;
Thy dulness sads the half part of the house,
And deads that spirit which thou was wont to quicken,
And, half spent, to give life to.
LESS. Gentlemen,
Such as have cause for sport, I shall wish ever
To make of it the present benefit,
While it exists: content is still short-breath'd;
When it was mine, I did so, if now yours,
I pray make your best use on 't.
LION. Riddles and paradoxes:
Come, come, some crotchet 's come into thy pate,
And I will know the cause on 't.
GROV. So will I,
Or I protest ne'er leave thee.
LESS. 'Tis a business*
Proper to myself, one that concerns
No second person.
GROV. How 's that? not a friend?
LESS. Why, is there any such?
GROV. Do you question that? what do you take me for?
EUST. Ay, sir, or me? 'Tis many months ago
Since we betwixt us interchang'd that name,
And, of my part, ne'er broken.
LION. Troth, nor mine.
RAY. If you make question of a friend, I pray,

* The old copy gives this speech to Eustace.

Number not me the last in your account,
That would be crown'd in your opinion first.

LESS. You all speak nobly; but amongst you all
Can such a one be found?

RAY. Not one amongst us
But would be proud to wear the character
Of noble friendship: in the name of which,
And of all us here present, I entreat,
Expose to us the grief that troubles you.

LESS. I shall, and briefly. If ever gentleman
Sunk beneath scandal, or his reputation,
Never to be recover'd, suffer'd, and
For want of one whom I may call a friend,
Then mine is now in danger.

RAY. I 'll redeem 't,
Though with my life's dear hazard.

EUST. I pray, sir,
Be to us open-breasted.

LESS. Then 'tis thus.
There is to be perform'd a monomachy,
Combat or duel, time, place, and weapon,
Agreed betwixt us. Had it touch'd myself,
And myself only, I had then been happy,
But I by composition am engag'd
To bring with me my second, and he too,
Not as the law of combat is, to stand
Aloof and see fair play, bring off his friend,
But to engage his person: both must fight,
And either of them dangerous.

EUST. Of all things
I do not like this fighting.
LESS. Now, gentlemen,
Of this so great a courtesy I am
At this instant merely destitute.
RAY. The time?
LESS. By eight a'clock to-morrow.
RAY. How unhappily
Things may fall out! I am just at that hour
Upon some late conceived discontents
To atone* me to my father, otherwise
Of all the rest you had commanded me
Your second and your servant.
LION. Pray, the place?
LESS. Calais sands†.
LION. It once was fatal to a friend of mine,
And a near kinsman, for which I vow'd then,
And deeply too, never to see that ground:
But if it had been elsewhere, one of them
Had before nine‡ been worms-meat.
GROV. What 's the weapon?
LESS. Single sword.
GROV. Of all that you could name,
A thing I never practis'd: had it been
Rapier, or that and poinard, where men use

* *atone.*] i. e. reconcile.

† *Calais sands.*] As duelling was punishable by the English law, it was customary for gallants, who had affairs of honour to settle, to betake themselves to Calais sands.

‡ *nine.*] The old copy, "*mine.*"

Rather sleight than force, I had been then your man.
Being young, I strain'd the sinews of my arm,
Since then to me 'twas never serviceable.

EUST. In troth, sir, had it been a money-matter,
I could have stood your friend; but as for fighting,
I was ever out at that.

LESS. Well, farewell, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Raymond, Eustace, Lionel, and Grover.*

But where 's the friend in all this? Tush, she 's wise,
And knows there 's no such thing beneath the moon;
I now applaud her judgment.

Enter BONVILE.

BON. Why, how now, friend? This discontent, which now
Is so unseason'd, makes me question what
I ne'er durst doubt before, your love to me:
Doth it proceed from envy of my bliss,
Which this day crowns me with? or have you been
A secret rival in my happiness,
And grieve to see me owner of those joys,
Which you could wish your own?

LESS. Banish such thoughts,
Or you shall wrong the truest faithful friendship
Man e'er could boast of. O, mine honour, sir!
'Tis that which makes me wear this brow of sorrow:

Were that free from the power of calumny—
But pardon me, that being now a-dying
Which is so near to man, if part we cannot
With pleasant looks.

BON. Do but speak the burden,
And I protest to take it off from you,
And lay it on myself.

LESS. 'Twere a request,
Impudence without blushing could not ask,
It bears with it such injury.

BON. Yet must I know 't.

LESS. Receive it, then—but I entreat you, sir,
Not to imagine that I apprehend
A thought to further my intent by you;
From you 'tis least suspected—'twas my fortune
To entertain a quarrel with a gentleman,
The field betwixt us challeng'd, place and time,
And these to be perform'd not without seconds:
I have relied on many seeming friends,
But cannot bless my memory with one
Dares venture in my quarrel.

BON. Is this all?

LESS. It is enough to make all temperature
Convert to fury. Sir, my reputation,
The life and soul of honour, is at stake,
In danger to be lost; the word of coward
Still printed in the name of Lessingham.

BON. Not while there is a Bonvile. May I live poor,
And die despis'd, not having one sad friend

To wait upon my hearse, if I survive
The ruin of that honour. Sir, the time?
LESS. Above all spare me [that], for that once known,
You 'll cancel this your promise, and unsay
Your friendly proffer; neither can I blame you:
Had you confirm'd it with a thousand oaths,
The heavens would look with mercy, not with justice
On your offence, should you infringe 'em all.
Soon after sun-rise, upon Calais sands,
To-morrow we should meet; now to defer
Time one half hour, I should but forfeit all.
But, sir, of all men living, this, alas,
Concerns you least! for shall I be the man
To rob you of this night's felicity,
And make your bride a widow, her soft bed
No witness of those joys this night expects?
BON. I still prefer my friend before my pleasure,
Which is not lost for ever, but adjourn'd
For more mature employment.
LESS. Will you go then?
BON. I am resolv'd I will.
LESS. And instantly?
BON. With all the speed celerity can make.
LESS. You do not weigh those inconveniences
This action meets with: your departure hence
Will breed a strange distraction in your friends,
Distrust of love in your fair virtuous bride,
Whose eyes perhaps may never more be blest

With your dear sight, since you may meet a grave,
And that not amongst your noble ancestors,
But amongst strangers, almost enemies.

BON. This were enough to shake a weak resolve,
It moves not me. Take horse as secretly
As you well may: my groom shall make mine ready
With all speed possible, unknown to any.

LESS. But, sir, the bride.

Enter ANNABEL.

ANNA. Did you not see the key, that 's to unlock
My carcanet and bracelets; now in troth
I am afraid 'tis lost.

BON. No, sweet, I ha 't;
I found it lie at random in your chamber,
And knowing you would miss it, laid it by:
'Tis safe, I warrant you.

ANNA. Then my fear 's past:
But till you give it back, my neck and arms
Are still your prisoners.

BON. But you shall find
They have a gentle jailor.

ANNA. So I hope:
Within y' are much inquir'd of.

BON. Sweet, I follow. [*Exit Annabel.*] Dover?

LESS. Yes, that 's the place.

BON. If you be there before me, hire a bark:
I shall not fail to meet you. [*Exit.*

LESS. Was ever known
A man so miserably blest as I?

I have no sooner found the greatest good
Man in this pilgrimage of life can meet,
But I must make the womb where 't was conceiv'd
The tomb to bury it, and the first hour it lives
The last it must breathe. Yet there 's a fate
That sways and governs above woman's hate.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter ROCHFIELD, *a young gentleman.*

ROCH. A younger brother? 'tis a poor calling,
Though not unlawful, very hard to live on:
The elder fool inherits all the lands,
And we that follow, legacies of wit,
And get 'em when we can too. Why should law,
If we be lawful and legitimate,
Leave us without an equal divident?
Or why compels it not our fathers else
To cease from getting, when they want to give?
No sure, our mothers will ne'er agree to that;
They love to groan, although the gallows echo
And groan together for us; from the first
We travel forth, t' other's our journey's end.
I must forward. To beg is out of my way,
And borrowing is out of date. The old road,
The old high-way 't must be, and I am in 't:
The place will serve for a young beginner,

For this is the first day I set ope shop.
Success, then, sweet Laverna! I have heard
That thieves adore thee for a deity:
I would not purchase by thee but to eat,
And 'tis too churlish to deny me meat.
Soft, here may be a booty.

Enter ANNABEL *and a* SERVANT.

ANNA. Hors'd, say'st thou?

SERV. Yes, mistress, with Lessingham.

ANNA. Alack, I know not what to doubt or fear!
I know not well whether 't be well or ill:
But sure it is no custom for the groom
To leave his bride upon the nuptial day.
I am so young and ignorant a scholar—
Yes, and it proves so; I talk away perhaps
That might be yet recover'd. Prithee, run:
The fore-path may advantage thee to meet 'em,
Or the ferry, which is not two miles before,
May trouble 'em, until thou com'st in ken,
And if thou dost, prithee, enforce thy voice
To overtake thine eyes, cry out, and crave
For me but one word 'fore his departure;
I will not stay him, say, beyond his pleasure,
Nor rudely ask the cause, if he be willing
To keep it from me. Charge him by all the love—
But I stay thee too long: run, run.

SERV. If I had wings, I would spread 'em now, mistress. [*Exit.*

ANNA. I 'll make the best speed after that I can,

Yet I am not well acquainted with the path:
My fears, I fear me, will misguide me too. [*Exit.*

ROCH. There's good movables, I perceive, whate'er the ready coin be: whoever owns her, she's mine now; the next ground has a most pregnant hollow for the purpose. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter SERVANT, *running over; enter* ANNABEL, *after her* ROCHFIELD.

ANNA. I 'm at a doubt already where I am.

ROCH. I 'll help you, mistress; well overtaken.

ANNA. Defend me, goodness! What are you?

ROCH. A man.

ANNA. An honest man, I hope.

ROCH. In some degrees hot, not altogether cold;
So far as rank poison yet dangerous,
As I may be drest: I am an honest thief.

ANNA. Honest and thief hold small affinity,
I never heard they were akin before:
Pray heaven I find it now.

ROCH. I tell you my name.

ANNA. Then, honest thief, since you have taught me so,
For I 'll inquire no other, use me honestly.

ROCH. Thus then I 'll use you. First then, to prove me honest,
I will not violate your chastity,

(That's no part yet of my profession,)
Be you wife or virgin.

ANNA. I am both, sir.

ROCH. This then it seems should be your wedding day,
And these the hours of interim to keep you
In that double state: come then I 'll be brief,
For I'll not hinder your desired hymen.
You have about you some superfluous toys,
Which my lank hungry pockets would contrive*
With much more profit and more privacy;
You have an idle chain which keeps your neck
A prisoner; a manacle, I take it,
About your wrist too. If these prove emblems
Of the combined hemp to halter mine,
The fates take their pleasure! these are set down
To be your ransom, and there the thief is prov'd.

ANNA. I will confess both, and the last forget.
You shall be only honest in this deed.
Pray you take it, I entreat you to it,
And then you steal 'em not.

ROCH. You may deliver 'em.

ANNA. Indeed I cannot. If you observe, sir,
They are both lock'd about me, and the key
I have not: happily you are furnish'd
With some instrument that may unloose 'em.

ROCH. No, in troth, lady, I am but a freshman;
I never read further than this book you see,

* *contrive.*] Qy. "*contain.*"

And this very day is my beginning too:
These picking-laws I am to study yet.

ANNA. O, do not show me that, sir, 'tis too frightful!
Good, hurt me not, for I do yield 'em freely;
Use but your hands, perhaps their strength will serve
To tear 'em from me without much detriment:
Somewhat I will endure.

ROCH. Well, sweet lady,
Y' are the best patient for a young physician,
That I think e'er was practis'd on. I 'll use you
As gently as I can, as I 'm an honest thief.
No? will 't not do? do I hurt you, lady?

ANNA. Not much, sir.

ROCH. I 'd be loth at all. I cannot do 't.

ANNA. Nay, then, you shall not, sir. You a thief,
[*She draws his sword.*
And guard yourself no better? no further read?
Yet out in your own book? a bad clerk, are you not?

ROCH. Ay, by Saint Nicholas*, lady, sweet lady.

ANNA. Sir, I have now a masculine vigour,
And will redeem myself with purchase too.
What money have you?

ROCH. Not a cross, by this foolish hand of mine.

ANNA. No money? 'twere pity, then, to take this from thee;
I know thou 'lt use me ne'er the worse for this;

* *a bad clerk are you not? Ay, by Saint Nicholas.*] A cant name for thieves was *St. Nicholas clerks.*

Take it again, I know not how to use it:
A frown had taken 't from me, which thou had'st not.
And now hear, and believe me on my knees
I make the protestation, forbear
To take what violence and danger must
Dissolve, if I forego 'em now. I do assure
You would not strike my head off for my chain,
Nor my hand for this: how to deliver 'em
Otherwise, I know not. Accompany
Me back unto my house, 'tis not far off:
By all the vows which this day I have tied
Unto my wedded husband, the honour
Yet equal with my cradle-purity,
(If you will tax me,) to the hoped joys,
The blessings of the bed, posterity,
Or what aught else by woman may be pledg'd,
I will deliver you in ready coin
The full and dearest esteem of what you crave.

ROCH. Ha! ready money is the prize I look for:
It walks without suspicion anywhere,
When chains and jewels may be stay'd and call'd
Before the constable; but——

ANNA. But? can you doubt?
You saw I gave you my advantage up:
Did you e'er think a woman to be true?

ROCH. Thought's free; I have heard of some few, lady,
Very few indeed.

ANNA. Will you add one more to your belief?

ROCH. They were fewer than the articles of my belief,
Therefore I have room for you, and will believe you.
Stay, you 'll ransom your jewels with ready coin;
So may you do, and then discover me.
ANNA. Shall I reiterate the vows I made
To this injunction, or new ones coin?
ROCH. Neither; I 'll trust you: if you do destroy
A thief that never yet did robbery,
Then farewell I, and mercy fall upon me.
I knew one once fifteen years courtier old*,
And he was buried ere he took a bribe.
It may be my case in the worser way.
Come, you know your path back.
ANNA. Yes, I shall guide you.
ROCH. Your arm: I 'll lead with greater dread than will,
Nor do you fear, though in thief's handling still.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TWO BOYS, *one with a* CHILD *in his arms.*

1 BOY. I say 'twas fair play.
2 BOY. To snatch up stakes! I say you should not say so if the child were out of mine arms.
1 BOY. Ay, then thou 'dst lay about like a man;

* *old.*] The old copy, "*owl'd.*"

but the child will not be out of thine arms this five years, and then thou hast a prenticeship to serve to a boy afterwards.

2 Boy. So, sir! you know you have the advantage of me.

1 Boy. I 'm sure you have the odds of me, you are two to one.

Enter Compass.

But soft, Jack, who comes here? if a point will make us friends, we 'll not fall out.

2 Boy. O, the pity! 'tis Gaffer Compass: they said he was dead three years ago.

1 Boy. Did not he dance the Hobby-horse in Hackney Morrice once?

2 Boy. Yes, yes, at Green-goose fair, as honest and as poor a man.

Comp. Blackwall, sweet Blackwall, do I see thy white cheeks again? I have brought some brine from sea for thee; tears that might be tied in a true-love knot, for they 're fresh salt indeed. O, beautiful Blackwall! If Urse, my wife, be living to this day, though she die to-morrow, sweet fates!

2 Boy. Alas! let 's put him out of his dumps, for pity's sake!—Welcome home, Gaffer Compass, welcome home, Gaffer.

Comp. My pretty youths, I thank you. Honest Jack, what a little man art thou grown, since I saw thee! Thou hast got a child, since, methinks.

2 Boy. I am fain to keep it, you see, whosoever got it, gaffer: it may be another man's case as well as mine.

Comp. Sayest true, Jack: and whose pretty knave is it?

2 Boy. One that I mean to make a younger brother, if he live to 't, gaffer. But I can tell you news: you have a brave boy of your own wife's; O, 'tis a shot to this pig!

Comp. Have I, Jack? I 'll owe thee a dozen of points for this news.

2 Boy. O, 'tis a chopping boy! it cannot choose, you know, gaffer, it was so long a breeding.

Comp. How long, Jack?

2 Boy. You know 'tis four year ago since you went to sea, and your child is but a quarter old yet.

Comp. What plaguy boys are bred, now-a-days!

1 Boy. Pray, gaffer, how long may a child be breeding, before 'tis born?

Comp. That is as things are and prove, child; the soil has a great hand in 't, too, the horizon, and the clime: these things you 'll understand when you go to sea. In some parts of London hard by, you shall have a bride married to-day, and brought to bed within a month after, sometimes within three weeks, a fortnight.

1 Boy. O, horrible!

Comp. True, as I tell you, lads. In another place you shall have a couple of drones, do what

they can, shift lodgings, beds, bed-fellows, yet not a child in ten years.

2 Boy. O, pitiful!

Comp. Now it varies again by that time you come at Wapping, Radcliff, Limehouse, and here with us at Blackwall; our children come uncertainly, as the wind serves. Sometimes here we are supposed to be away three or four year together: 'tis nothing so, we are at home and gone again, when nobody knows on 't. If you 'll believe me, I have been at Surat, as this day; I have taken the long-boat, (a fair gale with me,) been here a-bed with my wife by twelve a clock at night, up and gone again i' th' morning, and no man the wiser, if you 'll believe me.

2 Boy. Yes, yes, gaffer, I have thought so many times that you or somebody else have been at home; I lie at next wall, and I have heard a noise in your chamber all night long.

Comp. Right, why that was I, yet thou never sawest me.

2 Boy. No indeed, gaffer.

Comp. No, I warrant thee; I was a thousand leagues off, ere thou wert up. But, Jack, I have been loth to ask all this while, for discomforting myself, how does my wife? is she living?

2 Boy. O, never better, gaffer, never so lusty! and truly she wears better clothes than she was wont in your days, especially on holidays; fair gowns, brave petticoats, and fine smocks, they say

that have seen 'em, and some of the neighbours report* that they were taken up at London.

COMP. Like enough: they must be paid for, Jack.

2 BOY. And good reason, gaffer.

COMP. Well, Jack, thou shalt have the honour on 't: go, tell my wife the joyful tidings of my return.

2 BOY. That I will, for she heard you were dead long ago. [*Exit.*

1 BOY. Nay, sir, I 'll be as forward as you, by your leave. [*Exit.*

COMP. Well, wife, if I be one of the livery, I thank thee. The horners are a great company; there may be an alderman amongst us one day; 'tis but changing our copy, and then we are no more to be called by our old brother-hood.

Enter COMPASS'S WIFE.

WIFE. O my sweet Compass, art thou come again!

COMP. O, Urse, give me leave to shed! The fountains† of love will have their course: though I cannot sing at first sight, yet I can cry before I see. I am new come into the world, and children cry before they laugh a fair while.

WIFE. And so thou art, sweet Compass, new born indeed,
For rumour laid thee out for dead long since.

* *report.*] The old copy, "*reports.*"

† *fountains.*] The old copy, "*fountain.*"

I never thought to see this face again:
I heard thou wert div'd to th' bottom of the sea,
And taken up a lodging in the sands,
Never to come to Blackwall again.

COMP. I was going indeed, wife, but I turned back: I heard an ill report of my neighbours, sharks and sword-fishes, and the like, whose companies I did not like. Come kiss my tears, now, sweet Urse: sorrow begins to ebb.

WIFE. A thousand times welcome home, sweet Compass.

COMP. An ocean of thanks, and that will hold 'em. And, Urse, how goes all at home? or cannot all go yet? lank still! will 't never be full sea at our wharf?

WIFE. Alas, husband!

COMP. A lass, or a lad, wench, I should be glad of both: I did look for a pair of compasses before this day.

WIFE. And you from home!

COMP. I from home! why, though I be from home, and other of our neighbours from home, it is not fit all should be from home; so the town might be left desolate, and our neighbours of Bow might come further from the Itacus*, and inhabit here.

WIFE. I 'm glad y' are merry, sweet husband.

COMP. Merry! nay, I 'll be merrier yet: why should I be sorry? I hope my boy 's well, is he not? I looked for another by this time.

* *Itacus.*] What this misprint should be, I know not.

WIFE. What boy, husband?

COMP. What boy! why the boy I got when I came home in the cock-boat one night about a year ago: you have not forgotten 't, I hope. I think I left behind for a boy, and a boy I must be answered: I 'm sure I was not drunk, it could be no girl.

WIFE. Nay, then, I do perceive my fault is known;
Dear man, your pardon.

COMP. Pardon! why, thou hast not made away my boy, hast thou? I 'll hang thee, if there were ne'er a whore in London more, if thou hast hurt but his little toe.

WIFE. Your long absence, with rumour of your death,
After long battery I was surpris'd.

COMP. Surprised! I cannot blame thee: Blackwall, if it were double black-walled, can't hold out always, no more than Limehouse, or Shadwell, or the strongest suburbs about London; and when it comes to that, woe be to the city, too.

WIFE. Pursu'd by gifts and promises, I yielded:
Consider, husband, I am a woman,
Neither the first nor last of such offenders.
'Tis true I have a child.

COMP. Ha' you? and what shall I have then, I pray? Will not you labour for me, as I shall do for you? Because I was out o' th' way when 'twas gotten, shall I lose my share? There 's better law amongst the players yet, for a fellow shall have his

share, though he do not play that day. If you look for any part of my four years' wages, I will have half the boy.

WIFE. If you can forgive me, I shall be joy'd at it.

COMP. Forgive thee! for what? for doing me a pleasure? And what is he that would seem to father my child?

WIFE. A man, sir, whom in better courtesies
We have been beholding too, the merchant Master Franckford.

COMP. I 'll acknowledge no other courtesies: for this I am beholding to him, and I would requite it, if his wife were young enough. Though he be one of our merchants at sea, he shall give me leave to be owner at home. And where 's my boy? shall I see him?

WIFE. He 's nurs'd at Bednal-green: 'tis now too late,
To-morrow I 'll bring you to it, if you please.

COMP. I would thou could'st bring me another by to-morrow. Come, we 'll eat, and to bed, and if a fair gale come, we 'll hoist sheets, and set forwards.

Let fainting fools lie sick upon their scorns,
I 'll teach a cuckold how to hide his horns.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter WOODROFF, FRANCKFORD, RAYMOND, EUSTACE, GROVER, LIONEL, CLARE, LUCY.

WOOD. This wants a precedent, that a bridegroom
Should so discreet and decently observe
His forms, postures, all customary rites
Belonging to the table, and then hide himself
From his expected wages in the bed.
FRANCK. Let this be forgotten too, that it remains not
A first example.
RAY. Keep it amongst us,
Lest it beget too much unfruitful sorrow.
Most likely 'tis, that love to Lessingham
Hath fastened on him, we all denied.
EUST. 'Tis more certain than likely: I know 'tis so.
GROV. Conceal then: the event may be well enough.
WOOD. The bride, my daughter, she is* hidden too;
This last hour she hath not been seen with us.
RAY. Perhaps they are together.

* *she is.*] The old copy, "*she 's.*"

EUST. And then we make too strict an inquisition.
Under correction of fair modesty,
Should they be stol'n away to bed together,
What would you say to that?
WOOD, I would say, speed 'em well;
And if no worse news comes, I 'll never weep for 't.

Enter NURSE.

How now! hast thou any tidings?
NURSE. Yes forsooth, I have tidings.
WOOD. Of any one that 's lost?
NURSE. Of one that 's found again forsooth.
WOOD. O, he was lost, it seems then.
FRANCK. This tidings comes to me, I guess, sir.
NURSE. Yes truly does it, sir.
RAY. Ay, have* old lads work for young nurses?
EUST. Yes, when they groan towards their second infancy.
CLARE. I fear myself most guilty for the absence
Of the bridegroom. What our wills will do
With over-rash and headlong peevishness
To bring our calm discretions to repentance!
Lessingham 's mistaken, quite out of the way
Of my purpose too.
FRANCK. Return'd!
NURSE. And all discover'd.

* *have.*] The old copy, "*has.*"

FRANCK. A fool rid him further off! let him not
Come near the child.

NURSE. Nor see 't, if it be your charge.

FRANCK. It is, and strictly.

NURSE. To-morrow morning, as I hear he purposeth
To come to Bednal-green, his wife with him.

FRANCK. He shall be met there; yet, if he forestall
My coming, keep the child safe.

NURSE. If he be
The earlier up, he shall arrive at the proverb *.

[*Exit.*

Enter ROCHFIELD *and* ANNABEL.

WOOD. So, so,
There 's some good luck yet, the bride 's in sight again.

ANNA. Father, and gentlemen all, beseech you
Entreat this gentleman with all courtesy,
He is a loving kinsman of my Bonvile's,
That kindly came to gratulate our wedding;
But as the day falls out, you see alone
I personate both groom and bride, only
Your help to make this welcome better.

* *the proverb*] "Early up and never the nearer."
Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 101, ed. 1768.
"You say true, Master Subtle, I have beene *early up, but* as God helpe me, I was *never the neere.*"
Field's *Amends for Ladies*, sig. F 3, ed. 1639.

WOOD. Most dearly.
RAY. To all, assure you, sir.
WOOD. But where 's the bridegroom, girl?
We are all at a nonplus, here, at a stand,
Quite out, the music ceas'd, and dancing surbated,
Not a light heel amongst us; my cousin Clare, too,
As cloudy here as on a washing day.
CLARE. It is because you will not dance with me;
I should then shake it off.
ANNA. 'Tis I have cause
To be the sad one now, if any be:
But I have question'd with my meditations,
And they have render'd well and comfortably
To the worst fear I found. Suppose this day
He had long since appointed to his foe
To meet, and fetch a reputation from him,
Which is the dearest jewel unto man:
Say he do fight, I know his goodness such,
That all those powers that love it are his guard,
And ill cannot betide him.
WOOD. Prithee, peace,
Thou 'lt make us all cowards to hear a woman
Instruct so valiantly. Come, the music,
I 'll dance myself rather than thus put down.
What! I am rife a little yet.
ANNA. Only this gentleman
Pray you be free in welcome to; I tell you
I was in fear when first I saw him.
ROCH. Ha! she 'll tell.
ANNA. I had quite lost my way in

My first amazement, but he so fairly came
To my recovery, in his kind conduct
Gave me such loving comforts to my fears,
'Twas he instructed me in what I spake,
And many better than I have told you yet;
You shall hear more anon.

ROCH. So, she will out with 't.

ANNA. I must, I see, supply both places still.
Come, when I have seen you back to your pleasure,
I will return to you, sir: we must discourse
More of my Bonvile yet.

OMNES. A noble bride, faith.

CLARE. You have your wishes, and you may be merry:
Mine have over-gone me.

[*Exeunt all but Rochfield.*

ROCH. It is the trembling'st trade to be a thief!
H 'ad need have all the world bound to the peace,
Besides the bushes and the vanes* of houses:
Everything that moves, he goes in fear of 's life on;
A fur-gown'd cat, and meet her in the night,
She stares with a constable's eye upon him,
And every dog a watchman; a black cow,
And a calf with a white face after her,
Shews like a surly justice and his clerk;
And if the baby go but to the bag,
'Tis ink and paper for a mittimus.
Sure, I shall never thrive on 't; and it may be

* *vanes.*] The old copy, "*phanes.*"

I shall need take no care, I may be now
At my journey's end, or but the goal's distance,
And so to th' t'other place. I trust a woman
With a secret worth a hanging; is that well?
I could find in my heart to run away yet:
And that were base, too, to run from a woman:
I can lay claim to nothing but her vows,
And they shall strengthen me.

Enter ANNABEL.

ANNA. See, sir, my promise:
There 's twenty pieces, the full value, I vow,
Of what they cost.
ROCH. Lady, do not trap me
Like a sumpter-horse, and then spur-gall me
Till I break my wind. If the constable
Be at the door, let his fair staff appear:
Perhaps I may corrupt him with this gold.
ANNA. Nay, then, if you mistrust me, father, gentlemen,
Master Raymond, Eustace!

Enter ALL, *as before, and a* SAILOR.

WOOD. How now, what 's the matter, girl?
ANNA. For shame, will you bid your kinsman welcome?
No one but I will lay a hand on him:
Leave him alone, and all a revelling!
WOOD. O, is that it? Welcome, welcome heartily!

I thought the bridegroom had been return'd: but
I have news, Annabel; this fellow brought it.
Welcome, sir! why, you tremble methinks, sir.

ANNA. Some agony of anger 'tis, believe it,
His entertainment is so cold and feeble.

RAY. Pray be cheer'd, sir.

ROCH. I 'm wondrous well, sir; 'twas the gentleman's mistake.

WOOD. 'Twas my hand shook belike, then; you must pardon
Age, I was stiffer once. But as I was saying,
I should by promise see the sea to-morrow
('Tis meant for physick) as low as Lee or Margate,*
I have a vessel riding forth, gentlemen,
'Tis call'd the God-speed, too,
Though I say 't, a brave one, well and richly fraughted;
And I can tell you she carries a Letter of Mart
In her mouth, too, and twenty roaring boys
On both sides on her, starboard and larboard.
What say you, now, to make you all adventurers?
You shall have fair dealing, that I 'll promise you.

RAY. A very good motion, sir, I begin,
There's my ten pieces.

EUST. I second 'em with these.

GROV. My ten in the third place.

ROCH. And, sir, if you refuse not a proffer'd love,
Take my ten pieces with you, too.

* *Margate.*] The old copy, "*Margets.*"

WOOD. Yours above all the rest, sir.

ANNA. Then make 'em above, venture ten more.

ROCH. Alas, lady, 'tis a younger brother's portion,
And all in one bottom!

ANNA. At my encouragement, sir,
Your credit if you want, sir, shall not sit down
Under that sum return'd.

ROCH. With all my heart, lady. There, sir.
So, she has fish'd for her gold back, and caught it;
I am no thief now.

WOOD. I shall make here a pretty assurance.

ROCH. Sir, I shall have a suit to you.

WOOD. You are likely to obtain it, then, sir.

ROCH. That I may keep you company to sea,
And attend you back; I am a little travell'd.

WOOD. And heartily thank you, too, sir.

ANNA. Why, that 's well said.
Pray you be merry: though your kinsman be absent,
I am here the worst part of him, yet that shall serve
To give you welcome; to-morrow may show you
What this night will not, and be full assur'd
Unless your twenty pieces be ill-lent,
Nothing shall give you cause of discontent.
There's ten more, sir.

ROCH. Why should I fear? Foutre on 't,
I'll be merry now, spite of the hangman. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter LESSINGHAM *and* BONVILE.

BON. We are first i' th' field: I think your enemy
Is stay'd at Dover, or some other port,
We hear not of his landing.
LESS. I am confident
He is come over.
BON. You look, methinks, fresh colour'd.
LESS. Like a red morning, friend, that still fore-
tells
A stormy day to follow: but, methinks,
Now I observe your face, that you look pale,
There's death in 't already.
BON. I could chide your error.
Do you take me for a coward? A coward
Is not his own friend, much less can he be
Another man's. Know, sir, I am come hither
To instruct you, by my generous example,
To kill your enemy, whose name as yet
I never question'd.
LESS. Nor dare I name him yet
For disheartening you.
BON. I do begin to doubt
The goodness of your quarrel.
LESS. Now you have 't:
For I protest that I must fight with one

From whom, in the whole course of our acquaintance,
I never did receive the least injury.
BON. It may be the forgetful wine begot
Some sudden blow, and thereupon 't is * challenge.
Howe'er you are engag'd, and for my part
I will not take your course, my unlucky friend,
To say your conscience grows pale and heartless,
Maintaining a bad cause. Fight, as lawyers plead,
Who gain the best of reputation
When they can fetch a bad cause smoothly off:
You are in and must through.
LESS. O my friend,
The noblest ever man had! when my fate
Threw me upon this business, I made trial
Of divers had profess'd to me much love,
And found their friendship, like the effects that kept
Our company together, wine and riot:
Giddy and sinking I had found 'em oft,
Brave seconds at pluralities of healths;
But when it came to th' proof, my gentlemen
Appear'd to me as promising and failing
As cozening lotteries. But then I found
This jewel worth a thousand counterfeits:
I did but name my engagement, and you flew
Unto my succour with that cheerfulness,
As a great general hastes to a battle,
When that the chief of the adverse part

* *'tis.*] Qy. "*this.*"

Is a man glorious but of ample fame.
You left your bridal bed to find your death-bed.
And herein you most nobly express'd
That the affection 'tween two loyal friends
Is far beyond the love of man to woman,
And is more near allied to eternity.
What better friend's part could be shew'd i' the world!
It transcends all: my father gave me life,
But you stand by my honour when 't is falling,
And nobly underprop * it with your sword.
But now you have done me all this service,
How, how, shall I requite this? how return
My grateful recompense for all this love?
For it am I come hither with full purpose
To kill you.

BON. Ha!

LESS. Yes, I have no opposite i' th' world but
Yourself: there, read the warrant for your death.

BON. 'Tis a woman's hand.

LESS. And 'tis a bad hand too:
The most of 'em speak fair, write foul, mean worse.

BON. Kill me! away, you jest.

LESS. Such jest as your sharp-witted gallants use
To utter, and lose their friends. Read there how
I am fetter'd in a woman's proud command:
I do love madly, and must do madly.
Deadliest hellebore or vomit of a toad
Is qualified poison to the malice of a woman.

* *underprop.*] The old copy "*underpropt.*"

BON. And kill that friend? strange!
LESS. You may see, sir,
Although the tenure by which land was held
In villanage be quite extinct in England,
Yet you have women there at this day living
Make a number of slaves.
BON. And kill that friend!
She mocks you upon my life, she does equivocate:
Her meaning is, you cherish in your breast
Either self-love, or pride, as your best friend,
And she wishes you 'd kill that.
LESS. Sure, her command
Is more bloody; for she loathes me, and has put,
As she imagines, this impossible task,
For ever to be quit and free from me:
But such is the violence of my affection,
That I must undergo it. Draw your sword,
And guard yourself! though I fight in fury
I shall kill you in cold blood, for I protest
'Tis done in heart-sorrow.
BON. I 'll not fight with you,
For I have much advantage: the truth is,
I wear a privy coat.
LESS. Prithee put it off then,
If thou* beest manly.
BON. The defence I mean, is the justice of my cause;
That would guard me, and fly to thy destruction.
What confidence thou wear'st in a bad cause!

* *thou.*] The old copy "*then.*"

I am likely to kill thee if I fight,
And then you fail to effect your mistress' bidding,
Or to enjoy the fruit of 't. I have ever
Wished thy happiness, and vow I now
So much affect it, in compassion
Of my friend's sorrow: make thy way to it.*

LESS. That were a cruel murder.

BON. Believe 't, 't is ne'er intended otherwise,
When 't is a woman's bidding.

LESS. O, the necessity of my fate!

BON. You shed tears.

LESS. And yet must on in my cruel purpose:
A judge, methinks, looks loveliest when he weeps
Pronouncing of death's sentence. How I stagger
In my resolve! Guard thee, for I came hither
To do and not to suffer: wilt not yet
Be persuaded to defend thee? turn the point,
Advance it from the ground above thy head,
And let it underprop thee otherwise
In a bold resistance.

BON. Stay; thy injunction was
Thou should'st kill thy friend.

LESS. It was.

BON. Observe me.
He wrongs me most, ought to offend me least,
And they that study man say of a friend,
There 's nothing in the world that 's harder found,
Nor sooner lost. Thou cam'st to kill thy friend,

* A line seems to have dropt out here.

And thou may'st brag thou hast done 't; for here
for ever
All friendship dies between us, and my heart,
For bringing forth any effects of love,
Shall be as barren to thee as this sand
We tread on, cruel and inconstant as
The sea that beats upon this beach. We now
Are severed: thus hast thou slain thy friend,
And satisfied what the witch, thy mistress, bade thee.
Go, and report that thou hast slain thy friend.

LESS. I am serv'd right.

BON. And now that I do cease to be thy friend,
I will fight with thee as thine enemy:
I came not over idly to do nothing.

LESS. O, friend!

BON. Friend!
The naming of that word shall be the quarrel
What do I know but that thou lov'st my wife,
And feign'st this plot to divide me from her bed,
And that this letter here is counterfeit?
Will you advance, sir?

LESS. Not a blow:
'Twould appear ill in either of us to fight,
In you unmanly; for believe it, sir,
You have disarm'd me already, done away
All power of resistance in me. It would show
Beastly to do wrong to the dead: to me you say
You are dead for ever, lost on Calais sands
By the cruelty of a woman. Yet remember
You had a noble friend, whose love to you

Shall continue after death. Shall I go over
In the same bark with you?

BON. Not for yon town
Of Calais: you know 'tis dangerous living
At sea with a dead body.

LESS. O, you mock me!
May you enjoy all your noble wishes!

BON. And may you find a better friend than I,
And better keep him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter NURSE, COMPASS, *and his* WIFE.

NURSE. Indeed you must pardon me, goodman Compass; I have no authority to deliver, no, not to let you see the child: to tell you true, I have command unto the contrary.

COMP. Command? from whom?

NURSE. By the father of it.

COMP. The father! who am I?

NURSE. Not the father sure: the civil law has found it otherwise.

COMP. The civil law! why then the uncivil law shall make it mine again. I 'll be as dreadful as a Shrove-Tuesday * to thee: I will tear thy cottage, but I will see my child.

* *Shrove-Tuesday.*] See note *, p. 225.

NURSE. Speak but half so much again, I 'll call the constable, and lay burglary to thy charge.

WIFE. My good husband, be patient. And prithee, nurse, let him see the child.

NURSE. Indeed I dare not.
The father first delivered me the child:
He pays me well and weekly for my pains,
And to his use I keep it.

COMP. Why, thou white bastard-breeder, is not this the mother?

NURSE. Yes, I grant you that.

COMP. Dost thou? and I grant it too: and is not the child mine own, then, by the wife's copyhold?

NURSE. The law must try that.

COMP. Law! dost think I 'll be but a father in law? All the law betwixt Blackwall and Tuthil-street, and there 's a pretty deal, shall not keep it from me, mine own flesh and blood: who does use to get my children but myself?

NURSE. Nay, you must look to that: I ne'er knew you get any.

COMP. Never? Put on a clean smock and try me if thou darest; three to one I get a bastard on thee to-morrow morning between one and three.

NURSE. I 'll see thee hanged first.

COMP. So thou shalt too.

Enter FRANCKFORD *and* LUCY.

NURSE. O, here 's the father: now pray talk with him.

FRANCK. Good morrow, neighbour: morrow to you both.

COMP. Both! morrow to you and your wife too.

FRANCK. I would speak calmly with you.

COMP. I know what belongs to a calm and a storm too. A cold word with you: you have tied your mare in my ground.

FRANCK. No, 'twas my nag.

COMP. I will cut off your nag's tail, and make his rump make hair-buttons, if e'er I take him there again.

FRANCK. Well, sir, but to the main.

COMP. Main! yes, and I 'll clip his mane too, and crop his ears too, do you mark? and backgall him, and spurgall him, do you note? and slit his nose, do you smell me now, sir? unbreech his barrel, and discharge his bullets; I 'll gird him till he stinks: you smell me now I 'm sure.

FRANCK. You are too rough, neighbour. To maintain——

COMP. Maintain! you shall not maintain no child of mine: my wife does not bestow her labour to that purpose.

FRANCK. You are too speedy. I will not maintain——

COMP. No, marry, shall you not.

FRANCK. The deed to be lawful:
I have repented it, and to the law
Given satisfaction; my purse has paid for 't.

COMP. Your purse! 'twas my wife's purse: you brought in the coin indeed, but it was found base and counterfeit.

FRANCK. I would treat colder with you, if you be pleased.

COMP. Pleased! yes, I am pleased well enough, serve me so still. I am going again to sea one of these days: you know where I dwell. Yet you 'll but lose your labour: get as many children as you can, you shall keep none of them.

FRANCK. You are mad.

COMP. If I be horn-mad, what's that to you?

FRANCK. I leave off milder phrase, and then tell you plain, you are a——

COMP. A what? what am I?

FRANCK. A coxcomb.

COMP. A coxcomb! I knew 'twould begin with a C.

FRANCK. The child is mine, I am the father of it.

As it is past the deed, 'tis past the shame;
I do acknowledge and will enjoy it.

COMP. Yes, when you can get it again. Is it not my wife's labour? I 'm sure she 's the mother: you may be as far off the father as I am, for my wife 's acquainted with more whoremasters besides yourself, and crafty merchants too.

WIFE. No, indeed, husband, to make my offence
Both least and most, I knew no other man;

He 's the begetter, but the child is mine;
I bred and bore it, and I will not lose it.

LUCY. The child 's my husband's, dame, and he must have it.

I do allow my sufferance to the deed,
In lieu I never yet was fruitful to him,
And in my barrenness excuse my wrong.

COMP. Let him dung his own ground better at home then: if he plant his radish roots in my garden, I 'll eat 'em with bread and salt, though I get no mutton to 'em. What though your husband lent my wife your distaff, shall not the yarn be mine? I 'll have the head; let him carry the spindle home again.

FRANCK. Forbear more words then; let the law try it.

Meantime, nurse, keep the child, and to keep it better
Here take more pay beforehand: there 's money for thee.

COMP. There 's money for me too: keep it for me, nurse. Give him both thy dugs at once: I pay for thy right dug.

NURSE. I have two hands, you see: gentlemen, this does but show how the law will hamper you; even thus you must be used.

FRANCK. The law shall shew which is the worthier gender:

A schoolboy can do 't.

COMP. I 'll whip that schoolboy that declines the child from my wife and her heirs: do not I know my wife's case, the genitive case, and that 's *hujus*, as great a case as can be?

FRANCK. Well, fare you well: we shall meet in another place.
Come, Lucy. [*Exeunt Franckford and Lucy.*

COMP. Meet her in the same place again, if you dare, and do your worst. Must we go to law for our children now a days? No marvel if the lawyers grow rich; but ere the law shall have a limb, a leg, a joint, a nail,
I will spend more than a whole child in getting;
Some win by play, and others by bye-betting.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, GROVER, ANNABEL, *and* CLARE.

LION. Whence was that letter sent?

ANNA. From Dover, sir?

LION. And does that satisfy you what was the cause
Of his going over?

ANNA. It does: yet had he
Only sent this, it had been sufficient.

RAY. Why, what's that?

ANNA. His will, wherein
He has estated me in all his land.
EUST. He's gone to fight.
LION. Lessingham's second, certain.
ANNA. And I am lost, lost in 't for ever.
CLARE. O fool Lessingham,
Thou hast mistook my injunction utterly,
Utterly mistook it! and I am mad, stark mad
With my own thoughts, not knowing what event
Their going o'er will come to. 'Tis too late
Now for my tongue to cry my heart mercy.
Would I could be senseless till I hear
Of their return! I fear me both are lost.
RAY. Who should it be Lessingham's gone to fight with?
EUST. Faith I cannot possibly conjecture.
ANNA. Miserable creature! a maid, a wife,
And widow in the compass of two days.
RAY. Are you sad too?
CLARE. I am not very well, sir.
RAY. I must put life in you.
CLARE. Let me go, sir.
RAY. I do love you in spite of your heart.
CLARE. Believe it,
There was never a fitter time to express it,
For my heart has a great deal of spite in 't.
RAY. I will discourse to you fine fancies.
CLARE. Fine fooleries, will you not?
RAY. By this hand, I love you and will court you.
CLARE. Fie!

You can command your tongue, and I my ears
To hear you no further.

RAY. On my reputation,
She's off o' th' hinges strangely.

Enter WOODROFF, ROCHFIELD, *and a* SAILOR.

WOOD. Daughter, good news.

ANNA. What, is my husband heard of?

WOOD. That's not the business: but you have here a cousin
You may be mainly proud of, and I am sorry
'Tis by your husband's kindred, not your own,
That we might boast to have so brave a man
In our alliance.

ANNA. What, so soon return'd?
You have made but a short voyage: howsoever
You are to me most welcome.

ROCH. Lady, thanks;
'Tis you have made me your own creature;
Of all my being, fortunes, and poor fame,
(If I have purchas'd any, and of which
I no way boast,) next the high providence,
You have been the sole creatress.

ANNA. O dear cousin,
You are grateful above merit! What occasion
Drew you so soon from sea?

WOOD. Such an occasion,
As I may bless heaven for, you thank their bounty,
And all of us be joyful.

ANNA. Tell us how.

WOOD. Nay, daughter, the discourse will best appear
In his relation: where he fails, I 'll help.
ROCH. Not to molest your patience with recital
Of every vain and needless circumstance,
'Twas briefly thus. Scarce having reach'd to Margate *,
Bound on our voyage, suddenly in view
Appear'd to us three Spanish men of war.
These, having spied the English cross advance,
Salute us with a piece to have us strike:
Ours, better spirited, and no way daunted
At their unequal odds, though but one bottom,
Return'd 'em fire for fire. The fight begins,
And dreadful on the sudden: still they proffer'd
To board us, still we bravely beat 'em off.
WOOD. But, daughter, mark the event.
ROCH. Sea-room we got: our ship being swift of sail,
It help'd us much. Yet two unfortunate shot,
One struck the captain's head off, and the other,
With an unlucky splinter, laid the master
Dead on the hatches: all our spirits then fail'd us.
WOOD. Not all: you shall hear further, daughter.
ROCH. For none was left to manage: nothing now
Was talk'd of but to yield up ship and goods,
And mediate for our peace.
WOOD. Nay, coz, proceed.

* *Margate.*] The old copy "*Margets.*"

ROCH. Excuse me, I entreat you, for what 's more
Hath already past my memory.

WOOD. But mine it never can. Then he stood up,
And with his oratory made us again
To recollect our spirits, so late dejected.

ROCH. Pray, sir.

WOOD. I 'll speak 't out. By unite consent
Then the command was his, and 't was his place
Now to bestir him; down he went below,
And put the linstocks in the gunners' hands;
They ply their ordnance bravely: then again
Up to the decks; courage is there renew'd,
Fear now not found amongst us. Within less
Than four hours fight two of their ships were sunk,
Both founder'd, and soon swallow'd. Not long after
The third * begins to wallow, lies on the lee
To stop her leaks: then boldly we come on,
Boarded, and took her, and she 's now our prize.

SAILOR. Of this we were eye-witness.

WOOD. And many more brave boys of us, besides;
Myself, for one. Never was, gentlemen,
A sea-fight better manag'd.

ROCH. Thanks to heaven
We have sav'd our own, damag'd the enemy,
And to our nation's glory we bring home
Honour and profit.

WOOD. In which, cousin Rochfield,
You, as a venturer, have a double share,

* *third.*] The old copy "*three.*"

Besides the name of captain, and in that
A second benefit; but, most of all,
Way to more great employment.

ROCH. Thus your bounty [*To Annabel.*
Hath been to me a blessing.

RAY. Sir, we are all
Indebted to your valour: this beginning
May make us of small venturers to become
Hereafter wealthy merchants.

WOOD. Daughter, and gentlemen,
This is the man was born to make us all.
Come, enter, enter! we will in and feast:
He 's in the bridegroom's absence my chief guest.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter COMPASS, WIFE, LIONEL, *and* PETTIFOG, *the Attorney, and one* BOY.

COMP. Three Tuns do you call this tavern? It has a good neighbour of Guildhall, Master Pettifog. Show a room, boy.

BOY. Welcome, gentlemen.

COMP. What, art thou here, Hodge?

BOY. I am glad you are in health, sir.

COMP. This was the honest crack-rope first gave me tidings of my wife's fruitfulness. Art bound prentice?

BOY. Yes, sir.

COMP. Mayest thou long jumble bastard* most artificially, to the profit of thy master and pleasure of thy mistress.

BOY. What wine drink ye, gentlemen?

LION. What wine relishes your palate, good Master Pettifog?

PETT. Nay, ask the woman.

COMP. Elegant† for her: I know her diet.

PETT. Believe me, I con her thank for 't‡: I am of her side.

* *bastard.*] The Commentators on Shakespeare's First Part of *Henry IVth.*, act ii. sc. 4, quote various passages from old writers where *bastard* is mentioned.

"That it was a sweetish wine, there can be no doubt; and that it came from some of the countries which border the Mediterranean, appears equally certain. . . . There were two sorts, white and brown."—Henderson's *Hist of Wines*, p. 290-1.

† *Elegant.*] A pun seems intended here: *Allegant* or *Alligant* (for our old poets write it both ways) is wine of Alicant; or perhaps the following lines may illustrate Compass's meaning;

"In dreadful darkenesse *Alligant* lies drown'd,
Which marryed men invoke for procreation."
Pasquil's Palinodia, 1634, Sig. C 3.

‡ *I con her thank for 't.*] Annotators and dictionary-makers have given various examples from Elizabethan writers of the use of the expression "to con thanks," which answers to the French *sçavoir grè*, "con" signifying *know:* it occurs in our old ballads;

"Therefore *I can the* more *thanke*,
Thou arte come at thy day."
A Lytell geste of Robyn Hode.
(Ritson's *Robin Hood*, vol. i. p. 44.)

COMP. Marry, and reason, sir: we have entertained you for our attorney.

BOY. A cup of neat Allegant?

COMP. Yes, but do not make it speak Welch, boy.

BOY. How mean you?

COMP. Put no metheglin in 't, ye rogue.

BOY. Not a drop, as I am true Briton.

[*They sit down: Pettifog pulls out papers.*

Enter FRANCKFORD, EUSTACE, LUCY, *and* MASTER DODGE, *a lawyer, to another table; and a* DRAWER.

FRANCK. Show a private room, drawer.

DRAWER. Welcome, gentlemen.

EUST. As far as you can from noise, boy.

DRAWER. Further this way, then, sir, for in the next room there are three or four fishwives taking up a brabbling business.

FRANCK. Let 's not sit near them by any means.

DODGE. Fill canary, sirrah.

FRANCK. And what do you think of my cause, Master Dodge?

DODGE. O, we shall carry it most indubitably. You have money to go through with the business, and ne'er fear it but we 'll trounce 'em; you are the true father.

LUCY. The mother will confess as much.

DODGE. Yes, mistress, we have taken her affidavit. Look, you, sir, here 's the answer to his declaration.

FRANCK. You may think strange, sir, that I am at charge
To call a charge upon me; but 'tis truth
I made a purchase lately, and in that
I did estate the child, 'bout which I 'm sued,
Joint-purchaser in all the land I bought.
Now that 's one reason that I should have care,
Besides the tie of blood, to keep the child
Under my wing, and see it carefully
Instructed in those fair abilities
May make it worthy hereafter to be mine,
And enjoy the land I have provided for 't.

LUCY. Right: and I counsell'd you to make that purchase;
And therefore I 'll not have the child brought up
By such a coxcomb as now sues for him.
He'd bring him up only to be a swabber:
He was born a merchant and a gentleman,
And he shall live and die so.

DODGE. Worthy mistress, I drink to you: you are a good woman, and but few of so noble a patience.

Enter BOY.

BOY. Score a quart of Allegant to the Woodcock.

Enter SECOND BOY, *like a musician.*

2 BOY. Will you have any music, gentlemen?

COMP. Music amongst lawyers! here 's nothing but discord. What, Ralph? Here 's another of

my young cuckoos I heard last April, before I heard the nightingale.* No music, good Ralph: here, boy; your father was a tailor, and methinks by your leering eye you should take after him; a good boy; make a leg handsomely; scrape yourself out of our company. [*Exit Second Boy.*] And what do you think of my suit, sir?

PETT. Why, look you, sir: the defendant was arrested first by Latitat in an action of trespass.

COMP. And a lawyer told me it should have been an action of the case: should it not, wife?

WIFE. I have no skill in law, sir: but you heard a lawyer say so.

PETT. Ay, but your action of the case is in that point too ticklish.

COMP. But what do you think? shall I overthrow my adversary?

PETT. Sans question. The child is none of yours: what of that? I marry a widow is possessed of a ward: shall not I have the tuition of that ward?

* *Here 's another of my young cuckoos I heard last April, before I heard the nightingale.*] He who happened to hear the cuckoo sing before the nightingale was supposed not to prosper in his love affairs:

"Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh."

Milton's *Sonnet to the Nightingale.*

Now, sir, you lie at a stronger ward; for *partus sequitur ventrem*, says the civil law, and if you were within compass of the four seas, as the common law goes, the child shall be yours certain.

COMP. There 's some comfort in that, yet. O, your attorneys in Guildhall have a fine time on 't!

LION. You are in effect both judge and jury yourselves.

COMP. And how you will laugh at your clients, when you sit in a tavern, and call them coxcombs, and whip up a cause, as a barber trims his customers on a Christmas-eve, a snip, a wipe, and away!

PETT. That 's ordinary, sir: you shall have the like at a *nisi prius*.

Enter FIRST CLIENT.

O, you are welcome, sir.

1 CLIENT. Sir, you 'll be mindful of my suit?

PETT. As I am religious: I 'll drink to you.

1 CLIENT. I thank you. By your favour, mistress. I have much business, and cannot stay; but there 's money for a quart of wine.

COMP. By no means.

1 CLIENT. I have said, sir. [*Exit.*

PETT. He 's my client, sir, and he must pay. This is my tribute: custom is not more truly paid in the Sound of Denmark.

Enter SECOND CLIENT.

2 CLIENT. Good sir, be careful of my business.

PETT. Your declaration 's drawn, sir: I 'll drink to you.

2 CLIENT. I cannot drink this morning; but there 's money for a pottle of wine.

PETT. O, good sir.

2 CLIENT. I have done, sir. Morrow, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

COMP. We shall drink good cheap, Master Pettifog.

PETT. And we sate here long, you'd say so. I have sate here in this tavern but one half-hour, drunk but three pints of wine, and what with the offering of my clients in that short time, I have got nine shillings clear, and paid all the reckoning.

LION. Almost a counsellor's fee.

PETT. And a great one, as the world goes in Guildhall; for now our young cherks share with 'em, to help 'em to clients.

COMP. I don't think but that the cucking-stool is an enemy to a number of brabbles that would else be determined by law.

PETT. 'Tis so, indeed, sir. My client that came in now sues his neighbour for kicking his dog, and using the defamatory speeches, *come out, cuckold's cur.*

LION. And what shall you recover upon this speech?

PETT. In Guildhall*, I assure you, the other that came in was an informer, a precious knave.

COMP. Will not the ballad of Flood† that was pressed make them leave their knavery?

PETT. I'll tell you how he was served; this informer comes into Turnbull street to a victualling-house‡, and there falls in league with a wench.

COMP. A Tweak, or Bronstrops: I learned that name in a play§.

* *In Guildhall.*] Something seems wanting here.

† *the ballad of Flood.*] This ballad, I believe, has not come down to us, nor do I remember to have seen any other allusion to it. Several gentlemen very conversant with ballad literature had never heard of it till I mentioned it to them; and the Rev. J. Lodge most obligingly sought for it in the Pepysian Collection, at Cambridge, without success.

‡ *into Turnbull street, to a victualling-house.*] Turnbull street (more properly called *Turnmill* street) was a noted haunt of harlots, between Clerkenwell-Green and Cow-cross: brothels were often kept under pretence of their being victualling-houses or taverns.

§ *A Tweak, or Bronstrops: I learned that name in a play.*] *Tweak* and *Bronstrops* were cant terms for a prostitute, employed by the Roarers of the time, as we learn from several passages of Middleton and Rowley's *Faire Quarrell*, the play to which, in all probability, our text alludes: but in the following passage of that curious drama a distinction is made between the signification of the two words, *Tweak* being used for harlot, and *Bronstrops* for Bawd; "Now for thee, little Fucus, maist thou first serve out thy time as a *Tweake*, and then become a *Bronstrops*, as shee is." Sig. I 2. ed. 1622. The first ed. of the *Faire Quarrell*, 1617, does not contain the passage just quoted.

PETT. Had, belike, some private dealings with her, and there got a goose.*

COMP. I would he had got two: I cannot away with† an informer.

PETT. Now, sir, this fellow, in revenge of this, informs against the bawd that kept the house that she used cans in her house: but the cunning jade comes me into th' court, and there deposes that she gave him true Winchester measure.

COMP. Marry, I thank her with all my heart for 't.

Enter DRAWER.

DRAWER. Here's a gentleman, one Justice Woodroff, inquires for Master Franckford.

FRANCK. O, my brother, and the other compromiser, come to take up the business.

Enter COUNSELLOR *and* WOODROFF.

WOOD. We have conferr'd and labour'd for your peace,
Unless your stubbornness prohibit it;
And be assur'd, as we can determine it,
The law will end, for we have sought the cases.

COMP. If the child fall to my share, I am content to end upon any conditions: the law shall run on head-long else.

* *a goose.*] i. e. a Winchester goose (—see Pettifog's next speech—) which means a venereal swelling: the public stews were under the control of the Bishop of Winchester.

† *away with.*] See note *, vol. ii. p. 112.

FRANCK. Your purse must run by like a footman then.

COMP. My purse shall run open-mouthed at thee.

COUN. My friend, be calm: you shall hear the reasons.

I have stood up for you, pleaded your cause,
But am overthrown; yet no further yielded
Than your own pleasure: you may go on in law
If you refuse our censure.

COMP. I will yield to nothing but my child.

COUN. 'Tis then as vain in us to seek your peace:
Yet take the reasons with you. This gentleman
First speaks, a justice, to me; and observe it,
A child that 's base and illegitimate born,
The father found, who (if the need require it)
Secures the charge and damage of the parish
But the father? who charg'd with education
But the father? then, by clear consequence,
He ought, for what he pays for, to enjoy.
Come to the strength of reason, upon which
The law is grounded: the earth brings forth,
This ground or that, her crop of wheat or rye;
Whether shall the seedsman enjoy the sheaf,
Or leave it to the earth that brought it forth?
The summer tree brings forth her natural fruit,
Spreads her large arms; who but the lord of it
Shall pluck [the] apples, or command the lops?
Or shall they sink into the root again?
'Tis still most clear upon the father's part.

COMP. All this law I deny, and will be mine own lawyer. Is not the earth our mother? and shall not the earth have all her children again? I would see that law durst keep any of us back; she 'll have lawyers and all first, though they be none of her best children. My wife is the mother; and so much for the civil law. Now I come again, and y' are gone at the common law. Suppose this is my ground: I keep a sow upon it, as it might be my wife; you keep a boar, as it might be my adversary here; your boar comes foaming into my ground, jumbles with my sow, and wallows in her mire; my sow cries *week*, as if she had pigs in her belly—who shall keep these pigs? he the boar, or she the sow?

WOOD. Past other alteration, I am changed;
The law is on the mother's part.

COUN. For me, I am strong in your opinion.
I never knew my judgment err so far;
I was confirm'd upon the other part,
And now am flat against it.

WOOD. Sir, you must yield;
Believe it, there 's no law can relieve you.

FRANCK. I found it in myself. Well, sir,
The child's your wife's, I 'll strive no further in it;
And being so near unto agreement,
Let us go quite through to 't: forgive my fault,
And I forgive my charges, nor will I
Take back the inheritance I made unto it.

COMP. Nay, there you shall find me kind too; I have a pottle of claret and a capon to supper for you; but no more mutton for you, not a bit.

RAY. Yes, a shoulder, and we 'll be there too; or a leg opened with venison sauce.

COMP. No legs opened, by your leave, nor no such sauce.

WOOD. Well, brother and neighbour, I am glad you are friends.

OMNES. All, all joy at it.

[*Exeunt Woodroff, Franckford, Lucy, and Lawyers.*

COMP. Urse, come kiss, Urse; all friends.

RAY *. Stay, sir, one thing I would advise you; 'tis counsel worth a fee, though I be no lawyer; 'tis physic indeed, and cures cuckoldry, to keep that spiteful brand out of your forehead, that it shall not dare to meet or look out at any window to you; 'tis better than an onion to a green wound i' th' left hand made by fire, it takes out scar and all.

COMP. This were a rare receipt; I 'll content you for your skill.

RAY. Make here a flat divorce between yourselves,
Be you no husband, nor let her be no wife;
Within two hours you may salute again,
Woo and wed afresh; and then the cuckold's blotted.
This medicine is approv'd?

* This speech was most probably written in blank verse.

COMP. Excellent, and I thank you. Urse, I renounce thee, and I renounce myself from thee; thou art a widow, Urse. I will go hang myself two hours, and so long thou shalt drown thyself; then will we meet again in the pease-field by Bishops-Hall, and, as the swads and the cods shall instruct us, we 'll talk of a new matter.

WIFE. I will be ruled: fare you well, sir.

COMP. Farewell, widow, remember time and place: change your clothes too, do ye hear, widow? [*Exit Wife.*] Sir, I am beholding to your good counsel.

RAY. But you 'll not follow your own so far, I hope; you said you 'd hang yourself.

COMP. No, I have devised a better way, I will go drink myself dead for an hour, then when I awake again, I am a fresh new man, and so I go a wooing.

RAY. That 's handsome, and I 'll lend thee a dagger.

COMP. For the long weapon let me alone then.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter LESSINGHAM *and* CLARE.

CLARE. O, sir, are you return'd? I do expect
To hear strange news now.

LESS. I have none to tell you;
I am only to relate I have done ill

At a woman's bidding; that 's, I hope, no news.
Yet wherefore do I call that ill, begets
My absolute happiness? You now are mine;
I must enjoy you solely.

CLARE. By what warrant?

LESS. By your own condition. I have been at Calais,
Perform'd your will, drawn my revengeful sword,
And slain my nearest and best friend i' th' world
I had for your sake.

CLARE. Slain your friend for my sake?

LESS. A most sad truth.

CLARE. And your best friend?

LESS. My chiefest.

CLARE. Then of all men you are most miserable.
Nor have you aught further'd your suit in this,
Though I enjoin'd you to 't, for I had thought
That I had been the best esteemed friend
You had i' th' world.

LESS. Ye did not wish, I hope,
That I should have murder'd you.

CLARE. You shall perceive more
Of that hereafter; but I pray, sir, tell me,—
For I do freeze with expectation of it,
It chills my heart with horror till I know,—
What friend's blood you have sacrific'd to your fury,
And to my fatal sport, this bloody riddle?
Who is it you have slain?

LESS. Bonvile, the bridegroom.

CLARE. Say? O, you have struck him dead
thorough my heart!
In being true to me you have prov'd in this
The falsest traitor. O, I am lost for ever!
Yet, wherefore am I lost? rather recover'd
From a deadly witchcraft, and upon his grave
I will not gather rue but violets
To bless my wedding strewings. Good sir, tell me
Are you certain he is dead?

LESS. Never, never
To be recover'd.

CLARE. Why now, sir, I do love you
With an entire heart. I could dance methinks:
Never did wine or music stir in woman
A sweeter touch of mirth. I will marry you,
Instantly marry you.

LESS. This woman has strange changes. You are
ta'en
Strangely with his death.

CLARE. I 'll give the reason
I have to be thus extasied with joy:
Know, sir, that you have slain my dearest friend,
And fatalest enemy.

LESS. Most strange.

CLARE. 'Tis true.
You have ta'en a mass of lead from off my heart
For ever would have sunk it in despair.
When you beheld me yesterday, I stood
As if a merchant walking on the downs,
Should see some goodly vessel of his own

Sunk 'fore his face i' th' harbour, and my heart,
Retain'd no more heat than a man that toils
And vainly labours to put out the flames
That burn * his house to th' bottom. I will tell you
A strange concealment, sir, and till this minute
Never reveal'd, and I will tell it now
Smiling, and not blushing: I did love that Bonvile,
Not as I ought, but as a woman might
That 's beyond reason. I did doat upon him
Though he ne'er knew of 't, and beholding him
Before my face wedded unto another,
And all my interest in him forfeited,
I fell into despair; and at that instant
You urging your suit to me, and I thinking
That I had been your only friend i' th' world,
I heartily did wish you would have kill'd
That friend yourself, to have ended all my sorrow,
And had prepar'd it, that unwittingly
You should have done 't by poison.

LESS. Strange amazement.

CLARE. The effects of a strange love.

LESS. 'Tis a dream sure.

CLARE. No, 'tis real, sir, believe it.

LESS. Would it were not!

* *burn.*] The old copy, "*burns.*"

CLARE. What, sir! you have done bravely: 'tis
your mistress
That tells you, you have done so.
LESS. But my conscience
Is of counsel 'gainst you, and pleads otherwise.
Virtue in her past actions glories still,
But vice throws loathed looks on former ill.
But did you love this Bonvile?
CLARE. Strangely, sir;
Almost to a degree of madness.
LESS. Trust a woman!
Never, henceforward. I will rather trust
The winds which Lapland witches sell to men.
All that they have is feign'd, their teeth, their
hair,
Their blushes, nay, their conscience too is feign'd;
Let 'em paint, load themselves with cloth of tissue,
They cannot yet hide woman; that will appear
And disgrace all. The necessity of my fate!
Certain this woman has bewitch'd me here
For I cannot choose but love her. O how fatal
This might have prov'd! I would it had for me!
It would not grieve me though my sword had split
His heart in sunder, I had then destroy'd
One that may prove my rival. O, but then
What had my horror been, my guilt of conscience!
I know some do ill at women's bidding
I' th' dog-days, and repent all the winter after:
No, I account it treble happiness

That Bonvile lives, but 'tis my chiefest glory
That our friendship is divided.
CLARE. Noble friend,
Why do you talk to yourself?
LESS. Should you do so,
You 'd talk to an ill woman: fare you well,
For ever fare you well. I will do somewhat
To make as fatal breach and difference
In Bonvile's love as mine: I am fix'd in 't:
My melancholy and the devil shall fashion 't.
CLARE. You will not leave me thus?
LESS. Leave you for ever:
And may my friend's blood, whom you lov'd so dearly,
For ever lie imposthum'd in your breast,
And i' th' end choke you! Woman's cruelty
This black and fatal thread hath ever spun;
It must undo, or else it is undone. [*Exit.*
CLARE. I am every way lost, and no means to raise me
But blest repentance. What two unvalued jewels
Am I at once depriv'd of! Now I suffer
Deservedly. There 's no prosperity settled:
Fortune plays ever with our good or ill,
Like cross and pile*, and turns up which she will.

* *cross and pile.*] The same as *Head or tail*, is a game still practised by the vulgar, who play it by tossing up a halfpenny. Our Edward the Second was partial to it. There can be no doubt it is derived from the Ostrachinda of the Grecian boys. See

Enter BONVILE.

BON. Friend.

CLARE. O, you are the welcomest under heaven!
Lessingham did but fright me: yet I fear
That you are hurt to danger.

BON. Not a scratch.

CLARE. Indeed you look exceeding well, methinks.

BON. I have been sea-sick lately, and we count
That excellent physic. How does my Annabel?

CLARE. As well, sir, as the fear of such a loss
As your esteemed self will suffer her.

BON. Have you seen Lessingham since he return'd?

CLARE. He departed hence but now, and left with me
A report had almost kill'd me.

BON. What was that?

CLARE. That he had kill'd you.

BON. So he has.

CLARE. You mock me.

BON. He has kill'd me for a friend, for ever silenc'd
All amity between us. You may now
Go and embrace him, for he has fulfill'd
The purpose of that letter. [*Gives her a letter.*

Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, p. 296, ed. 1810.

CLARE. O, I know 't.
And had you known this, which I meant to have sent you [*She gives him another.*
An hour 'fore you were married to your wife,
The riddle had been constru'd.
BON. Strange! this expresses
That you did love me.
CLARE. With a violent affection.
BON. Violent indeed; for it seems it was your purpose
To have ended it in violence on your friend:
The unfortunate Lessingham unwittingly
Should have been the executioner.
CLARE. 'Tis true.
BON. And do you love me still?
CLARE. I may easily
Confess it, since my extremity is such
That I must needs speak or die.
BON. And you would enjoy me
Though I am married?
CLARE. No, indeed, not I, sir:
You are to sleep with a sweet bed-fellow
Would knit the brow at that.
BON. Come, come a woman's telling truth
Makes amends for her playing false: you would enjoy me?
CLARE. If you were a bachelor or widower,
Afore all the great ones living.
BON. But 'tis impossible
To give you present satisfaction, for

My wife is young and healthful, and I like
The summer and the harvest of our love,
Which yet I have not tasted of, so well
That, and you 'll credit me, for me her days
Shall ne'er be shorten'd. Let your reason, therefore,
Turn you another way, and call to mind,
With best observance, the accomplish'd graces
Of that brave gentleman, whom late you sent
To his destruction; a man so every way
Deserving, no one action of his
In all his life-time e'er degraded him
From the honour he was born to. Think how observant
He 'll prove to you in nobler request that so
Obey'd you in a bad one; and remember
That afore you engag'd him to an act
Of horror, to the killing of his friend,
He bore his steerage true in every part,
Led by the compass of a noble heart.

CLARE. Why do you praise him thus? You said but now
He was utterly lost to you; now 't appears
You are friends, else you'd not deliver of him
Such a worthy commendation.

BON. You mistake,
Utterly mistake that I am friends with him
In speaking this good of him. To what purpose
Do I praise him? only to this fatal end,
That you might fall in love and league with him:
And what worse office can I do i' th' world

Unto my enemy than to endeavour
By all means possible to marry him
Unto a whore? and there, I think, she stands.
CLARE. Is whore a name to be belov'd? if not,
What reason have I ever to love that man
Puts it upon me falsely? You have wrought
A strange alteration in me: were I a man,
I would drive you with my sword into the field,
And there put my wrong to silence. Go, y' are not worthy
To be a woman's friend in the least part
That concerns honourable reputation;
For you are a liar.
BON. I will love you now
With a noble observance, if you will continue
This hate unto me; gather all those graces
From whence you have fallen yonder, where you have left 'em
In Lessingham, he that must be your husband.
And though henceforth I cease to be his friend,
I will appear his noblest enemy,
And work reconcilement 'tween you.
CLARE. No, you shall not,
You shall not marry him to a strumpet: for that word
I shall ever hate you.
BON. And for that one deed
I shall ever love you. Come, convert your thoughts
To him that best deserves 'em, Lessingham.
It 's most certain you have done him wrong,

But your repentance and compassion now
May make amends; disperse this melancholy,
And on that turn of fortune's wheel depend,
When all calamities will mend or end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter COMPASS, RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, GROVER.

COMP. Gentlemen, as you have been witness to our divorce, you shall now be evidence to our next meeting, which I look for every minute, if you please, gentlemen.

RAY. We came for the same purpose, man.

COMP. I do think you 'll see me come off with as smooth a forehead, make my wife as honest a woman once more as a man sometimes would desire, I mean of her rank, and a teeming woman as she has been. Nay, surely I do think to make the child as lawful a child too as a couple of unmarried people can beget, and let it be begotten when the father is beyond sea, as this was: do but note.

EUST. 'Tis that we wait for.

COMP. You have waited the good hour. See, she comes.

Enter WIFE.

A little room, I beseech you, silence and observation.

RAY. All your own, sir.

COMP. Good morrow, fair maid.

WIFE. Mistaken in both, sir, neither fair, nor maid.

COMP. No! a married woman?

WIFE. That 's it I was, sir; a poor widow now.

COMP. A widow! Nay, then I must make a little bold with you: 'tis akin to mine own case; I am a wifeless husband too. How long have you been a widow, pray? nay, do not weep.

WIFE. I cannot chuse, to think the loss I had.

COMP. He was an honest man to thee it seems.

WIFE. Honest, quoth a', O!

COMP. By my feck, and those are great losses. An honest man is not to be found in every hole, nor every street: if I took a whole parish in sometimes I might say true,

For stinking mackarel may be cried for new.

RAY. Somewhat sententious.

EUST. O, silence was an article enjoined.

COMP. And how long is it since you lost your honest husband?

WIFE. O, the memory is too fresh, and your sight makes my sorrow double.

COMP. My sight! why, was he like me?

WIFE. Your left hand to your right is not more like.

COMP. Nay, then I cannot blame thee to weep. An honest man, I warrant him, and thou hadst a great loss of him; such a proportion, so limbed, so coloured, so fed.

RAY. Yes, faith, and so taught too.

EUST. Nay, will you break the law?

WIFE. Twins were never liker.

COMP. Well, I love him the better, whatsoever is become of him: and how many children did he leave thee at his departure?

WIFE. Only one, sir.

COMP. A boy or a girl?

WIFE. A boy, sir.

COMP. Just mine own case still: my wife, rest her soul! left me a boy too, a chopping boy, I warrant.

WIFE. Yes, if you call 'im so.

COMP. Ay, mine is a chopping boy: I mean to make either a cook or a butcher of him, for those are your chopping boys. And what profession was your husband of?

WIFE. He went to sea, sir, and there got his living.

COMP. Mine own faculty too. And you can like a man of that profession well?

WIFE. For his sweet sake whom I so dearly lov'd,
More dearly lost, I must think well of it.

COMP. Must you? I do think then thou must venture to sea once again, if thou 'lt be ruled by me.

WIFE. O, sir, but there 's one thing more burdensome
To us, than most of others' wives, which moves me
A little to distaste it: long time we endure

The absence of our husbands, sometimes many
years,
And then if any slip in woman be,
As long vacations may make lawyers hungry,
And tradesmen cheaper pennyworths afford
Than otherwise they would for ready coin,
Scandals fly out, and we poor souls [are] branded
With wanton living and incontinency;
When, alas! consider, can we do withal?*

COMP. They are fools, and not sailors, that do not consider that: I am sure your husband was not of that mind, if he were like me.

WIFE. No, indeed, he would bear kind and honestly.

COMP. He was the wiser. Alack, your land and fresh-water men never understand what wonders are done at sea: yet they may observe ashore that a hen, having tasted the cock, kill him, and she shall lay eggs afterwards.

WIFE. That's very true indeed.

COMP. And so may women, why not? may not a man get two or three children at once? one must be born before another, you know.

WIFE. Even this discretion my sweet husband
had:
You more and more resemble him.

COMP. Then, if they knew what things are done at sea, where the winds themselves do copulate and

* *do withal.*] See note *, p. 215.

bring forth issue, as thus. In the old world there were but four in all, as nor', east, sou', and west: these dwelt far from one another, yet by meeting they have engendered nor'-east, sou'-east, sou'-west, nor'-west,—then they were eight; of them were begotten nor'-nor'-east, nor'-nor'-west, sou'-sou'-east, sou'-sou'-west, and those two sou's were sou'-east' and sou'-west' daughters; and indeed, there is a family now of thirty-two of 'em, that they have filled every corner of the world; and yet for all this, you see these bawdy bellows-menders, when they come ashore, will be offering to take up women's coats in the street.

WIFE. Still my husband's discretion.

COMP. So I say, if your landmen did understand that we send winds from sea, to do our commendations to our wives, they would not blame you as they do.

WIFE. We cannot help it.

COMP. But you shall help it. Can you love me, widow?

WIFE. If I durst confess what I do think, sir,
I know what I would say.

COMP. Durst confess! Why, whom do you fear? here's none but honest gentlemen, my friends: let them hear, and never blush for 't.

WIFE. I shall be thought too weak, to yield at first.

RAY. Tush, that 's niceness: come, we heard all the rest:

The first true stroke of love sinks the deepest;
If you love him, say so.

COMP. I have a boy of mine own; I tell you that aforehand: you shall not need to fear me that way.

WIFE. Then I do love him.

COMP. So, here will be man and wife to-morrow, then: what, though we meet strangers, we may love one another ne'er the worse for that. Gentlemen, I invite you all to my wedding.

OMNES. We 'll all attend it.

COMP. Did not I tell you, I would fetch it off fair? Let any man lay a cuckold to my charge, if he dares, now.

RAY. 'Tis slander, whoever does it.

COMP. Nay, it will come to petty-lassery* at least, and without compass of the general pardon, too, or I 'll bring him to a foul sheet, if he has ne'er a clean one: or let me hear him that will say I am not father to the child I begot.

EUST. None will adventure any of those.

COMP. Or that my wife that shall be, is not as honest a woman as some other men's wives are.

RAY. No question of that.

COMP. How fine and sleek my brows are now!

EUST. Ay, when you are married they 'll come to themselves again.

* *petty lassery.*] So in *The Fleire,* by Sharpham; "you cannot be hang'd for 't, 'tis but *pettilassery* at most." Sig. D 3. ed. 1615.

COMP. You may call me bridegroom if you please now, for the guests are bidden.

OMNES. Good master bridegroom!

COMP. Come, widow, then: ere the next ebb and tide,
If I be bridegroom, thou shalt be the bride.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter ROCHFIELD *and* ANNABEL.

ROCH. Believe me, I was never more ambitious,
Or covetous, if I may call it so,
Of any fortune greater than this one,
But to behold his face.

ANNA. And now's the time;
For from a much-fear'd danger, as I heard,
He 's late come over.

ROCH. And not seen you yet!
'Tis some unkindness.

ANNA. You may think it so,
But for my part, sir, I account it none.
What know I but some business of import
And weighty consequence, more near to him
Than any formal compliment to me,
May for a time detain him? I presume
No jealousy can be aspersed on him
For which he cannot well apology.

ROCH. You are a creature every way complete,
As good a wife as woman, for whose sake,
As I in duty am endear'd to you,
So shall I owe him service.

Enter LESSINGHAM.

LESS. The ways to love and crowns lie both through blood,
For in 'em both all lets must be remov'd:
It could be stil'd no true ambition else.
I am grown big with project—project, said I?
Rather with sudden mischief, which without
A speedy birth fills me with painful throes,
And I am now in labour. Thanks, occasion,
That giv'st me a fit ground to work upon!
It should be Rochfield, one since our departure
It seems engrafted in this family:
Indeed, the house's minion, since from the lord
To the lowest groom, all with unite consent
Speak him so largely; nor, as it appears,
By this their private conference is he grown
Least in the bride's opinion, a foundation
On which I will erect a brave revenge.

ANN. Sir, what kind offices lie* in your way
To do for him, I shall be thankful for,
And reckon them mine own.

ROCH. In acknowledgement,
I kiss your hand: so with a gratitude
Never to be forgot, I take my leave.

* *lie.*] Old copy, "*lies.*"

ANNA. I mine of you, with hourly expectation
Of a long-look'd for husband. [*Exit.*
ROCH. May it thrive
According to your wishes!
LESS. Now 's my turn.
Without offence, sir, may I beg your name?
ROCH. 'Tis that I never yet denied to any,
Nor will to you, that seem a gentleman;
'Tis Rochfield.
LESS. Rochfield! You are then the man,
Whose nobleness, virtue, valour, and good parts
Have voic'd you loud: Dover, and Sandwich, Margate,
And all the coast is full of you.
But more, as an eye-witness of all these,
And with most truth, the master of this house
Hath given them large expressions.
ROCH. Therein his love
Exceeded much my merit.
LESS. That 's your modesty.
Now I, as one that goodness love in all men,
And honouring that which is but found in few,
Desire to know you better.
ROCH. Pray, your name?
LESS. Lessingham.
ROCH. A friend to Master Bonvile?
LESS. In the number
Of those which he esteems most dear to him
He reckons me not last.
ROCH. So I have heard.

LESS. Sir, you have cause to bless the lucky planet
Beneath which you were born; 'twas a bright star
And then shin'd clear upon you: for as you
Are every way well-parted, so I hold you
In all designs mark'd to be fortunate.

ROCH. Pray, do not stretch your love to flattery,
'T may call it then in question: grow, I pray you,
To some particulars.

LESS. I have observ'd
But late your parting with the virgin bride,
And therein some affection.

ROCH. How!

LESS. With pardon,
In this I still applaud your happiness,
And praise the blessed influence of your stars.
For how can it be possible that she
Unkindly left upon the bridal* day,
And disappointed of those nuptial sweets,
That night expected, but should take the occasion
So fairly offer'd? nay, and stand excus'd,
As well in detestation of a scorn
Scarce in a husband heard of, as selecting
A gentleman in all things so complete
To do her those neglected offices
Her youth and beauty justly challengeth?

ROCH. Some plot to wrong the bride, and I now
Will marry craft with cunning: if he 'll bite,
I 'll give him line to play on—Were 't your case,

* *bridal.*] The old copy, "*bride.*"

You being young as I am, would you intermit
So fair and sweet occasion?
Yet, misconceive me not, I do entreat you*,
To think I can be of that easy wit,
Or of that malice to defame a lady
Were she so kind so to expose herself;
Nor is she such a creature.

LESS. On this foundation
I can build higher still.—Sir, I believe 't.
I hear you two call cousins: comes your kindred
By the Woodroffs or the Bonviles?

ROCH. From neither; 'tis a word of courtesy
Late interchang'd betwixt us; otherwise
We are foreign as two strangers.

LESS. Better still.

ROCH. I would not have you grow too inward† with me
Upon so small a knowledge: yet to satisfy you,
And in some kind too to delight myself,
Those bracelets and the carcanet she wears
She gave me once.

LESS. They were the first and special tokens past
Betwixt her and her husband.

ROCH. 'Tis confest;
What I have said, I have said. Sir, you have power,

* The old copy by mistake gives the last five lines of this speech to Lessingham.

† *inward.*] *i. e.* intimate.

Perhaps, to wrong me, or to injure her:
This you may do, but as you are a gentleman,
I hope you will do neither.

LESS. Trust upon 't. [*Exit Rochfield.*

If I drown, I 'll sink some along with me,
For of all miseries I hold that chief,
Wretched to be when none coparts our grief.
Here 's another anvil to work on: I must now
Make this my master-piece, for your old foxes
Are seldom ta'en in springs.

Enter WOODROFF.

WOOD. What, my friend!
You are happily return'd, and yet I want
Somewhat to make it perfect. Where 's your friend,
My son-in-law?

LESS. O, sir!

WOOD. I pray, sir, resolve me;
For I do suffer strangely till I know
If he be in safety.

LESS. Fare you well: 'tis not fit
I should relate his danger.

WOOD. I must know 't.
I have a quarrel to you already
For enticing my son-in-law to go over:
Tell me quickly, or I shall make it greater.

LESS. Then truth is, he 's dangerously wounded.

WOOD. But he 's not dead, I hope.

LESS. No, sir, not dead:

Yet sure your daughter may take liberty
To choose another.

WOOD. Why, that gives him dead.

LESS. Upon my life, sir, no: your son 's in health,
As well as I am.

WOOD. Strange! you deliver riddles.

LESS. I told you he was wounded, and 'tis true;
He is wounded in his reputation.
I told you likewise, which I am loth to repeat,
That your fair daughter might take liberty
To embrace another. That 's the consequence
That makes my best friend wounded in his fame.
This is all I can deliver.

WOOD. I must have more of 't;
For I do sweat already, and I 'll sweat more:
'Tis good, they say, to cure aches, and o' th' sudden
I am sore from head to foot. Let me taste the worst.

LESS. Know, sir, if ever there were truth in falsehood,
Then 'tis most true your daughter plays most false
With Bonvile, and hath chose for her favourite
The man that now pass'd by me, Rochfield.

WOOD. Say?
I would thou had'st spoke this on Calais' sands,
And I within my sword and poniard's length
Of that false throat of thine! I pray, sir, tell me

Of what kin or alliance do you take me
To the gentlewoman you late mention'd?
LESS. You are her father.
WOOD. Why then of all men living do you address
This report to me, that ought of all men breathing
To have been the last o' th' roll, except the husband,
That should have heard of 't?
LESS. For her honour, sir, and yours;
That your good counsel may reclaim her.
WOOD. I thank you.
LESS. She has departed, sir, upon my knowledge,
With jewels, and with bracelets, the first pledges
And confirmation of th' unhappy contract
Between herself and husband.
WOOD. To whom?
LESS. To Rochfield.
WOOD. Be not abus'd; but now,
Even now, I saw her wear 'em.
LESS. Very likely:
'Tis fit, hearing her husband is return'd,
That he* should re-deliver 'em.
WOOD. But pray, sir, tell me,
How is it likely she could part with 'em,
When they are lock'd about her neck and wrists,
And the key with her husband?

* *he.*] The old copy, "*she.*"

LESS. O, sir, that 's but practice:
She has got a trick to use another key
Besides her husband's.
WOOD. Sirrah, you do lie;
And were I to pay down a hundred pounds
For every lie given, as men pay twelve pence,
And worthily, for swearing, I would give thee
The lie, nay, though it were in the court of honour,
So oft, till of the thousands I am worth,
I had not left a hundred. For is 't likely
So brave a gentleman as Rochfield is,
That did so much at sea to save my life,
Should now on land shorten my wretched days
In ruining my daughter? A rank lie!
Have you spread this to any but myself?
LESS. I am no intelligencer.
WOOD. Why then 'tis yet a secret:
And that it may rest so, draw! I'll take order
You shall prate of it no further.
LESS. O, my sword
Is enchanted, sir, and will not out o' th' scabbard.
I will leave you, sir; yet say not I give ground,
For 'tis your own you stand on.

Enter BONVILE *and* CLARE.

Clare here with Bonvile! excellent, on this
I have more to work: this goes to Annabel,
And it may increase the whirlwind. [*Exit.*
BON. How now, sir!

Come, I know this choler bred in you
For the voyage which I took at his entreaty;
But I must reconcile you.

WOOD. On my credit
There 's no such matter. I will tell you, sir,
And I will tell it in laughter, the cause of it
Is so poor, so ridiculous, so impossible
To be believ'd: ha, ha! he came even now
And told me that one Rochfield, now a guest
(And most worthy, sir, to be so) in my house,
Is grown exceedingly familiar with
My daughter.

BON. Ha!

WOOD. Your wife; and that he has had favours from her.

BON. Favours!

WOOD. Love-tokens I did call 'em in my youth;
Lures to which gallants spread their wings, and stoop
In ladies' bosoms. Nay, he was so false
To truth and all good manners, that those jewels
You lock'd about her neck, he did protest
She had given to Rochfield. Ha! methinks o' th' sudden
You do change colour. Sir, I would not have you
Believe this in least part: my daughter 's honest,
And my guess * is a noble fellow; and for this

* *guess.*] A corruption of *guest*, not unfrequently used by old writers:

"Sir, my maisters *gesse* be none of my copesmates."
A pleasant Commodie called Looke about you, 1600, Sig. F 3.

"It

Slander deliver'd me by Lessingham,
I would have cut his throat.
BON. As I your daughter's,
If I find not the jewels 'bout her.
CLARE. Are you return'd
With the Italian plague upon you, jealousy?
WOOD. Suppose that Lessingham should love my daughter,
And thereupon fashion your going over,
As now your jealousy, the stronger way
So to divide you, there were a fine crotchet!
Do you stagger still? If you continue thus,
I vow you are not worth a welcome home
Neither from her nor me. See, here she comes.

Enter ROCHFIELD *and* ANNABEL.

CLARE. I have brought you home a jewel.
ANNA. Wear it yourself:
For these I wear are fetters, not favours.
CLARE. I look'd for better welcome.

"It greatly at my stomacke stickes
That all this day we had no *guesse*,
And have of meate so many a messe."
The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, (by Chettle,) 1601, Sig. H 4.

"*Guesse* will come in, 'tis almost supper-time."
Yarington's *Two Lamentable Tragedies*, 1601, Sig. B 3.

"The Nuptials being done,
To which the King came willingly a *Guess*,
Each one repair'd unto their business."
Chalkhill's *Thealma and Clearchus*, 1683, p. 28.

ROCH. Noble sir,
I must woo your better knowledge.
BON. O, dear sir,
My wife will bespeak it for you.
ROCH. Ha, your wife!
WOOD. Bear with him, sir, he's strangely off o' th' hinges.
BON. The jewels are i' th' right place: but the jewel
Of her heart sticks yonder. You are angry with me
For my going over.
ANNA. Happily more angry for your coming over.
BON. I sent you my will from Dover.
ANNA. Yes, sir.
BON. Fetch it.
ANNA. I shall, sir, but leave your self-will with you. [*Exit.*
WOOD. This is fine; the woman will be mad too.
BON. Sir, I would speak with you.
ROCH. And I with you of all men living.
BON. I must have satisfaction from you.
ROCH. Sir, it grows upon the time of payment.
WOOD. What 's that, what 's that? I 'll have no whispering.

Enter ANNABEL, *with a will.*

ANNA. Look you, there 's the patent
Of your deadly affection to me.
BON. 'Tis welcome.
When I gave myself for dead, I then made over

My land unto you: now I find your love
Dead to me, I will alter 't.
ANNA. Use your pleasure.
A man may make a garment for the moon,
Rather than fit your constancy.
WOOD. How 's this?
Alter your will!
BON. 'Tis in mine own disposing:
Certainly I will alter 't.
WOOD. Will you so, my friend?
Why then I will alter mine too.
I had estated thee, thou peevish fellow,
In forty thousand pounds after my death:
I can find another executor.
BON. Pray, sir, do.
Mine I 'll alter without question.
WOOD. Dost hear me?
And if I change not mine within this two hours,
May my executors cozen all my kindred
To whom I bequeath legacies.
BON. I am for a lawyer, sir. [*Exit.*
WOOD. And I will be with one as soon as thyself,
Though thou rid'st post to th' devil.
ROCH. Stay, let me follow and cool him.
WOOD. O, by no means!
You 'll put a quarrel upon him for the wrong
H' as done my daughter.
ROCH. No, believe it, sir,
He 's my wish'd friend.
WOOD. O, come, I know the way of 't:

Carry it like a French quarrel, privately whisper,
Appoint to meet, and cut each other's throats
With cringes and embraces. I protest,
I will not suffer you exchange a word
Without I overhear 't.

ROCH. Use your pleasure.

[*Exeunt Woodroff and Rochfield.*

CLARE. You are like to make fine work now.

ANNA. Nay, you are like
To make a finer business of 't.

CLARE. Come, come,
I must solder you together.

ANNA. You! why I heard
A bird sing lately, you are the only cause
Works the division.

CLARE. Who, as thou ever loved 'st me?
For I long, though I am a maid, for 't—

ANNA. Lessingham.

CLARE. Why then I do protest myself first cause
Of the wrong which he has put upon you both,
Which, please you to walk in, I shall make good
In a short relation. Come, I 'll be the clew
To lead you forth this labyrinth, this toil
Of a suppos'd and causeless jealousy.
Cankers touch choicest fruit with their infection,
And fevers seize those of the best complexion.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter WOODROFF *and* ROCHFIELD.

WOOD. Sir, have I not said I love you? if I have,
You may believe 't before an oracle,
For there 's no trick in 't, but the honest sense.
ROCH. Believe it, that I do, sir.
WOOD. Your love must then
Be as plain with mine, that they may suit together.
I say, you must not fight with my son Bonvile.
ROCH. Not fight with him, sir?
WOOD. No, not fight with him, sir.
I grant you may be wrong'd, and I dare swear
So is my child; but he is the husband, you know,
The woman's lord, and must not always be told
Of his faults neither: I say, you must not fight.
ROCH. I'll swear it, if you please, sir.
WOOD. And forswear, I know 't,
Ere you lay ope the secrets of your valour,
'Tis enough for me I saw you whisper,
And I know what belongs to 't.
ROCH. To no such end, assure you.
WOOD. I say, you cannot fight with him,
If you be my friend, for I must use you:
Yonder's my foe, and you must be my second.

Enter LESSINGHAM.

Prepare thee, slanderer, and get another
Better than thyself too; for here's my second,
One that will fetch him up, and firk him too.
Get your tools: I know the way to Calais sands,

If that be your fence-school. He 'll show you tricks, faith;
He 'll let blood your calumny: your best guard
Will come to a *peccavi*, I believe.

LESS. Sir, if that be your quarrel,
He 's a party in it, and must maintain
The side with me: from him I collected
All those circumstances concern your daughter,
His own tongue's confession.

WOOD. Who? from him?
He will belie to do thee a pleasure then,
If he speak any ill upon himself:
I know he ne'er could do an injury.

ROCH. So please you, I 'll relate it, sir.

Enter BONVILE, ANNABEL, *and* CLARE.

WOOD. Before her husband then,—and here he is,
In friendly posture with my daughter too:
I like that well.—Son bridegroom and lady bride,
If you will hear a man defame himself,
For so he must if he say any ill,
Then listen.

BON. Sir, I have heard this story,
And meet with your opinion in his goodness:
The repetition will be needless.

ROCH. Your father has not, sir: I 'll be brief
In the delivery.

WOOD. Do, do, then: I long to hear it.

ROCH. The first acquaintance I had with your daughter,

Was on the wedding-eve.

WOOD. So, 'tis not ended yet, methinks.

ROCH. I would have robbed her.

WOOD. Ah, thief!

ROCH. That chain and bracelet which she wears upon her,
She ransom'd with the full esteem in gold,
Which was with you my venture.

WOOD. Ah, thief again!

ROCH. For any attempt against her honour,
I vow I had no thought on.

WOOD. An honest thief, faith, yet.

ROCH. Which she as nobly recompens'd, brought me home,
And in her own discretion thought it meet
For cover of my shame, to call me cousin.

WOOD. Call a thief cousin! why and so she might,
For the gold she gave thee, she stole from her husband;
'Twas all his now: yet 'twas a good girl too.

ROCH. The rest you know, sir.

WOOD. Which was worth all the rest,
Thy valour, lad; but I'll have that in print,
Because I can no better utter it.

ROCH. Thus jade unto my wants,
And spurr'd by my necessities, I was going,
But by that lady's counsel I was stay'd,
(For that discourse was our familiarity):
And this you may take for my recantation;
I am no more a thief.

WOOD. A blessing on thy heart!
And this was the first time I warrant thee too.
ROCH. Your charitable censure is not wrong'd in that.
WOOD. No; I knew 't could be but the first time at most;
But for thee, brave valour, I have in store
That thou shalt need to be a thief no more.
[*Soft music.*
Ha! what 's this music?
BON. It chimes an Io pæan to your wedding,
Sir, if this be your bride.
LESS. Can you forgive me? some wild distractions
Had overturn'd my own condition,
And spilt the goodness you once knew in me;
But I have carefully recover'd it,
And overthrown the fury on 't.
CLARE. It was my cause
That you were so possess'd; and all these troubles
Have from my peevish will original:
I do repent though you forgive me not.
LESS. You have no need for your repentance then
Which is due to it; all 's now as at first
It was wish'd to be.
WOOD. Why, that 's well said of all sides.
But soft, this music has some other meaning:
Another wedding towards! good speed, good speed.

Enter COMPASS, *and the* FOUR GALLANTS [RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, GROVER,] BRIDE *between* FRANCKFORD *and another*, LUCY, NURSE, *and* CHILD.

COMP. We thank you, sir.

WOOD. Stay, stay, our neighbour Compass is 't not?

COMP. That was and may be again to-morrow; this day Master Bridegroom.

WOOD. O, give you joy! but, sir, if I be not mistaken, you were married before now: how long is 't since your wife died.

COMP. Ever since yesterday, sir.

WOOD. Why, she 's scarce buried yet then.

COMP. No indeed: I mean to dig her grave soon; I had no leisure yet.

WOOD. And was not your fair bride married before?

WIFE. Yes, indeed, sir.

WOOD. And how long since your husband departed?

WIFE. Just when my husband's wife died.

WOOD. Bless us, Hymen! are not these both the same parties?

BON. Most certain, sir.

WOOD. What marriage call you this?

COMP. This is called *Shedding of horns*, sir.

WOOD. How?

LESS. Like enough, but they may grow again next year.

WOOD. This is a new trick.

COMP. Yes, sir, because we did not like the old trick.

WOOD. Brother, you are a helper in this design too?

FRANCK. The father to give the bride, sir.

COMP. And I am his son, sir, and all the sons he has; and this is his grandchild, and my elder brother: you 'll think this strange now.

WOOD. Then it seems he begat this before you.

COMP. Before me! not so, sir; I was far enough off when 'twas done: yet let me see him dares say, this is not my child and this my father.

BON. You cannot see him here, I think, sir.

WOOD. Twice married! can it hold?

COMP. Hold! it should hold the better a wise man would think, when 'tis tied of two knots.

WOOD. Methinks it should rather unloose the first,
And between 'em both make up one negative.

EUST. No, sir, for though it hold on the contrary,
Yet two affirmatives make no negative.

WOOD. Cry you mercy, sir.

COMP. Make what you will, this little negative was my wife's laying, and I affirm it to be mine own.

WOOD. This proves the marriage before substantial,
Having this issue.

COMP. 'Tis mended now, sir; for being double

married I may now have two children at a birth, if I can get 'em. D' ye think I 'll be five years about one as I was before?

EUST. The like has been done for the loss of the wedding ring,
And to settle a new peace before disjointed.

LION. But this, indeed, sir, was especially done,
To avoid the word of scandal, that foul word
Which the fatal monologist cannot alter.

WOOD. Cuckoo.

COMP. What 's that? the nightingale?

WOOD. A night-bird; much good may [it] do you, sir.

COMP. I 'll thank you when I 'm at supper. Come, father, child, and bride: and for your part, father, whatsoever he, or he, or t' other says, you shall be as welcome as in my t' other wife's days.

FRANCK. I thank you, sir.

WOOD. Nay, take us with you, gentlemen:
One wedding we have yet to solemnize;
The first is still imperfect, such troubles
Have drown'd our music; but now, I hope, all 's friends;
Get you to bed, and there the wedding ends.

COMP. And so good night. My bride and I 'll to bed:
He that has horns, thus let him learn to shed.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF VOL. III.

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